

THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of The Temperance Reform.

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A NEW PLAN OF WISE WORK FOR RICH RESULTS.

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

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

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IT WORKS.

The savings banks of Cambridge, Mass., give testimony as follows: "The last year under saloons there were \$140,000 of new deposits. The next year under prohibition \$688,000. The last year under saloons 591 new accounts were opened in the savings banks, while in the first year under no license 928 were opened."—National W.C.T.U. Bulletin.

RUN DOWN.

BY ELLA F. MOSBY.

"DEAR BEN:

"I wish I were a sea-anemone or a fresh-water polype. Then, a railway accident would be a trifle. Come and see me—or what's left of me.

Yours,
"Joe."

What was left of Joe—he had lost an arm—was in the hospital; laid peacefully in one of many straight white beds in a row.

"Tell me all about it, old fellow," said Ben, almost crushing the one remaining hand in his warm and hearty grasp. Joe was able now to see visitors.

"I don't remember much," answered Joe. "To me it was only a crash and a darkness. Another man jumped from the car; he was hurt, but not so badly as I, and he didn't lose consciousness at all. He was in the next bed to mine for a month or two. He said it looked to him exactly as if the two engines, each with one fiery eye like a Cyclops, rushed upon each other, sprang up in the air and grappled as if fighting. Then there was a smash, and cars were piled on top of cars."

"It does sound queer," said Ben, "but I've heard other fellows say the same thing, that the engines looked just like living creatures rushing at each other in a rage. Old man this is hard lines for you!"

Joe smiled the pathetic smile of utter languor and weakness. "I feel safe now, Ben. You know how it used to be."

Ben did know. Joe's father had been a drunkard, so had his grandfather, and perhaps the line went farther back still. In his childhood there had been the continual smell, sight, taste of whiskey; only his mother's prayers and tears protecting him. When he was older, and left home, he found every bargain sealed with a drink, and every merry-making enlivened by drinking, every friendship vowing faith with a drink—at every street-corner, in every hotel—well, the world had not been a safe place for him!

Poor Joe! As he was to discover, too late, it was not safe to be ill. In this hospital, some of the prescriptions contained opiates and stimulants, and the dormant desire was reawakened. The first week that followed his departure saw a relapse into old habits. It looked bad for a man just out of the jaws of death, said one of the doctors, who had given the very prescription that had stirred the old thirst to life. *Am I my brother's keeper?*

Joe struggled back once more. He even obtained work, chiefly through his mother's efforts. His business was to take him South for several months. He had a talk with his employer before he left.

"Don't trust me any more than you must," he said bitterly. "I don't trust myself."

"I trust you all the more because you distrust yourself," said the old merchant kindly.

"Yes I distrust myself," thought Joe sadly as he went away, "but that is not enough. If I could also compel myself. What is that I read the other day? *Self-constraint is true liberty.* There is nothing more true than that."

Unfortunately, Joe arrived in New Orleans about Christmas. He had promised Ben's brother, who was recently married, that he would pay him a visit. He was very kindly received, and everything went smoothly until Christmas day. Marie, the hostess, who was to have a dinner-party.

Returning from early communion, a lovely picture of glowing health and happiness, she met her sister Nita just at the door.

"Come in, Nita, I want to show you how nice everything looks in the hall. See the holly and the evergreen from the North—is it not Christmas-like? And these colonial punch-bowls. I think they are perfect. Take a glass of egg-nog, Nita, or would you rather have apple-toddy? They are made of

old Virginia recipes, as old as the punch-bowls themselves."

"But, Marie, dear, I thought Joe was staying here?"

"Well, what of that? And Marie's voice grew a little sharp.

"Don't you remember his mother's letter, Marie, how she begged you not to let him be tempted in your house?"

"Yes, I thought it was a very inconsiderate letter. If her son cannot stand temptation, he need not go into the world. See, Nita, dear, it would take away all the jollity, all the good cheer, if I gave up this. It is very selfish of the mother to think of nothing but her wishes."

"Selfish? Oh, Marie!" and Nita's eyes fell on the prayer-book in Marie's hand. *Thy brother, for whom Christ died.* This whisper of conscience came to Marie from the communion-feast, but she thrust it resolutely aside.

"No, Nita, I can't change anything now, and if our guest has any appreciation for us, he will not throw a chill over everything by being different from other people. It's only for one day, after all."

Joe caught the words as he came in, as he showed by the quick, painful flush, and Marie was not sorry to have him see what she expected.

Only for one day! It did the work effectually, however, and Joe again broke his earnest resolve, made with such desire, such hope, such determination.

He returned home as soon as it was possible. He was no longer physically strong, and illness always followed close upon indulgence.

He looked like a wreck, indeed, when he walked into his mother's room. All the light of hope had gone out of his eyes; he had a cowed and crushed expression that cut his mother to the heart.

"My dear boy," said she, "I know all. You must not reproach yourself too much. You were betrayed. Ben's brother wrote him all about it, and said it was entirely his own fault, not yours."

Joe smiled drearily. "I was to blame, too. But that does not help me now. It is all my miserable, miserable weakness. I cannot go into the way of temptation any more. But oh, mother," and his voice had a despairing, *haunted* ring in it, "where can I go, and not be tempted?"

"My child," said his mother, "stay with me. At least you will be safe. And you will get work again. Do not despair."

