

THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

VOL. IV. No. 2.

TORONTO, ONT., AUGUST, 1897.

25 CENTS PER YEAR

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PAPERS WANTED

We are anxious to secure a copy of THE CAMP FIRE issued in June 1895 and one of December 1895.

Any friend who can send one of these papers, to this office will oblige us very much.

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

It would be practically impossible in the space which the Camp Fire affords, to give anything like a description of the fearful results recorded from day to day by newspapers in different parts of the continent as the direct result of the liquor traffic. Reports of riots, rows, murders, assaults, sudden deaths, brutalities of every description, are so common as hardly to excite interest. Merely as specimens of this shocking harvest of legalized wrong, we submit the following list of some of the Canadian occurrences of the month of July that are directly ascribed to the liquor traffic.

A horrid outrage is reported from Montreal where some rowdies entertained themselves by pouring liquid lye over the body of a drunken man who was so badly burned by the corrosive fluid that he died shortly after. One of the criminals is under arrest.

Two men living at Verona, Ontario, on the evening of July 4th, went for a drive, both being drunk. During a quarrel the buggy was upset and one of the men was so seriously injured that he is not expected to live.

At Kincardine on July 8th, a citizen was fined seventy-five dollars and costs for giving liquor to an Indian on Dominion Day.

On the evening of July 9th a woman who kept a disreputable house in Montreal, was shot by a drunken man who immediately after the murder committed suicide.

William Fingland, living near Centerville in Cambden township, Frontenac County, on the evening of July 12th, while under the influence of liquor, quarrelled with a companion whom he stabbed and seriously injured. One man lies in a dangerous condition and the other is in jail awaiting the result of the assault.

A Coroner's inquest was held at Ottawa on the evening of July 21st on the body of Albert Beausejour. Evidence showed that this boy and another had been drinking heavily of beer, after which they went to swim in the Rideau River. The deceased's companion fell asleep on the bank and woke to find his comrade drowned. The verdict was death by drowning while under the influence of liquor.

The Montreal Witness of July 22nd tells of the heavy fall on the stone floor of a drunken man who was committed to the police cells. The accident resulted in a serious injury expected to prove fatal.

KILL IT.

It is about time that good people ceased their attempts to improve the liquor traffic. It is a hopeless task, as hard as trying to make an empty bag stand upright, or to determine just where is the best point to apply regeneration to a thoroughly bad egg. The one logical thing to do with the liquor traffic is to kill it.—*The Voice*

THE CURSE OF THE NATIONS.

Oh the folly of trying to restrain an evil by Government tariff! If every gallon of whiskey made, if every flask of wine produced, should be taxed a thousand dollars, it would not be enough to pay for the tears it has wrung from the eyes of widows and orphans, nor for the blood it has dashed on the Christian church, nor for the catastrophe of the millions it has destroyed for ever.

A COMPARISON.

I sketch two houses in this street. The first is bright as home can be. The father comes at nightfall, and the children run out to meet him. Luxurious evening meal. Gratulation, and sympathy and laughter. Music in the parlor. Fine pictures on the wall. Costly books on the stand. Well-clad household. Plenty of everything to make home happy.

House the second: Piano sold yesterday by the sheriff. Wife's furs at pawnbroker's shop. Clock gone. Daughter's jewelry sold to get flour. Carpets gone off the floor. Daughters in faded and patched dresses. Wife sewing for the stores. Little child with an ugly wound on her face, made by an angry blow. Deep shadow of wretchedness falling in every room. Door-bell rings. Little children hide. Daughters turn pale. Wife holds her breath. Blundering step in the hall. Door opens. Fiend, brandishing his fist, cries, "Out! out! What are you doing here?"

Did I call this house the second? No; it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum embroiled the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook his fist. Rum desolated the hearth. RUM changed that paradise into a hell.

A FEARFUL PASSION.

I do not care how much a man loves his wife and children, if this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things; and if he could not get drink in any other way, he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up that way no one but God knows. Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul I hate it. Why, there are on the roads and streets of this land to-day little children barefooted, uncombed and unkempt—want on every patch of their faded dresses and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances—who would have been in churches to-day and as well clad as you are but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. Oh, rum, thou foe of God! thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee!

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.

I call attention to the fact that there are thousands of people born with a thirst for strong drink—a fact too often ignored. Along some ancestral lines there runs the river of temptation. There are some children whose swaddling clothes are torn off the shroud of death.

Many a father has made a will of this sort: "In the name of God, amen. I bequeath to my children my houses and lands and estates; share and share shall they alike. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of witnesses." And yet perhaps that very man has made another will that the people have never read, and that has not been proved in the courts. That will, put in writing, would read something like this: "In the name of disease and appetite and death, amen. I bequeath to my children my evil habits, my tankards shall be theirs, my wine-cup shall be theirs, my destroyed reputation shall be theirs. Share and share alike shall they in the infamy. Hereto I affix my hand

and seal in the presence of all the applauding harpies of hell."

LONGING FOR RELIEF.

Oh! how many are waiting to see if something cannot be done. Thousands of drunkards waiting, who cannot go ten minutes in any direction without having the temptation glaring before their eyes or appealing to their nostrils, they fighting against it with enfeebled will and diseased appetite, conquering, then surrendering, conquering again and surrendering again, and crying: "How long, O Lord! how long before these infamous solicitations shall be gone?"

A WEARY WAIT.

How many mothers there are waiting to see if this national curse cannot lift! Oh! is that the boy that had the honest breath who comes home with that breath vitiated or disguised? What a change! How quickly those habits of early coming home had been exchanged for the rattling of the night-key in the door long after the last watchman has gone by and tried to see that everything was closed up for the night. Oh! what a change for that young man who we had hoped would do something in merchandise, or in artisanship, or in a profession that would do honor to the family name long after mother's wrinkled hands are folded from the last toil! All that exchanged for startled look when the door-bell rings, lest something has happened; and the wish that the scarlet fever twenty years ago had been fatal, for then he would have gone directly to the bosom of his Saviour. But, alas! poor old soul, she has lived to experience what Solomon said: "A foolish son is a heaviness to his mother."

