



# THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST

### ABOUT THE GREAT GOOD CAUSE.

#### LOOKS LIKE DEFEAT.

Returns from S. Dakota relating to the vote upon the prohibition amendment, are very incomplete. Present indications however, are that the liquor party has won by a small majority.

#### IT IS ENFORCED.

The old Dunkin Act works effectively in the County of Richmond in Quebec. A raid was made on some boot-leggers at Asbestos last month the result of which was the conviction of four offenders, the fines imposed amounting to over \$500, besides costs.

#### MASONS BUILDING WELL.

The following resolution was adopted at the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Prince Edward Island A.F. and A.M. held recently:  
Resolved that no lodge in this jurisdiction shall receive as a joining or affiliate member, any person who as principal or clerk is engaged in the manufacture or the sale of spirituous or malt liquors, excepting for medicinal purposes.

#### A STALWART.

The new Archbishop of Canterbury, Rt. Rev. Dr. Temple, is one of the principal temperance advocates of Great Britain. Since his appointment he has in a characteristic speech, reiterated his staunch adherence to total abstinence principles and called upon his countrymen to range themselves on the right side in the terrible conflict with strong drink.

#### INFORMATION.

"The National Temperance Almanac and Teetotalers Year Book for 1897" will be found a convenient compendium of important information for prohibition workers. It contains important statistics relating to different countries, tables of license fees of different states, articles, illustrations, poems, a list of temperance periodicals and names and post office addresses of chief officers of National Temperance Societies. It is prepared by Rev. Dr. J. B. Dunn and published by the National Temperance Society, 58 Reade Street, New York.

#### THE PROHIBITION PARTY.

The result of the Presidential election in the United States was not very encouraging to the Third Party Prohibitionists. The vote polled for their candidates amounts to less than 140,000 being only about one-half of that polled in 1892. The ardor of friends of the cause is not however, dampened. There was a gathering of a few of the leaders at Poughkeepsie, N.Y., on Nov. 24th. An appeal was made for funds and in less than ten minutes \$12,000 was subscribed for State work during the coming year.

#### TEMPERANCE EDUCATION.

The annual supper of the Orillia Church of England Temperance Society held last month was a gathering of unusual interest. The matter for discussion was temperance education. The trustees, teachers and

inspectors of the public, separate and high schools of the town and neighborhood were invited and earnest addresses were delivered by Rev. Canon Green, Mayor Jupp, Rev. Messrs Geo. Grant, W. R. Baker, Dr. Slavin, Messrs C. L. Stevens, W. Grant, Geo. McKee, C. H. Byam, T. G. King, H. T. Blackstone, Miss Weldon and others. This Society is one of the most aggressive and useful in the Province of Ontario.

#### ONTARIO SONS.

Ontario Grand Division Sons of Temperance held its annual session for 1896 in the Town of Whitby on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd insts. A very encouraging gathering of delegates was present. About fifty new candidates were initiated. Bro. J. B. Brooks, G.W.P., presided. Among the distinguished visitors were Bros. Hon. G. W. Ross, Thos. Caswell, M. W.P., F. M. Bradley of Philadelphia and others, mention of whose names our space will not permit. The Grand Scribe's Annual Report showed a slight falling off in membership. The finances are in good position. J. M. Walton of Kettleby was elected G.W.P., and W. H. Bewell of Whitby G.S.

#### LICENSE LAW AMENDMENT.

Ontario prohibitionists turned out in strong force on the afternoon of November 19th to lay before the Ontario Government the resolutions in favor of license law amendment which were adopted at the Convention last July. A great number of active temperance workers were present. Earnest addresses were made on behalf of the delegation, urging specially the importance of a further restriction in the number of licenses, a shortening of the hours of sale, and a provision authorizing the electors in any locality by a majority petition to rid themselves of an existing license.

#### DOMINION WHITE RIBBONERS.

The Annual Convention of the Dominion W.C.T.U., held at Toronto last month was well attended, delegates being present from every province of the Dominion. A hearty welcome was given the visitors by the City Corporation and a great number of religious and temperance organizations. Mrs. A. O. Rutherford of Toronto, the President, occupied the chair. The meetings were held in Zion Congregational Church, except the general reception meeting, which took place in Elm Street Methodist Church. The report of the Secretary showed a total membership of 8,723 besides 1,028 honorary members. There are 404 local Unions in operation. Reports of the many departments were presented. Plans were laid for future work, and earnestness and determination characterized all the proceedings. Under the auspices of the W.C.T.U. there are enrolled in Bands of Hope and Loyal Legions, 9,959 children. The officers for the coming year are President, Mrs. Rutherford, Toronto. Vice President, Dr. Amelia Youmans, Winnipeg, Cor. Sec. Mrs. Atkinson, Moncton, Rec. Sec. Mrs. R. McLachlin, Montreal, Treasurer, Mrs. Tilton, Ottawa.