So a small house was rented, and the mother began housekeeping again. It was a quiet little home, and their life was very simple, arranged on the most frugal and economical methods, but it was a very happy one, for there was an abundance of love in the small household, and, as Joe thought with thankfulness whenever he entered it in the evening, it was *safe*.

But he could not stay always in this quiet haven. He was the bread-winner of the establishment; he must get work. His mother's restricted income was not sufficient for more than one.

The merchant, his mother's friend, who had sent him South, was willing to try him again.

"I am willing to do anything that you can trust me with after what has passed—sweep, dust, anything that I can do with one arm."

The old man put his hand on his shoulder kindly.

"You were quick at figures at school, weren't you? I think I remember that you were. In that case, I can give you a better job than dusting." Joe said he had done that sort of work easily, but was not in practice.

"Never mind about that. It suits my purpose all the better. My old clerk, Mr. Courtney, is going to leave me because his eyesight is failing. It is a great mortification to have to give up his work. I would like to give you the place, but I want you to work with him two or three months, and learn his ways. You need not be too quick about learning," he added, with a laugh. "Only be as gentle and

patient with the old man as possible, Joe. But I can trust you, I know."

Joe did his work so well that he gained the old clerk's heart completely. If anything could have comforted him, it would have been this delicate appreciation of his faithful service.

Joe himself felt fully compensated for the small trials of patience when the old merchant thanked him on the day Mr. Courtney left.

"I was afraid he would have to go with a sore heart, Joe, but it's all right. He says he is entirely satisfied with his successor."

Three years followed peaceful, serene years in which the mother's face seemed to lose half of its wrinkles, and grow quite young again.

Joe's experience in New Orleans at Christmas had taught him profound humility. He no longer dared go into temptation. Necessarily, his social life was a very restricted one. Perhaps there was more intimacy between the Courtneys and himself than with any other family. By an odd coincidence, the Courtney household consisted of only father and daughter, as his own did, of mother and son, and they were very congenial in habit and taste. It was a delight to both parties, though the mother rejoiced with trembling,—when Joe and Mary Courtney were betrothed.

It was just at the end of the third year that the fire broke out in the warehouse where Joe worked. In spite of his one arm, he did much to save the building, and was well-nigh exhausted when he left it, assured of its safety.

He knew that the Courtneys had heard of the fire, and stopped a moment to let them know about it.

"How pale and exhausted you look!" exclaimed Mary, and running out of the room, she returned with a glass of cordial.

Joe refused it, but even his old friend urged him.

"I can tell by your voice how worn out you are. In this case you only take it as a medicine."

Joe, seeing Mary's anxiety, yielded, and for a little while felt revived. But the stimulant lost its effect before he got home, and he tried another drink, and another.

The old result followed. He did not reach home until dawn, and had taken severe cold in spite of drinking. Pneumonia set in, and the case pronounced hopeless.

Then for the first time a smile returned to Joe's face.

"Mother," he said, "don't grieve. I am so weary of struggling and falling. I am so glad to have it over."

"But you never went willingly into danger," said Ben. "Dear old boy, your will was never conquered. If you had only had a chance."

A man without an enemy in the world, yet hunted down, pursued, entrapped, under the guise of business, friendship, and love.

"Oh," said his mother bitterly when the end came, "if people would only think—would only think—of the evil they do so lightly!"—Y. T. Banner.

THE SCOTT ACT.

A correspondent of the *Charlottetown Guardian*, writing from Georgetown, P. E. I., says: "The following rum shops have been closed here lately, and their owners driven into exile. Fade Lavers 'skipped' to New Glasgow, N.S., leaving behind a Scott Act fine of \$50 and costs or two months in jail. Mrs. O'Connor, his mother-in-law, after serving one month in jail, retired to the same place, leaving behind her a fine of \$50 and costs or two months. Robert Sentiner, their 'trusty' friend, was also compelled to seek a change of air in the same city of refuge, leaving behind him a Scott Act fine to mourn his loss. Maurice Kehoe has also been driven out of the business and is now following the useful and honorable calling of a house joiner. The owner of the 'Dominion House' voluntary retired from the business, and is now keeping a temperance hotel."

The Camp Fire.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

Edited by F. S. SPENCE

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Subscription, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS a Year.

NOTE.—It is proposed to make this the cheapest Temperance paper in the world, taking into consideration its size, the matter it contains and the price at which it is published.
Every friend of temperance is earnestly requested to assist in this effort by subscribing and by sending in facts or arguments that might be of interest or use to our workers.
The editor will be thankful for correspondence upon any topic connected with the temperance reform. Our limited space will compel condensation. No letter for publication should contain more than two hundred words—if shorter, still better.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1895.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

The elections are at hand. In the different municipalities of Ontario candidates will be nominated on December 30th, and voting will take place on the 6th of January. Now is the time for action. Our friends by being wise and aggressive may secure a much stronger hold upon our municipal representatives than we at present have.

The importance of this matter cannot be overestimated. If Local Option is sustained by the Privy Council, as it is expected to be, the matter of the submission of by-laws will rest entirely in the hands of the Councils now about to be elected. Should the decision of the Court be as indicated, then it is manifest that the election of good Municipal Councils means the enactment of prohibition in hundreds of municipalities.