BROKEN HEARTED.

Oh! what a funeral it will be when that boy is brought home dead. And how mother will sit there and say, "Is this my boy that I used to fondle and that I used to walk the floor with in the night when he was sick? Is this the boy that I held to the baptismal font for baptism? Is this the boy for whom I foiled until the blood burst from the tips of my fingers, that he might have a good start and a good home? Lord, why hast Thou let me live to see this? Can it be that these swollen hands are the ones that used to wander over my face when rocking him to sleep? Can it be that this is the baby forehead that I once so rapturously kissed? Poor boy! how tired he does look. I wonder who struck him that blow across the temple. I wonder if he uttered a dying prayer. Wake up my son; don't you hear me? Wake up! Oh! he can't hear me. Dead, dead, dead! 'O Absalom, my son, my son, would God that I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!'"

I am not much of a mathematician, and I cannot estimate it; but is there any one here quick enough at figures to estimate how many mothers there are waiting for something to be done?

A DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

Ay, there are many wives waiting for domestic rescue. That man promised something different from this when, after the long acquaintance and careful scrutiny of character, the hand and the heart were offered and accepted. What a hell on earth a woman lives in who has a drunken husband. O Death, how lovely thou art to her, and how warm thy skeleton hand! The sepulchre at midnight in winter is a king's drawing-room compared with that woman's home. It is not so much the blow on the head that hurts as the blow on the heart. The rum fiend came to that beautiful home, and opened the door and stood there, and said: "I curse this dwelling with an unrelenting curse. I curse that father into a maniac. I curse that mother into a pauper. I curse those sons into vagabonds. I curse those daughters into profligacy. Cursed be bread tray and cradle. Cursed be couch and chair, and family Bible with record of mar-

riages and births and deaths. Curse upon curse." Oh! how many wives are there waiting to see if something cannot be done to shake these frosts of the second death off the orange blossoms!

GOD IS WAITING.

Yea, God is waiting, the God who works through human instrumentalities, waiting to see whether this nation is going to overthrow this evil; and if it refuse to do so God will wipe out the nation as He did Phoenicia, as He did Rome, as He did Thebes, and as He did Babylon.

NO COMPROMISE.

The hardest blow the temperance reformation has had in this century has been the fact that some reformers have halted under the delusion of the high-license movement. You know what it is. It is the white flag of truce sent out from Alcoholism to Prohibition, to make the battle pause long enough to get the army of decanters and demijohns better organized. Away with that flag of truce, or I will fire on it. Between these two armies there can be no truce.

On the one side are God and sobriety and the best interests of the world, and on the other side is the sworn enemy of all righteousness, and either rum must be defeated or the Church of God and civilization. What are you trying to compromise with? Oh, this black, destroying archangel of all diabolism, putting one wing to the Pacific, putting the other wing to the Atlantic coast, its filthy claws clutching into the torn and bleeding heart-strings of the nation that cries out: "How long, O Lord, how long?" Compromise with it! You had better compromise with the panther in his jungle, with the cyclone in its flight, with an Egyptian plague as it blotches an empire, with Apollyon, for whom this evil is recruiting officer, quartermaster, and commander-in-chief.

Oh, my friends, let us fight this battle out on the old line, for victory is coming as surely as right is right, and wrong is wrong, and falsehood is false, and truth is truth, and God is God.—*T. DeWitt Talmage.*

DRINK AND CYCLISTS.

Zimmerman, the world's champion, says to cyclists:—"Don't smoke; it depresses the heart and shortens the wind. Don't drink; drink never wins races. I have trophies at home which would have belonged to others if they had left liquor alone."

And J. Parsons, the fifty-mile Victorian champion, who does not smoke and has given up alcoholic stimulants, says:—"I abandoned even moderate indulgence in liquor, because I could not win races when so indulging. Since I refrained altogether from drink I have started in five races and have won four—the fifty-mile championship, the Victoria road race, and the half-mile and ten-mile races in Adelaide."

While Mr. Tebbutt, on being asked his opinion, replied:—"Well, it sometimes happens that a non-abstainer wins, but invariably they have kept off the drink for some time previous to the race, and when they start drinking again their 'form' goes off. In racing you require your head clear, for so much depends upon your judgment from first to last. In the race yesterday I rode better in the final than in the previous races, and without feeling the least excited, though there were twelve of us—all intent on winning. The excitement caused by partaking of liquor would have taken away my cool-headedness."

And he added:—"A young fellow-cyclist recently accompanied me on a long road journey which caused us some fatigue. He fancied a glass of whisky would stimulate him a bit. Well, it did for a quarter of an hour, but after that he was ten times worse, and I had to slow off to enable him to keep up with me at all. This is only one case out of several of similar effect which have come under my notice.—*League Journal.*

The Camp Fire.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

Edited by F. S. SPENCE

ADDRESS - - TORONTO, ONT.

Subscription, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS a Year.

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

Every friend of temperance is earnestly requested to assist in this effort by subscribing and by sending in facts or arguments that might be of interest or use to our workers. The editor will be thankful for correspondence upon any topic connected with the temperance reform. Our limited space will compel condensation. No letter for publication should contain more than two hundred words—if shorter, still better.

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1897.

DIRECT TAXATION.

Sometimes the liquor men make a tactical mistake. They did it when they permitted their agent Mr. Haverston, to ask the Dominion Government to put the question of direct taxation into the plebiscite ballot. This audacious proposal immediately roused such a storm of protest as made it clear that it would be very impolitic for the Government to entertain the impertinent suggestion. The direct taxation ballot project has been killed and we have to thank the champion of the liquor traffic for stirring up the agitation that so completely overwhelmed the absurd idea.