Even if the decision should not go so far as to sustain Local Option there will still remain in the hands of municipal councils a great deal of power in dealing with the liquor traffic and that power may be still further extended during the coming session of the Legislature. The limitation of the number of licenses and the imposition of some further restrictions upon the traffic is already within the power of municipal bodies. These bodies have also important authority in the appointment of police officials whose duty it is to carry out the liquor laws as well as other legislation.

There is not a moment to lose. We sincerely hope that our friends will be alive to the necessities of the situation. Our cause is well worth a little effort and sacrifice on the line just pointed out. That effort can be made to tell to great advantage. Let us be up and doing.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL DECISION.

Much to the disappointment of many anxious prohibitionists in Canada, the expected decision of the Imperial Privy Council on the question of provincial jurisdiction is still delayed.

It was confidently anticipated that before this time we would have known definitely where we stand. In all probability the Court will now adjourn for the holiday season without rendering judgment. This will mean a delay till the latter part of January or the beginning of February before we know our exact position.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the judgment will come before the meeting of the Provincial Legislature so that our friends in the Legislative Assembly will have their hands free to take some decisive steps towards dealing with the pressing problem of liquor legislation.

MILITARY TEMPERANCE IN INDIA.

Through the courtesy of the Adjutant-General of the British Army in India, the Rev. Mr. Bateson, General Secretary of the Army Temperance Association, has compiled some statistics on the subject of military offences which are very suggestive, as showing the remarkable effect which temperance has in the diminution of crime in the army:

1. *Trials by Court-Martial.*—The figures supplied by the Adjutant-General show:

Abstainers	91
Non-abstainers	2,131

Taking the number of total abstainers, as shown by the Adjutant-General, as 20,675 and the number of non-abstainers as 40,758, the convictions, per thousand, are as follows:

Abstainer	4.51
Non-abstainers	42.82

Thus so far as serious crime is concerned there were, during the year 1894, nearly ten times as many convictions per thousand among drinking men as among total abstainers.

2. *Number summarily punished for insubordination.*—The statistics under this head are not so distinctly in favor of the members of the association, though they show that the convictions among non-abstainers per thousand are almost double those among abstainers.

Abstainers,	900 or 46.86 per thousand.
Non-abstainers,	4,610 or 92.84 per thousand.

3. *Convictions for minor offences.*—The entries among abstainers in certain representative corps for the three months ending March 31, 1895, were 22.2 per thousand, whilst those among non-abstainers were 90.7 per thousand.

In this connection take the following testimony from a letter addressed to Rev. C. A. Gillmore by General Dandridge, commanding the Peshawar District in 1886. General Dandridge says:

I have already recommended very strongly the provision of tents for a separate temperance canteen on the line of march. I am very much pleased to find that so many of the Rifles are joining the temperance societies. I spoke to them after parade a few days ago, and I told them a little experience which befell me whilst I was at Umbella in the hot weather. It may interest you too, so I give it below. A regiment I had to inspect had in the year before the previous inspection 175 courts-martial, and the fines for drunkenness amounted to £300. In the ensuing year, up to the time of my inspection, the number of courts-martials had dwindled down to 32, and during the last five months there has been but five all told. And the fines for drunkenness has decreased in like ratio. *This good effect was the result of upward of 400 of the men having joined temperance societies.*

STUNTED BY SALOONS.

A press despatch from Des Moines, Iowa, dated October 6, states:—

"The return of the saloon has been disastrous to prosperity. There are hundreds of empty houses here, business is stagnant, except in the drug shops, and the population, instead of reaching 80,000 as was expected and as doubtless would have been the case had prohibition continued, is shown by the State census to be hovering in the neighborhood of 57,000, an increase of about 7,000 in the last five years, as against an increase of 17,000 in the preceding five years of solid prohibition. Business men, who clamoured for saloons as the method of making a city of Des Moines, see the sudden stoppage of immigration of the best classes from the small towns of the State, and from other parts of the country, yet are apparently loath to admit the error which led them into the great mistake of lowering the civic tone of our municipality. You may look for an uprising against the saloon as soon as the leaven of adversity permeates the community, and brings it to the point of action."

CIGARETTES THE CAUSE.

The school board of Santa Anna found that for some reason the boys in the public schools were nowhere nearly as proficient in their studies as the girls, and an investigation was instituted to discover the cause, whether the boys were being neglected by their teachers, or whether a lack of discipline was

chargeable with the fact that the boys were not doing well. The investigation was had, and it was found that 90 per cent. of the boys between the ages of twelve and fifteen years, who attended the public schools, smoke cigarettes. The investigation did not require to be pushed any further. It is sufficiently well known that cigarette-smoking blunts the intellect as well as undermines the constitution, and if 90 per cent. of the Santa Anna boys stay with the habit, 90 per cent. of the Santa Anna boys will be failures in life, and no help for it."—*Palo (Cal.) Mail.*

BEER DRINKING IN GERMANY.

The advocates of beer drinking have been in the habit of pointing to Germany as a particularly sober country, which has been in no way injured by the general and very large use of its favorite beverage.

And yet the drink question has become an important one in the political economy of that country. Prof. Schmoller, of Berlin, an able political economist, thus writes: "Among our working people the conditions of domestic life, of education, of prosperity, of progress or degradation are all dependent on the proportion of income which flows down the father's throat. The whole condition of our lower and middle classes—one may, even without exaggeration, say the future of our nation—depends on this question. If it is true that half our paupers become so through drink it gives us some estimate of the costly burden which we tolerate. No other of our vices bears comparison to this."