In this event there is a warning. The liquor men are afraid of the coming vote. They are afraid of the people. They dread the result of a fair ballot. They will do all they can to prevent the free expression of public opinion. Taught by the blunder of their solicitor, they will probably work further schemes in a quieter fashion. We must be more than ever on our guard. Our cause is safe in a fair fight. We must watch carefully against any surreptitious efforts of our wily opponents to handicap us by the form or conditions of the vote which is shortly to be taken.

ORGANIZATION.

The great Convention at Toronto of last month, may fairly be looked upon as the starting point of the Dominion Plebiscite campaign. For the next few months the watchword of our workers must be organization. It is absolutely necessary that we should have plans laid, local leaders chosen, and all preliminaries put in shape at the earliest possible opportunity.

It is now certain that the Dominion Parliament will meet very early in 1898 and that the Plebiscite will receive its attention shortly after the opening of the session. In probably six or seven months we shall know exactly the lines on which the battle is to be fought. Let us have our forces ready so that the campaign may be commenced at almost an hour's notice.

Steps are being taken to secure the organization of every part of the Dominion. If any locality has been overlooked, the friends therein should meet and make their own preparations without delay. Full information regarding methods of work will be promptly and cheerfully furnished at any time by the Secretary of the Dominion Alliance.

LITERATURE.

The coming campaign will be to a large extent, a literature campaign. More than ever the printed page is becoming the effective weapon in all public agitation. The liquor party will do all that is possible on this line. We must meet them with weapons as effective as their own.

The Dominion Alliance Convention recommended the Executive to give special attention to this important matter, and no doubt that committee will soon be prepared with a plan that will commend itself to the approval of our workers. Meantime we should take advantage of the means already at our disposal and see that such useful literature as can be procured, has a wide circulation. Special attention is respectfully called to the plan of circulating the CAMP FIRE to be found in another column of this paper.

ELECTORAL ACTION.

By the unanimous vote of a thoroughly representative body of leading prohibitionists from different parts of the Dominion of Canada, the following resolution was adopted.

"That we strongly urge that prohibitionist electors who have party affiliations, be present in the local caucuses of their parties, in order to secure such prohibitionist representation in the county nominating conventions, as shall secure known and avowed prohibitionist candidates for Parliament."

We rejoice in this substantial, commonsense deliverance. It is the declaration of a policy that if fairly carried out, will give prohibitionists more influence and power than could be secured on any other line of electoral action. It is so clear in its wording, its intention is so plain, and it is manifestly so wise in plan and so certain to be effective in results if fairly carried out, that there is little need to do more than call attention to it and earnestly urge our friends to see it carried forward into practical operation.

CHARLOTTETOWN.

We regret very much the temporary disappointment that our friends in Charlottetown are suffering. They are learning in a hard school the necessity of eternal vigilance in the prohibition warfare. They are finding out that to achieve success we must so use our political power as to be recognized, considered and influential in every department of politics and government.

If the Prince Edward Island administration had been animated by an earnest desire to do all it could for the maintenance of the Scott Act, there would not have been the contiguity of the two elections that worked such disadvantage to our cause. If the Charlottetown electors had made Scott Act enforcement the first consideration in their municipal elections the liquor traffic would long ago have been cramped within such limits that it would not have been able to organize and carry on its recent campaign against what is good and elevating and beneficial in every way. We must recognize that only by eternal vigilance can we hold against our unscrupulous foes any point of advantage that we may gain. Those who led the fight in Charlottetown made heroic efforts and deserve all the credit that can be given them. They are wise in preparing already for the next campaign, and if they keep up the spirit that now animates them they are certain to win a mighty victory when the next contest comes on.

PROVINCIAL LEGISLATION.

The Toronto Convention decided to make an appeal to the Ontario Legislature at its approaching session, for further restrictive legislation. In view of the generally expressed opinion that last year we asked for too many things instead of concentrating our attention upon a few radical and very important measures, the Convention specified two important improvements in the law which it was resolved to press for.

One of these measures is the giving power to the voters in any polling subdivision, to prevent the renewal of a license already in operation in such subdivision. Nearly every other province has this power. Some have it in such form that the liquor party must have a decided numerical advantage over the temperance electorate in order to ensure permission for it to continue. We are asking for something much less radical, namely, the right of a simple majority to suppress a cause of ruin and disaster.

The other change in the law to be asked for is the placing in the hands of the people power to limit the hours during which liquor may be sold. It is a recognized principle in our license system that the people of a locality should have some control over the traffic in that locality. They are however, at present debarred from any voice as to the hours during which the liquor business may be carried on. The proposition that local sentiment should further limit hours of sale is eminently reasonable and ought to commend itself to the approval of the Legislature.

Our friends all over the province are cordially requested to consider these important matters and do what they can to show that public opinion will approve the moderate and desirable changes proposed.

BOTH SIDES

The money paid for one glass of beer would pay for one loaf of bread.

The money paid for one glass of whisky would pay for three pounds of apples.

The money paid for two glasses of beer would pay for a peck of potatoes.

The money paid for two glasses of whisky would pay for one pound of coffee.

The money paid for three glasses of beer would pay for a quarter pound of tea.

The money paid for four glasses of beer would pay for two dozen eggs.

The money paid for four glasses of whisky would pay for two pounds of butter.

The money paid in one month for two glasses of beer a day would pay for a ton of coal.

The money paid in one month for two glasses of whisky a day would pay for a suit of clothes.—*Irish Templar.*

A WELL-KEPT DIARY.