A German military critic, commenting upon the unsatisfactory condition of a detachment of reserves suddenly called out for the autumn manoeuvres (1892), and attributing their poor condition and absolute incapacity for vigorous drill to their inactive, beer-drinking habit of life, said: "Unless Germany redeems herself from the saloon, she will look in vain for competent defenders when the test of war is to be met. A man cannot rise from his *kneipe* and fight for his fatherland." It has been estimated that the military efficiency of the German army has been depreciated 15 per cent. on account of the beer-drinking habits of the German soldiers.

One of the latest utterances is that of Mr. Brendell, in March, 1894, before the Anthropological Society of Munich. Among other things he said: "Germany spends at present 2,500,000,000 marks annually for the alcoholic beverages (about \$625,000,000). Although large quantities of beverages were drunk formerly, still only in the last century, and more especially only in the last decade, in which the brewer's art was perfected, drinking has become universal. It has spread everywhere and increased to a frightful, most alarming extent. It has been introduced even into country communities, and the only inevitable consequence will be the thorough degeneration of the human race, if the evil is not checked before it is not too late. Although it is contended that beer contains less alcohol than either wine or whiskey, it is nevertheless as injurious as either of them, while its vaunted nutritive value stands in no proportion to its price. When a man is required to perform the greatest feats of corporeal exertions, in battle, sport, explorations, etc., the baneful effects of alcohol is most strikingly shown. English life insurance companies divide their risks into two classes, the non-drinkers and the drinkers and the average of expected mortality has for several years been only 71 per cent. of the former, therefore 29 per cent. less than that of the latter. Taking the rate of mortality at one thousand, of this unit die: farmers, 630; brewers, 1,301; saloon-keepers, 1,521; waiters (of both sexes) in bar-rooms and saloons, 2,205. In spite of the marvelous advantages of our present age, a great retrogression, in an ethical sense, is undeniable, the chief cause of which is principally due to the increase of drunkenness, because the beer saloon has become the centre and focus of social life."

It is not surprising, in view of the foregoing statements, that much anxiety is felt among the thinking people of Germany and that remedies are being sought for the evils. Temperance organizations—the Blue Cross Society and the Good Templars—have been at work for several years, endeavouring to promote total abstinence. But the most important association is that known as the

"Verein Gegen Den Missbrauch Geistiger Getränke." (A Union to prevent the Misuse of Liquors). It was organized in 1883. It numbered at the last report about 10,000 members grouped in local associations in various parts of the country. Total abstinence is not a condition of membership. It is designed, rather, to awaken the people to see the social danger which threatens the country from the prevalent excessive drinking habits, and to unite them so for the correction of the evil. The society has much social importance. Its membership is almost wholly recruited from the educated and influential class. Among its first supporters were the Emperor Frederick, Gen. Von Moltke, Field Marshal Herwarth Von Bittenfeld, and the Oberbürgermeister Miquel, late Prussian Minister of Finance, and one of the most important persons in Germany. It has also among its members many physicians, prison officials, directors of asylums, pastors concerned with missionary work, charity experts like Dr. Emminghaus of Gotha, economists like Professor Bohmert of Dresden, and many other persons brought professionally or by their philanthropic activity into close relations with the question of drink. The present Emperor, following the example of his father, has formally expressed his approval of the society, and his hope that it may succeed.

Moved by the gravity of the situation, the Emperor has proposed a new measure for the regulation of the drink traffic, the object being to reduce the evils now so manifest. The measure has not yet become law, but the fact that it has been proposed is very significant. The *Reichsanzeiger*, one of the leading papers of Berlin, which published in full the proposed law against the "abuse of spirituous liquors," presenting reasons for its passage, stated that in the year 1880-90 there 2,270,825 hectolitres (22 English gallons is one hectolitre) of pure alcohol consumed in Germany, or 4.64 litres for each man, woman and child in Germany; of wines about 6.44 litres, and of beer an average of 90 litres per head for each human in Germany, were consumed annually. There had been a large increase in the number of cases of chronic alcoholism and of delirium tremens treated in public institutions, from 4,272 in 1877 to 10,300 in 1885. The alcoholic cases furnish about 20 per cent. of nearly all the cases treated in public hospitals. Of the prisoners in Germany penitentiaries convicted of murder, 40 per cent. used liquor, and 41 per cent. were habitual drunkards; of those who committed manslaughter, 63 per cent. were drinkers; violent assault 74 per cent.; rape 60 per cent.; and other crimes varied from 40 to 68 per cent. by habitual drinkers.

These facts and figures do not seem to bear out the statement so often made that there is no intemperance in Germany.—*Minority Report, Royal Commission.*

RALLY DAY.

Rally Day! Here is something for all the lodges. Originally the idea comes from Brother Starn, of Steuben county, and is a good one.

Appoint an evening, right away, now when the people are settling down for fall and winter work, have an open meeting, ask in by special invitation—a nice card of invitation is not a bad thing—all that have ever affiliated with the lodge, and all that you would like to have join. Give time and labor to make up a first class programme, and don't forget the refreshments. Lay yourself out to make everybody have just as good a time as possible, and cater to their best impulses.