Not long ago, in Europe, a man died at the age of seventy-three, who began at the age of seventeen to keep a diary, which he continued to keep for fifty-two years. It is now published and is a most striking commentary on the life of a mere worldling. His life was not consecrated to a high ideal. In the book he left he states that in fifty-two years he had smoked 628,715 cigars, of which he had received 43,692 as presents, while for the remaining 585,023 he had paid about \$10,433. In fifty-two years, according to his book-keeping, he had drunk 28,786 glasses of beer, and 26,085 glasses of spirits, for which he spent \$5,350.

The diary closes with these words: "I have tried all things; I have seen many; I have accomplished nothing." A stronger sermon could not be preached than to put this testimony against that of the missionary apostle, Paul: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day" (2 Tim. iv. 7-8).

—*National Temperance Advocate.*

CAMPAIGN LITERATURE.

TORONTO, 1897.

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 in the plebiscite campaign to inspire workers and make votes.

The contest upon which we are entering, will be largely a literature campaign. Printed matter tells. It does its work continuously, silently, fearlessly and well. 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 uninterrupted, 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 result. 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,

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Manager.

Selections.

HAIL THE DAY!

Ring, ye bells, from every steeple,
Usher in the glorious day,
Peal for Temperance, tell the people
Night has passed from earth away.
Tell them that the dawn is breaking.
Let your joyful voices say
That at night the masses waking,
Greet the dawning—Hail the day!

Though the nation long has slumbered,
Now she lends a listening ear;
Millions in our ranks are numbered,
Surely victory is near;
Angel forms are bending o'er you,
Help the helpless, clear the way,
Brighter scenes are yet before you,
Day is breaking—Hail the day!

Shout the war-cry, Prohibition,
Raise to heaven a joyful song,
Tell to men of lost condition,
Justice shall not tarry long,
Though the wicked band together,
Hand to hand in fierce array,
Evil shall not reign forever,
Dawn is breaking—Hail the day!

Gird ye on the temperance armour,
Dare to battle for the right;
Let mechanic, preacher, lawyer,
Each arise in all their might;
Sovereign people, yours the power
To command and all obey;
Morning dawns, the day and hour
Break upon you—Hail the day!

Mourning sisters, wives and mothers,
Your deliverance draws near,
For your husbands, fathers, brothers,
Joyful tidings soon shall hear.
Courage, win the race before you,
Weep not, faint nor pine away,
Temperance star is beaming o'er you,
Day is breaking—Hail the day!

Oh ye tempters, when you, trembling,
Vanquished, humbled to the dust,
Scarce your guilty tears dissembling,
Learn too late that God is just;
When an outraged people risen,
Sweep your power to curse away,
Will ye from your country's prisons
Greet the dawning—Hail the day!

Who will help us save the drinker?
Help us bind the tyrant Itum?
Christian, Jew, and you Free-thinker,
All are wanted—will you come?
For with us no creed or faction
Rules with undivided sway
We are seeking men of action,
Will you help us then to-day?

Friends, the temperance standard rais-
ing,
Swell our ranks on every hand,
And our beacon-fires blazing,
Flash the warning through the land.
Who will then, like cowards driven,
Bar our progress, block the way,
While a day of grace is given?
Come and help us—breaks the day!
—Standard Bearer.

NO DRINKSHOPS OVER THERE!

Tune—"There'll never be a famine
over there."

There's a thing I would declare—
Though no doubt you are aware—
Of a traffic that's a curse to every
shore—
At the corner of the street,
Signboards gay and signboards neat,
Draw your notice to the wares inside
the door,
No restrictions bar the way,
If you have the pence to pay,
For the liquors—brandy, whiskey, ale,
or gin;
While the landlord's eagle eye
Watches every passer by,
To entice the foolish moneyed man
within.

Chorus.

Over there, over there; there'll be no
drinkshops over there;
Aching hearts and weary feet
Never cross the golden street,
For there'll be no drinkshops over
there.

Wives and children have their share,
For the cupboard oft is bare,
And the mother's dress is thin, her face
is pale;
While the landlord's child so neat,
Lifts her head and walks the street,
There the drunkard's hairs bare-footed
runs for ale.
Yet this drunkard, when a boy,
Was a mother's hope and joy,
Often would she smile and stroke his
curly hair;
But her precepts he forgot,

And he's now a drunken sot—
But there'll be no drinkshops over
there.

I have thought upon the morn,
When eternity will dawn,
With the landlord and the drunkard at
the bar;
If they have not been to God
For the cleansing of his blood,
Then together they will sink in dark
despair.
But the landlord God can save.
Make the drunkard good and brave,
Yes, their wives and children, too,
escape the snare.
Courage, comrades! march the
street,
Army drum and timbrels beat,
For there'll be no drinkshops over
there.

Social Gazette

CARY'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

"Let the liquor alone and it will let
you alone," is the parrot cry often
heard in the discussion of the question
of the right of the community to sup-
press the drink traffic. A forcible
reply to this deceptive absurdity is
given in the following pathetic story
written by Ernest Gilman for the
N. T. Advocate.

Her mother died when she was born
so we had heard—but Cary tried to
be both mother and father to the little
one, whom he loved with a devotion
that was as pathetic as it was
beautiful.

The first time we men saw Cary's
little daughter she had come down to
the mill to bring her father's lunch.
She was only four years old—a little
mite of a cherub—but as brave and
fearless as if she were three times her
age.

Cary was the first one to see her that
day, and he uttered an exclamation of
surprise and joy. There wasn't a man
in the room but looked up, and I hardly
think I would be making a misstate-
ment if I should say there wasn't a
man who didn't smile.

She stood within the mill door, a
slanting ray of sunshine peering
through the branches of a tree kissing
her yellow hair, which waved and
danced about as sweet a little face as I
ever saw. She had a tin pail in one
hand and a tin can with close-top in
the other.

"Here's your dinner, papa!" she
cried gleefully, laughing aloud in her
pride and joy. "I come all alone by
my own self, I did."

Cary ran forward and caught her in
his arms, pail, can, and all.

"My baby," he said lovingly, in a
low voice as gentle, and loving as a
woman's; "my baby!" kissing her
over and over.

"No," was her answer as the
smiles disappeared for a moment and
a frown made a little crease on her
forehead. "I ain't a baby, I'm your
little daughter, don't you know?"

"Ah, I see," laughing merrily and
kissing her again; "so you aren't and
so you are. You aren't a baby, but
you are my little daughter."

From this time on all the men in the
mill called the sweet child "Cary's
little daughter."

She brought her father's lunch every
day from that time on. Most of the
men had a cold lunch with milk, or
water, or beer to drink as their tastes
inclined. But "Cary's little daugh-
ter" always brought her father some-
thing to eat and drink, meat pie, or
baked potatoes, or fresh baked apples,
or biscuit just out of the oven, or
perhaps doughnuts right from the
spluttering kettle, and always coffee
with cream and sugar.

It was quite a walk from Cary's
little cottage to the mill, but the lunch
was always hot. The small feet
hurried so as to have it so.

Well, so it went on day after day in
rain or sunshine, Cary's little daughter
never failed unless sickness kept her a
prisoner, which, of course, it did some-
times with some children's disease—
such as measles, mumps or a bad cold.

She seemed to grow in beauty, if that
were possible, and she had the sweetest
way of doing and saying things that
was altogether charming. Every man,
no matter how surly he might be with
others, spoke gently to the child. I
believe every man loved her.

And so the years passed on, each one
adding to the child's grace and beauty.
I had never seen her look so lovely as
she did one June day when she made
her appearance at the usual time in the
mill.

It was her tenth birthday. Old Polly
Davis, the faithful housekeeper, had
dressed her in her best in honor of the
day—a simple enough toilet; but oh,
how beautiful she looked!

She wore a white dress of some thin
material with a ribbon tied around her
waist. Her beautiful blue eyes were
radiant with joy, for this tenth birth-
day had brought her many gifts, and
she was to have company to tea.

Her golden curls reached way below
her waist. Around her throat was
clasped a slender chain of gold, her
father's gift that day.

She seemed like an angel of light to
the men, many of whom had been
made better by her daily visit there.

Cary and some of the rest of us who
sat in and around one of the big mill
doors eating our lunch watched her
that day as long as she was in sight.

Oh, the beautiful darling! Oh, the
lovely innocent child!

Well, she hadn't been gone long, for
nooning wasn't over, when we saw
some runaway horses come dashing
down the highway at breakneck speed.

We all knew the horses, but there was
no one to be seen in the carriage.
They belonged to William Evans, a
man who drank heavily, whose spees
were getting to be disgracefully
frequent. Several of our men raced
down to the highway, getting there
just in time to stop the runaways. I
had started to go, but caught a glimpse
of Cary's face in time to prevent my
doing so. It was so white and anxious
that I was frightened. I put my hand
on his shoulder, "What's the matter,
old fellow?" I asked. "Are you sick?"

"I—I," he stammered, pointing over
in the direction from which the pant-
ing team had come, "she, you know,
went that way; my little daughter."

"Yes," I said, "so she did; but she
wouldn't be walking right in the road,
you know. Cheer up, old man, old
man, your little daughter is all right."

I truly thought she was. I left him
then and went down to see what the
men were going to do with the horses.
They had found Will Evans; his left
hand entangled in the lines, his right
one grasping a big whip. He was dead
drunk.

"The old fool" said one of the men.
"I suppose as long as he could drive
at all, he cut and slashed the horses."

"Yes," put in another, "and drove
in zigzag, the confounded idiot! Who
knows what harm he's done?"

"Drive 'em zigzag," he had said, and
the words were like a blow to me. If
a drunken fellow was driving zigzag
along a highway, would even a strong
man be sure of escape? And "Cary's
little daughter" was only a child.

I looked around for Cary. I even
ran back to the mill to see if he were
there, but no!

"He has gone to see if his little
daughter is safe," I thought, and I ran
as fast as I could to overtake him.

As I turned the curve I saw him
staggering along, poor fellow, like a
drunken man. I hurried up to him
and put his arm within my own to
help him along. Cary had been a
strong man, the strongest in the mill,
but he was weak as a child now. The
sweat was rolling down his face in
great drops.

"Look at those carriage tracks," he
said, his eyes big with horror.

I looked. In my haste to overtake
him I had not noticed them before.
The tracks went from one side of the
road to the other, "zigzag" tracks
truly.

We hadn't gone far—only just
beyond the hill—when—what was
that lying not far from the ivy-grown
wall in the green grass of the wayside?
There lay a little child.

"Can it be that she is dead?" cried
poor Cary, in an agony of soul that
will ring in my ears forever.

Oh, the broken, bleeding heart of
that poor loving father!

I will only touch upon that scene,
sparing you its heartrending details.
But this life was all over for "Cary's
little daughter."

A GIFT OF GOD.

"Well, yes, I agree with you,
intoxicating liquors do cause much
misery and suffering, but you are too
hard on us moderate drinkers. Why
should we banish God's gift to man, as
you fanatical prohibitionists would,
simply because some weak fools will
abuse it? What has our Creator given
us in life which is not abused by some?
Must we, therefore, give up all such?
It is in the abuse and not the use that
the harm lies."

"Remember we fanatics, as you call
us, Minnie, aim at prohibition. We
believe many a poor drunkard would
willingly vote away his curse, his ruin
body and soul, and that of his loved
ones also, so you see it is you moderate
drinkers we fear who, selfishly or
thoughtlessly, will not give up your
little pleasure, comfort or even needful
tonic, as many think it, though it be

the Devil's chief agent, producing the
greater part of our misery, crime, and
insanity."