Not an old member of the lodge but remembers with pleasure the hours spent in the lodge room, and many a one would gladly renew them, if only the way was made agreeable for him to do so, while many who have not been members know nothing of the joys of lodge night, and seeing them, will cheerfully give their names and take hold of the work with energy.

The secret of success will be in not sparing time, labor or expense, in having everything worthy of the occasion. In nothing will the old adage be truer, "what is worth doing is worth doing well," than in this. The public is keenly alive to real value and knows a bogus penny on sight. Aim high and you will succeed.

Many a lodge thin in members, low in spirit, down in finance, may in the above lay a foundation for a prosperous winter's work, while all will find it every way hopeful. Interest, work, and sacrifice in place of debt, are conditions paramount.—*Official Organ.*

Selections.

AN OLD RELIC.

This piece of verse—as fine a literary effort as was ever put forth in the Temperance cause—was originally published in Australia in 1841, and the copy from which the following was printed was carefully preserved by the late Rev. W. B. Clarke, M. A., F. R. S., the eminent geologist:—

SONG OF THE DECANter.

There was an old decanter,
and its mouth was gaping wide;
the rosy wine had ebbed away
and left its crystal side;
and the wind went humming—
humming, up and down
the wind it flew, and through the
reed-like hollow neck
the wildest note it blew. I placed
it in the window, where the blast
was blowing freely, and fancied
that its pale mouth sang the queerest strains to
me. "They tell me—puny conquerors!
the Plague has slain his ten, and War
his hundred thousands of the very best
of men; but I"—'twas thus the
Bottle spake—"but I have conquered
more than all your famous conquerors
so feared and famed of yore. Then
come, ye youths and maidens,
come drink from out my cup,
the beverage that dulls the brain
and burns the spirits up; that puts
to shame your conquerors that slay
their scores below; for this
has deluged millions with the
lava tide of woe. Tho' in the
path of battle's darkest streams
of blood may roll; yet while I
kill the body I have dammed
the very soul. The cholera
the plague, the sword, such
ruin never wrought as I,
in mirth or malice, on the
innocent have brought. And
still I breathe upon them,
and they shrink before my
breath, and year by year my
thousands tread the dusty way
of death.—*Australian Temperance World.*

OF WHAT GOOD IS STRONG DRINK?

BY SIR B. W. RICHARDSON, M.D.

I need not tell you that thousands upon thousands of people drink the strong drink called alcohol as a regular habit, and that they think it does them good.

They do not drink it for the same reason as they drink water, to quench thirst. They don't give it to babies, nor to animals like dogs, and cats, and horses, and cattle, to quench their thirst. They take it themselves, because, I suppose, they think it feeds them and does them good.

Is it a food? Mr. Cook, you will remember, told us what are foods. He told us there is—water food. Food which is flesh-forming. Mineral food. Food which is heat producing. If this spirit before us be a food, it must belong to one or the other of these classes of food.

That the spirit cannot take the place of water for drink, everybody knows. Taken, largely diluted with water, as in the common alcoholic beverages, it makes one thirsty instead of quenching thirst. If it enters the blood in any excess, it injures the blood; it poisons it, to use a plain term. It is not, then, a water food or drink.

Is it a flesh-former? We may determine that at once by seeing what it is made of. Mr. Cook promptly told us that all flesh-forming foods, like all flesh, contained the element nitrogen as their root or base. This is true. Alcohol contains no nitrogen. It is made up of two parts of carbon, six parts of hydrogen, and one of oxygen, and of nothing else. It cannot, therefore, form flesh, and when you hear of its doing so, you may be quite sure you are hearing what cannot be true. People talk of a generous wine. If there be such a thing, the generosity does not lie in the spirit, but in some other food mixed with the spirit in the wine, and possibly useful. I can't say. I can only repeat that it is not because of the spirit that the wine is generous. Alcohol does not belong to the class of foods which build up the body and form flesh.

Is it a mineral food? Impossible. The mineral foods are earthy foods. The great mineral food which feeds bone is phosphate of lime. Alcohol contains no phosphorus, no lime, no earthy base. Of all things it is not a mineral food.

If, then, we fed on alcohol, or tried to feed on it, we could neither have water for the blood nor substance for the muscles and brain, and lungs, and skin, and other parts; nor bone for the skeleton. We should, indeed, soon be nowhere.

Is it a heat-producer? This question is the most important of all. Alcohol burns in the spirit lamp; does it burn in the body? If it burns in the body, it is a food coming under the last class I have named. The stronghold of those who have spoken in favor of strong drink has been that the alcohol keeps up the animal warmth and vital power; and we must all admit that it seems to warm the body, because when it is taken it produces a red face, a glow, and a sense of warmth. But when we come to look into the facts, the evidence turns the other way round entirely.

If we take the temperature, or warmth, of the body by means of a delicate thermometer when alcohol has been swallowed, we find that, after a short flash of warmth, the body begins to cool, till it cools below what is natural, and is a long time in recovering itself. So in persons who are intoxicated and incapable the temperature falls dangerously low, and if they are exposed to cold in that state they are apt to die. The animal fire, so to speak, is banked out. For this reason it has been found in very cold regions, as in the Arctic regions near the North Pole, that the sailors and others who do not drink spirits in any form bear the cold best, and go through extreme fatigue the most easily. In the last expedition a sailor named Adam Ayles, a teetotaller, went nearer, it is said, to the North Pole than any of his mates, and kept up better than any one of them. Sir John Ross, Dr. Rae, and many other Arctic explorers, bear witness to the fact that cold and alcohol act in the same manner, and that they who have taken tea and coffee or other similar drinks have done best work and enjoyed best health under severe cold.