"I see, Madge, your temperance
principles are as strong as religious
conviction to you, but if God gives us
this alcohol what right have we crea-
tures to banish it?"

"Alcohol is no gift of God. He has
given us brains and opportunities to
find out what alcohol really is and does,
and before we declare it so good and
God's gift, it is our duty to use these
God given opportunities."

So talked two friends, under a shady
veranda, over their afternoon tea, the
wine decanter among the pretty little
cups giving rise to their argument.
Grace, the younger sister of the hostess,
hurrying through the garden, inter-
rupts them in her eagerness to tell
what she has just heard. "Oh, Minnie,
Minnie! have you heard the sad news?
All the Wilsons are ill with diphtheria!
Dear little Nellie died just after dinner,
and the others are not yet out of
danger. Dr. Chapple says it is caused
by that swampy piece of ground near
their house where rubbish is thrown.
The swamp and decayed vegetable
matter there being enough to give any-
one diphtheria."

"Poor Mrs. Wilson, I am sorry for
her. What a great shame of the
council to let such a place remain; so
near people's houses too! The refuse
should have been burnt and that
swamp filled in and done away with
long ago. Madge did you ever hear of
such neglect, endangering precious
lives so?"

"Why should it be done away with
for the few? God made the swamp,
and he made the vegetables; and the
swamp is a useful place to many for
their rubbish. If the children could
not go there without inhaling too much
bad air they should have kept away.
Why banish this gift of God?"

"Madge, are you mad? How can
you say such things? Fancy calling a
stagnant swamp, full of decayed
vegetable matter, swarming with dis-
ease germs, a gift of God! Certainly,
God gives us the vegetables, but also
sense enough to know that when
rotten or decomposed they are no
longer fit to enter our bodies, either
through our mouth or lungs."

"I have only been using your own
words against you, Minnie. A pint of
your port wine contains about sixteen
ounces of water, four ounces of alcohol,
one ounce two grains of sugar, and
eighty grains of tartaric acid.
Now let us see what this alcohol, your
"gift of God," really is. Nature never
formed alcoholic liquors, and no chemist
has ever yet found alcohol among the
substances formed by plants. It is
only when man, with his art, sets the
food-gift of God to decompose or putre-
fy that we obtain alcohol, and
only thus. So you see, Minnie, it
has the same origin as the malignant
and fatal exhalation of pestilence that
caused little Nellie's death and the
other children's illness. Alcohol is no
more the gift of God than that fever-
bed near Mrs. Wilson's."

—Alliance Record.

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

"Through drink," said Father
Mathew, "I have seen the stars of
heaven fall and the cedars of Lebanon
brought low."

Men who habitually use intoxicat-
ing spirits are more difficult to cure, if
bitten by a mad dog, than temperate
men. —The late M. Pasteur.

"My native city has treated me
badly," said a drunken vagabond,
"but I love her still." "Probably,"
replied a gentleman, "her still is about
all you do love."

On the 18th and 19th of August there
will be held at Saratoga Springs, a
National Temperance Convention un-
der the auspices of the United States
National Temperance Society. The
meeting is expected to be very large
and important.

An exchange informs us that
recently in one day at Atlanta Ga.
twenty-five petitions for divorce were
filed, and in every case the petition
alleged intemperance as one of the
grounds on which relief was sought.

Rev. Edward Walker of the New
Zealand Alliance, discusses the late
prohibition vote in the Otago Times,
calling attention to the fact that 37.88
per cent of the vote polled was against
the liquor traffic. In some parts of the
province the percentage was over 45,
and in others it went down below 30.

THE ALLIANCE COUNCIL.

A meeting of remarkable interest.

The annual meeting of the Council of the Dominion Alliance held in Temperance Hall, Toronto, on July 14th, was the largest and most thoroughly representative yet held by that body. The proceedings throughout were characterized by earnestness, enthusiasm and unbroken harmony.

The President, Hon. Senator Vidal, occupied the chair. Seventy-two representatives were present from twenty-three provincial temperance organizations and high church bodies.

The report of the Executive Committee was presented by Dr. Maclaren, setting out the history of the case in the different parts of the Dominion during the past year, and dealing more particularly with the situation and proceedings in relation to the approaching plebiscite campaign.

PLEBISCITE WORK.

The special committee to which was committed the matter of the plebiscite campaign, presented a forcible report recommending speedy action by the Executive Committee in regard to the questions of organization and literature, expressing appreciation of the position occupied by temperance and religious bodies, calling special attention to the good work done by Mr. J. W. Bengough in aid of the temperance cause, warmly commending the "Facts of the Case" and the "Vanguard" as useful sources of information, and submitting other suggestions in reference to the approaching contest.

RESOLUTIONS.

The Committee on Resolutions sent cordial greetings to workers in different campaigns in various parts of the Dominion, declared its approval of the removal of the liquor bar from the House of Commons endorsed the movement for the extension of suffrage rights to women; condemned the sale of intoxicating liquors in connection with military schools, officers' messes, canteens and drill assemblies; and suggested action for the enrolment of temperance voters on every available opportunity.

POLITICAL ACTION.

The Committee on Parliamentary and Provincial Action strongly condemned the suggestion of associating the revenue question with that of prohibition in the coming plebiscite; asserted that no political candidate however satisfactory his pledges were, should be endorsed unless his record showed his favor for the temperance cause; strongly urged prohibitionists to take part in the various gatherings of their respective political parties so as to influence nominations and elections; expressed gratification with the political progress made in the Province of Quebec; approved the action of Nova Scotia workers in promoting legislation prohibiting retail liquor selling; and regretted that more progress had not been made in legislation in Ontario.

The meeting throughout was full of interest and we regret that our limits will not permit us to give such a report as it deserves.