There is still another proof on this subject which is very strong against alcohol. The body in burning produces a gas, the product of the combustion, the same as a burning taper or fire does. That gas is made up of the carbon of the burning body and of the oxygen of the common air which is taken in by the lungs in breathing, and in proportion as the fire burns so is the gas produced. If there is a little fire there is a little quantity of gas. When a person is under the influence of alcohol there ought to be a good animal fire if the alcohol burns in him, and a good quantity of the gas, which is the product of the burning, ought to go off from his lungs by his breath. But the opposite is the case; there is less of the gas of carbon and oxygen than when the body is free from alcohol. It is impossible under these conditions to suppose that alcohol is a heat-producer in the body. It chills the body, and it reduces the products of burning.

And what if it did produce heat in the body as it does in a fire—what would or could happen to those who take it in such large quantities as some do? They would burn out; they would be in one continual fever, instead of being the miserable, cold, blue-nosed, dark-faced shivering creatures we see them to be.

But what, you will ask, about the first flush of warmth which we feel if we take alcohol? That is easily explained. It is the same as the heat

which is felt when the hands have been exposed to snow and are returning to warmth again. When the hands or other parts of the body have been exposed to extreme cold, the small blood-vessels are so weakened by the cold, that they cannot contract on the blood which is pumped into them by the heart, and so they become, for a time, filled with the warm blood from the heart; and that blood, exposed over a wide surface, supplies the heat which is felt as a glow all over the surface of the body, and gives up the heat to the surrounding air, thereby cooling the body in the long run by robbing it of its heat, instead of supplying warmth.

For these reasons I venture to think that alcohol is not a food, and that there is no food in it.

You may perhaps say, in opposition to the view, that men who drink large quantities of beer grow very fat and bulky, and you may point to the draymen as proofs of this idea.

I repeat that there is a sad truth in the appearances derived from great beer-drinkers, and that such drinkers do get very fat. But to get fat is not to be healthy. On the contrary, it is to be very unhealthy; for fat is deposited as an entirely inactive and cumbrous substance about the heart and on the intestines, and in the muscles and nervous system, much to the danger of life. It is the sweet substance of sugar in the beer which causes the fat, while the alcohol tends to reduce the power of the body. For these reasons, men who get fat on beer are exceedingly bad subjects. If they meet with any shock or accident they are easily killed by it; and the great Sir Astley Cooper used to say that he dreaded, as a surgeon, to have to perform on them the slightest operation. They are almost always short-lived, and worse or better evidences, as you like to take it, of the evil effects of beer or ale, as alcoholic drinks, could not anywhere be found.—*Guild of Good Life.*

A CURTAIN LECTURE.

My wife and I had jest gone to bed, When a curtain lecturer to me she read: "Ef I was a man," sez my wife to me, "I think I should be a man," sez she. "Why, wot is the matter, Jane?" sez I; "Matter enough," was her reply. "I wouldn't go preachin' Temperance An' votin' for license, both ter wunce! I wouldn't stan' up in church an' pray For the curse of drink to be took away; For the Lord in mercy to look an' bless The needy widder an' fatherless; An' then march up to the polls nex' day An' vote jist eggsackly the other way! I think I should hev at my command At least jist a leetle grain of sand; An' whenever a pollytishun showed His rum-blossom nose 'round my abode, An' commenced his blarney to get my vote, A-singin' the song he'd learnt by rote, I'd spunk up to him an' tell him wot I thought of him; an' ez like ez not I'd jest perlitely show him the door, An' invite him to never call no more! I think I'd know enough" sez Jane, "When a rum-seller works with might an' main

To gain a pint in the town elixshun, To see that it wasn't jest my complexshun!

An' what he wanted so awful bad Was the very thing he ortn't to have: An' I'd work ag'in it, tooth an' nail, My motto, 'No sech word as fail!' An' wouldn't care one cent in cash Ef the publicat party went to smash! I'd hev my consheens clear an' sound— An' know I was treadin' on solid ground.

Ef I was a man," sez Jane, once more. But I had already begun to snore. I wasn't asleep, but then I meant She'd think I was; for her argyment, I own, I couldn't quite answer it, Though it struck right home to me every bit.

But Jane, she groaned when I didn't cheep, And then turned over and went to sleep.—*Union Signal.*

A DODGING TEMPERANCE MAN.

I'm a Temperance man; I will do what I can;
I will earnestly talk and pray;
I will labour with might for the cause of right;
But I cannot vote that way.

With eloquence warm I will urge reform;
Let all the world take note,
I never shirk from Temperance work,
Excepting when I vote.

I will labour so that the world may know
I'm a zealous Temperance man;
I will talk of laws that will aid the cause;
But I cannot vote the plan.

My tongue shall delight to talk of right,
I will speak its praise each day;
I will urge it strong on the listening throng;
But I cannot vote that way.

A vote from the right is lost from sight,
For the cause is weak to-day;
I will urge it strong on the listening throng;
But I cannot vote that way.

With the party strong, though their cause be wrong,
My vote will still be cast;
Though want and woe in streams may flow,
And whiskey rule at last.

The widow's groan and orphan's moan
Shall not affect my will;
I pity them though, and tell them so,
But I vote with whiskey still.
Jennie Sayre.

HE HAD A BABY!

A touching conversation once took place on the train as the writer was on her way for a visit among friends in the East, as follows:—

"No, I won't drink with you to-day, boys!" said a drummer to several companions as they settle down in a smoking-car and passed the bottle. The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking; I've sworn off."

"What's the matter with you, old boy?" sung out one. "If you've quit drinking, something's up. What is it?"

"Well, boys, I will tell you. Yesterday I was in Chicago. Down on South Clark Street a customer of mine keeps a pawnshop in connection with other business. I called on him, and while I was there a young man, not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. He unwrapped it and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying, 'Give me ten cents.' And, boys, what do you suppose it was? A pair of baby shoes—little things, with the bottoms only a trifle soiled, as if they had been only worn once or twice. 'Where did you get these?' asked the pawnbroker. 'Got 'em at home,' replied the man, who had an intelligent look and the manner of a gentleman despite his sad condition. 'My wife bought 'em for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink.' 'You had better take the shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them,' said the pawnbroker. 'No, s-she won't, because she's dead. She's layin' at home now—died last night.' As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the show-case, and cried like a child. Boys," continued the drummer, "you may laugh if you please; but I—I have a baby at home, and I swear I'll never take another drink."—*Religious Telescope.*

A LESSON.

"From the records of the senior class of Yale College during the past eight years, the non-smokers have proved to have decidedly gained over the smokers in height, weight, and lung capacity. All candidates for the crews and other athletic sports were non-smokers. The non-smokers have gained 20 per cent. in height more than the smokers, 25 per cent. in weight, and 62 per cent. more in lung capacity. In the graduating class of Amherst College of the present year, those not using tobacco, have in weight gained 24 per cent. over those using tobacco, in height 37 per cent., in chest girth 42 per cent., while they have a greater average lung capacity by 8.30 cubic inches."—*Medical News.*

This is a work in which all can participate. Good Templary was never intended to be run by an executive. Every member of the order is an element of strength or weakness—an active contributor to its usefulness, or a drag upon its effort to do good. Its progress in the future, therefore, will, as in the past, depend not upon the brilliancy of one or two recognized leaders, but upon the devotion, sincerity and persistency of the rank and file.—*Australian Temp. World.*

THE VANGUARD.

A GREAT WORK—READ CAREFULLY.

The VANGUARD was published during the stirring years of 1803 and 1804 in the form of a magazine. It was devoted to expert discussion of the liquor question and the many matters thereto related. Prohibition workers found it a "mine" of information, and many of them desired to have its articles put into a form adapted for permanent use and reference.

This has been done by binding and indexing the eleven numbers issued in 1803-4.

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FRANCE ALARMED.

The French Association for the Advancement of Science has just held its annual conference at Bordeaux. The first topic taken up was the mortality among children of tender age, and it was shown that among children of drinkers of alcoholic beverages the deaths were out of all due proportion to the survivals during the first months of their lives. In certain communes the mortality reached 62 per cent. (i.e., nearly two thirds) during the first two months.

Dr. Barthes, the departmental inspector of benevolent institutions in Le Calvados, presented a work filled with accurate documents concerning the dangers of alcoholism. After having enumerated a series of studies of this question, made during the past half-century, he showed that the abuse of alcohol went back to 1855, the year when the production of wine having suddenly failed) the production of industrial alcohol received a remarkable impetus. That year the consumption of industrial alcohol amounted to 815,000 hectoliters, while that of the alcohol of wine reached only 75,000 hectoliters. The increase in the manufacture of industrial alcohol did not, however, become dangerous until the passage of the laws of 1875 and 1880, which restored the privileges of distillers of raw spirits and did away with the restrictions on retail liquor-shops.

RAVAGES OF ALCOHOLISM IN LE CALVADOS.

In a statistical review which takes in more than 200 cities, towns and villages of Le Calvados, the mortality of infants and the number of still-born children had increased 28 per cent., and the births had diminished 12 per cent. The number of conscripts rejected (on account of bodily or mental disability) as unfit for service, or postponed for the same reason to another examination, had risen in 15 years from 23 to 50 per cent. In a tract of country near Caen, containing 9,247 inhabitants, Dr. Barthes had learned from the state registers that there were 95 births and 285 deaths, and 57 conscripts of whom 20 were rejected and twelve postponed. He added that in these localities the women drank more than the men.

INCREASED COST OF ALCOHOLIC INSANITY.

Passing on to the expense necessitated by the treatment of insane drunkards in the Hospital of the Good Savior at Caen, Dr. Barthes estimated it at more than 150,000 francs (\$30,000). Here was therefore a danger threatening the departmental finances as well as the public health, from this necessary virtual perversion of funds to the care of a single over-numerous class. This state of affairs must be remedied as soon as possible. The remedial measures indicated by Dr. Barthes are of three kinds: physical, moral, and social.

PROPOSING REMEDIES.

From a physical point of view, every fermented drink must be banished from the nourishment of the infant until it is at least three years of age. For children between 3 and 15 years of age only hygienic drinks should be permitted: wine, cider, beer, mixed with at least an equal quantity of water. During a medical practice of ten years in the Eastern Pyrenees, where the only drink is wine, Doctor Barthes never met with a single case of alcoholism, whence he concludes that wine is an antidote of this scourge. He therefore asked for the abolition of taxes and duties on hygienic drinks, and, as a set-off, an increase in license fees.