A GOOD CONVENTION.

Annual meeting of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance.

The Annual Prohibition Convention for the Province of Ontario was held in Toronto on July 13th. In all probability it would have been much larger but for the closeness of a number of other important gatherings. There were present over three hundred and fifty delegates, the different sections of the Province being well represented.

The Report of the Executive Committee was a document of much interest, giving a detailed history of the efforts made during the year to secure better legislation against the liquor traffic, expressing disappointment that so little was accomplished, and suggesting a vigorous campaign for important and necessary further restrictions.

The organization of the Convention was on the usual lines. President J. J. Maclaren was permanent chairman of the gathering, Vice-chairmen were R. J. Fleming, Hon. S. C. Biggs, Rev. Dr. Stone, Rev. D. McKay, J. H. Carson, Mrs. Rutherford, J. M. Walton, G. H. Lees, George Spence and Rev. Dr. Lucas. The Secretaries were F. S.

Spence, Dr. Sturgeon Stewart and Rev. Dr. W. F. Campbell. Committees were appointed, reports were made and thoroughly discussed. The principal deliverances of the Convention were as follows:

THE PLEBISCITE CAMPAIGN.

"That we confidently look for the prompt introduction of the promised bill at the next session of Parliament and respectfully request (1) that the basis of the vote be the franchise on which the next Parliament will be elected, and (2) that the issue of prohibition be submitted separate from all other questions of public policy. Especially do we object to any method of raising revenue being joined with prohibition in the vote, as the problem of revenue has been, is and will continue to be a public question large and important enough to be dealt with by itself.

"That we most earnestly exhort all the friends of prohibition in counties, electoral divisions, towns, cities, and townships, to definitely organize so that the whole force of prohibition sentiment may be brought to bear on the success of the plebiscite and that full and definite provision be made for sermons, lectures, addresses, and meetings for prayer; also for the supervision of the voters' lists, the direct canvass of voters and the distribution of literature to all the voters and that this work be entered upon at once. We recommend that the work be commenced by the calling of Conventions for electoral divisions or counties.

"That the Executive have general oversight of the work in the province, and that in counties or ridings where no organization exists, they take such steps as will see such organization, as speedily as possible.

LEGISLATION ASKED FOR.

"That while we appreciate the improvements made in the license law at last session of the Legislature, we regret that the Government did not promote all the legislation we desired, and that the Legislature did not accept all the progressive legislation submitted.

"That it is therefore necessary to again apply to the Legislature for some more substantial recognition of the strong and growing temperance sentiment of the country, in the form of further restrictive legislation, as follows:—

"That we endeavor to secure such legislation as will give power to a majority of the electors in a locality to prevent the renewal of an existing license in any year. That we ask that the electors of any municipality have power to still further limit the hours of sale.

ELECTORAL ACTION.

"That in view of the fact that the Legislature did not sustain all the legislation that was proposed, we urge the electors to employ all reasonable endeavors to secure the election to the Ontario Legislature, of men that will loyally support all measures calculated to restrict the sale of intoxicating liquors.

"That we strongly recommend all friends of temperance and prohibition to attend the meetings at which delegates are elected to attend the nominating conventions of the political parties, to urge the nomination of candidates favorable to the further restriction of the liquor traffic."

PUBLIC MEETING.

A well attended mass meeting was held in the evening at which stirring addresses were delivered by Rev. Dr. Carman, Hon. G. W. Ross, T. Dixon Craig, M. P. and Rev. Dr. Milner.

OFFICERS.

The officers elected for the coming year were the following:—

President, J. J. Maclaren, Q. C., L. L. D.

Vice Presidents.—Hon. A. Vidal, Hon. J. C. Aikins, Hon. G. W. Ross, Mrs. A. O. Rutherford, Hon. G. A. Cox, and the Provincial heads of the W.C.T.U., Sons of Temperance, Good Templars and Royal Templars.

Secretary.—F. S. Spence.

Treasurer.—R. J. Fleming.

Executive Committee.—Rev. J. A. Turnbull, H. O'Hara, Rev. Dr. Parker, W. H. Orr, Rev. Dr. Dewart, Hon. E. J. Davis, G. F. Marter, M.P.P., J. A. Middleton, M.P.P., Rev. G. Washington, Mrs. Vance, Rev. Dr. Potts, Mrs. Wiley, Benj. Allen, John T. Moore, Rev. Dr. McKay, Thomas Urquhart, Rev. I. Tovell D.D., Hon. S. C. Biggs, L. C. Peake, Mrs. J. R. Cavers, F. Buchanan, Rev. D. V. Lucas, D.D., Ald. Jas. Scott, Mrs. Bascom, Dr. J. S. Williamson.

MANITOBA CONVENTION.

Organization for Plebiscite Work.

A rousing convention of prohibition workers was held at Winnipeg on July 21st to initiate organization for the plebiscite campaign. The meeting was made up of delegates appointed by religious and temperance bodies.

Dr. J. A. McArthur was president of the Convention, Rev. J. M. A. Spence Recording Sec. and Dr. E. A. Blakely, Credential Sec.

An address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Bryce on the subject "Organization for the Plebiscite Campaign". The question of "The Relationship of the Church to the Plebiscite Campaign" was introduced by Rev. J. M. A. Spence and an address was delivered on the subject of "Compensation," by Rev. A. Grant.

We regret that our limited space will not permit us to give in full the resolutions of the Convention which called upon temperance workers throughout the province to immediately commence organization for the coming campaign; recommended the appointment of a Provincial Executive of forty members, with power to add to their number, to superintend work; asked for the cordial co-operation of churches in the contest, and strongly denounced any attempt to complicate the prohibition question with the revenue, or any other issue in the ballot to be used.