From a moral point of view, Dr. Barthes advocated the greatest possible agitation of the question in society, by the press, by conferences, and by school-teachers. He also demanded the forming and spreading of temperance societies.

PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

Dr. Tison, who then spoke, gave a long description of the experiences which had proved the poisonous effects of different alcohols. He drew a frightful picture of the ravages of alcohol in the human organism and of the maladies which it causes. The inflamed stomach is affected with gastritis, which ends in atrophy of the peptic glands and renders digestion impossible; in the intestines this deleterious action continues. In the liver it produces cirrhosis, which finally hardens and transforms it into a sort of stone. In the circulatory system and the heart, it alters the muscular fibers and causes

peculiar diseases of the heart. In the lungs it provokes tuberculosis of a special variety, so that the mortality from consumption has greatly increased with the greater prevalence of alcoholism. But it is on the nervous system that alcohol acts most energetically, and every one knows that it is the cause of half the cases of insanity. It affects equally the functions of reproduction, and this leads to impotence of men, and to barrenness of women, to the birth of still-born children, and to miscarriages. The posterity of victims of alcoholism are short-lived and are subject to nervous weakness and nervous diseases of every description.



REV. J. H. HECTOR.

Is one of the most remarkable men of the present day. His life story surpasses any romance in its startling realities. Left an orphan at an early age, he passed a youth of vicissitude, hardship and privation such as few have experienced. Later on he fought in some of the fiercest struggles of the great American war, and was five times frightfully wounded, so that his survival was almost miraculous. Subsequently as an engine driver he had many a perilous experience; but he came through all to be a converted man, an earnest Christian, a successful minister of the Gospel, and one of the most effective advocates of prohibition and other moral reforms.

Mr. Hector is a full-blooded negro of superb physique and great natural abilities, to which, despite all difficulties, he has added a self-education which must compel admiration. As an orator he is a phenomenon, carrying his audience along with him by a tornado of eloquence, humor and pathos that is fairly irresistible. His originality, wit, readiness of repartee and intense earnestness, quickly open the way for the shafts of truth which he hurls with consummate tact and telling force.

Everywhere he goes he captures the hearts of the people, rouses their sympathies, appeals to their best nature and purest motives, and does them good. Everybody should hear as many as possible of his wonderful sermons and lectures.

Subjoined are a few specimen press notes of his work:

PRESS OPINIONS.

A FEW OF MANY SIMILAR NOTICES.

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"For an hour and a half he held his hearers spell-bound, now eliciting bursts of laughter, and again bringing them almost to tears with his pathetic incidents. He is full of fun and wit and his portrayal of ludicrous scenes was so real that one could almost imagine being present with the narrator."—*Valley Echo*.

"The rev. gentleman is as full of wit, humor and sound logic as an egg is full of meat. It is certainly a rare treat to listen to such a speaker. His lecture of nearly two hours duration

seemed but a few minutes."—*Elmvale Chronicle*.

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"Seldom has so large a congregation—somewhere about two thousand—attended a morning service in St. James' Church as yesterday greeted the Rev. J. H. Hector, the Black Knight. The sermon was an extraordinary pulpit effort and greatly affected the large assemblage which listened, was inspired, amused, thrilled and almost caused to weep in unison."—*Montreal Witness*.

"The lecture delivered yesterday afternoon by Rev. J. H. Hector, the celebrated colored prohibition orator from California, was a masterly, eloquent and convincing arraignment of the liquor traffic. The audience, the largest of the season, were at one time thrilled by the flow of language which fell from the lips of the speaker, and at others convulsed with laughter by his epigrams, sallies and witticisms. He is a splendid specimen of the race to which he belongs, being powerfully built and showing to great advantage a cultured mien and deportment while thundering forth invective against what he terms worse slavery than that which prevailed in the South."—*Toronto Mail*.

Rev. Mr. Hector, popularly known as the "Black Knight," is open for engagements during the coming fall and winter. His time is already filling up fast, applications should be made at once. For terms, dates &c., address

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"THE BLACK KNIGHT."

BY C. A. INGRAHAM.

He followed where the roisterers go,
And felt the avenging rod,
And heard his curse from Heaven pronounced
As blindly on he trod;

But God leaned down from His great throne
And to the Negro spoke,
And Hector heard his tender voice,
And into light awoke.

"Take from me now this maddening thirst
And I will serve Thee well;
Cut loose the chain of appetite
That drags me down to hell."

He prayed and with the Lord prevailed,
And in His favor grew,
Fulfilled the promise made to Him,
And went His herald true.

Then rang his voice o'er all the land,
And thousands felt the spell
Of ardent words that sparkled wit,
And melted, where they fell,

The stony heart's indifference
To mirth and mingled tear,
That glittering in Love's coronet
As precious gems appear.

That soul were cold that heard his voice,
And felt not God was there,
In majesty beside the black,
And with His arm made bare;

Plead on, great Hector, noble knight—
Your skin is black indeed,
But white your sympathetic heart
And quick to throb and bleed

In sorrow for the multitude
Sunk deep in sin's disgrace,
Speak ever 'gainst accursed rum
And save our suffering race.

—*The Pioneer*.