A rousing mass meeting was held in the evening, presided over by Dr. McArthur and addressed by Rev. R. G. McBeth, Hon. J. W. Sifton, Rev. Jos. Hogg, and Rev. J. A. McClung.

The following constitute the Executive Committee elected to superintend the campaign: Rev. R. G. MacBeth, Chairman; Rev. J. M. A. Spence, Secretary; Rev. Joseph Hogg, Dr. Amelia Yeomans, Dr. Blakely, Hon. J. W. Sifton, Dr. J. A. McArthur, W. R. Mulock, Q.C., Rev. Dr. Sparling, Rev. Dr. Bryce, A. Monkman, Wm. Small, Rev. A. Grant, J. K. McLennan, E. A. Garratt, Rev. John Stewart, Mrs. John Wallace, Joseph Tees, Mrs. R. J. Buchanan, Mrs. E. D. Bell, Miss McArthur, Winnipeg; Dr. Fleming, Brandon; Mrs. J. A. McClung, Stone-wall; H. E. Jones, St. Eustache; W. A. Doyle, Beulah; Rev. P. Wright, Portage la Prairie; A. B. Harris, LITTLE; Joseph Thompson, Carberry; Rev. J. M. Harrison, Boissevain; T. H. Patrick, Souris; Rev. W. G. Wilson, Morris; R. T. Davis, Emerson; Rev. John Greenway, Crystal City; J. B. McLaren, Morden; W. D. Ruttan, Manitou; James S. McAdam, Treherne; Rev. E. J. Hopper, Dauphin; Rev. Thos. Lawson; Griswold; G. H. Main, Douglas; Rev. Dr. McLean, Neepawa; J. Cook, Clanwilliam; H. Giffin, Sidney; Rev. Leonard Gaetz, Brandon; E. H. Dewart, Stockton; John Graham, Roland; F. B. Stewart, Carman; H. L. Montgomery, Deloraine; Ira S. Stratton, Selkirk; A. Robertson, Balmoral; Dr. Bryan, Dugald; Rev. W. S. A. Cruik, Emerson; Rev. A. Matheson, Kildonan; Rev. James Douglas, High Bluff; Thos. Hay, St. Andrews; R. H. Myers, Minnedosa; W. McMillen, Carberry; Caleb Handford, Holmville.

TWO SCOTT ACT DEFEATS.

A disaster to our cause occurred at the City of Charlottetown on July 22nd in the repeal of the Canada Temperance Act. This measure has for a number of years been in force in every part of the Province of Prince Edward Island with splendid results, and for this reason exciting the bitter hostility of the liquor party.

A repeal vote was brought on and taken under circumstances placing the friends of temperance at a special disadvantage. After the date of polling had been fixed, the Provincial Legislature was dissolved and the election of a new Legislature was fixed for July 21st, the day before the Scott Act vote. As a result the attention of the people was diverted and their energies absorbed by the political campaign terminating on the 21st, and the liquor party cleverly made use of the diversion to get in heavy work against the temperance cause. It will readily be seen that they had an immense advantage in making their campaign during a time of keen political excitement when party feeling ran high.

The Scott Act vote was taken on a three year old list which shut out of the franchise a great many young men who otherwise would have been entitled to votes. The friends of the Scott Act who were not specially interested in political affairs, made a gallant fight, but the unfavorable

conditions were more than they could overcome and the polling resulted in a majority of 113 in favor of repeal.

Rev. Joseph McLeod, D.D., and the Secretary of the Dominion Alliance, were present in the latter part of the campaign. The local clergymen, the W.C.T.U. and some stalwart prohibitionists who let party matters go, united in a splendid fight and no doubt kept the victory of the antis from being as overwhelming as it otherwise would have been. As there is no license law in operation in Prince Edward Island the City of Charlottetown will now have a period of practically free liquor selling.

There is a police regulation imposing restrictions upon parties who sell liquor, anyone however, who chooses, may go into the business. It is anticipated that there will be a large increase in drink selling and its inevitable attendant evils. There will no doubt be a re-action of public opinion and almost certainly a return to the Scott Act as early as it is possible to have another vote taken.

The County of Port Neuf in the Province of Quebec, voted on the question of adopting the Scott Act on July 28th. The contest resulted in a majority in favor of remaining under the present license law.

THE OCTOBER CONVENTION.

Toronto W.C.T.U. workers are busily engaged in preparation for the great events of October, when they will entertain the Dominion W.C.T.U. and the World's W.C.T.U.

The City Council has generously placed a liberal grant at the disposal of local workers. Other friends are contributing freely towards the necessary expenses. The Toronto ladies who have the matter in charge, are doing all that can possibly be done with the means at their disposal and will give their visitors a royal reception.

CAMPAIGN EQUIPMENT.

The Vanguard, all numbers issued, in neat cloth binding, is the most important Canadian contribution yet made to the literature of the temperance and prohibition reform, containing over 650 pages full of invaluable arguments, facts and statistics, all reliable, fresh and good, fully and carefully indexed.

The People vs. The Liquor Traffic, a set of lectures by the late Hon. J. B. Finch, is one of the most forcible and comprehensive arguments for Prohibition ever made. Special Canadian edition, 240 pages. Fine cloth binding, price 40 cents.

The Camp Fire is a neat four-page monthly campaign journal, specially published for campaign work. It summarizes the latest news about the prohibition reform, and presents an array of live, pithy articles and brief statements of important and helpful facts and incidents. Subscription, 25 cents per year.

The two great books above named, will be sent postage pre-paid, and also THE CAMP FIRE to December, 1897 inclusive, to any person sending at once ONE DOLLAR to F. S. Spence, 51 Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

With these three sources of information, any pulpit, press or platform worker will be fully equipped for the great plebiscite campaign.

The number of books available for the purpose named is limited. First come, first served. Don't miss the opportunity.

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