#### TIME TO RALLY.

In a stirring address delivered to the Nova Scotia Grand Division Sons of Temperance at its recent annual meeting, the G.W.P., Bro. B. Hills, said:—  
The enemy is being pressed to the last ditch, and we must summon all our forces for his overthrow. The crushing defeat is to be administered at the polls by an aroused electorate who in righteous indignation cry: "The liquor traffic must be destroyed!"  
And the shout of victory will arise at the close of that polling day that sounds the death knell of the legalized traffic from Cape Breton to British Columbia.  
Let me entreat our membership not to waste time and strength in discuss-

ing the necessity for a Dominion Plebiscite, but to organize at once and prepare to again give at the polls an unmistakable demand for immediate prohibition. The proposed plebiscite differs from the previous one, in that legislation is promised if the vote of the people warrants it. Former plebiscites were mere expressions of opinions with no prospect of immediate legislation as the result.

The whole force of the liquor traffic, and of all those who wish to have it perpetuated, will therefore be exerted in the coming contest. I tremble for the result unless the people can be aroused to appreciate the issue involved and to come in large numbers to the polls and give an overwhelming majority in favor of prohibition. No more important subject will come before this Grand Division during this session and I trust that some definite plan of organization for the campaign will be devised.

#### NEBRASKA.

The Grand Lodge of Nebraska has had a year of great success mainly due to the energetic efforts of three aggressive young ladies, Miss Anna M. Saunders, G.C.T.; Miss E. J. Hedges, G.S., and Miss Rose M. Ownes, G.S. Sister Saunders held a great many public meetings, organized 14 new lodges, re-organized 11, and reported to Grand Lodge a net gain of eight lodges and 796 members. Sister Saunders has initiated into the Order during recent years 45,360 persons. Her salary is \$240 per year. \$150 of which she donated to the Grand Lodge. Sister Hedges gets a salary of \$300. Her contributions towards the indebtedness of her Grand Lodge at the last session was \$435.

#### WHY THE BISHOP ABSTAINED?

"Doctor," said a lady at a fashionable dinner party, a few years ago, to Bishop Henry C. Potter, "I observe that you take no wine." "No," said Dr. Potter, "I have not done so for many years—in fact, for twenty-five years." She expressed surprise in the look which met the doctor's answer. "It may interest you to know why I abstain," said Dr. Potter, observing the expression of his companion. "I will tell you. A man with an unconquerable passion for drink, came constantly to see me, and told me how this miserable passion was bringing him to utter ruin; how his employers, every time he obtained a situation, were compelled to dismiss him because of his terrible habit. One day, I said to this man, 'Why will you not say, here and now, before God, and in His help, I never will taste liquor again.' The man said, 'Doctor, if you were in my place you would not say that.' I answered, 'Temperate man that I am, I will say so this moment.' And I spoke the solemn vow that I had called upon him to make. My poor friend looked at me with consternation; then an expression of hope overspread his face. With steady voice he pronounced the vow. A moment after he left me, but returned often to see me. The vow has been kept; and he that was fast losing soul and body found a position, kept it, and became not only a sober, but a godly man." The man thus saved from intemperance by Dr. Potter was shot by an Indian in the West while on an errand of mercy to that Indian tribe. A tablet to his memory has been placed in Grace Chapel, New York—*The Official Organ.*

#### IS A PROHIBITION PARTY NEEDED?

A good deal of discussion has taken place from time to time over the question whether it is more desirable to work for immediate enactment of a prohibitory law or strive first to secure the return to power of a political party committed to prohibition as a policy. Dealing with this matter the editor of *Forward*, one of the most

earnest of our Nova Scotia prohibitionists, says:—

"It is sometimes said a prohibition law without a prohibition administration behind it is useless. We have never elected an administration to enforce the prohibitions of the ten commandments. Why? It would do more to nullify their influence, to invest the Sabbath desecrator, the murderer and thief with power and influence, than all the infidel agencies ever employed.

Take the best law ever enacted as a party measure and array in opposition to it, not only the inevitable adverse influences which meet every government, but such a powerful, unscrupulous, desperate energy as the rum traffic, and its fate would be sealed. The rum traffic is utterly, radically wrong. It is the accomplice of every form of crime, it must be prohibited."

"Let Liberals and Conservatives realize that the licensing of the liquor traffic is as inherently wrong as covetousness, that like it, it is the progenitor of vice, the feeder of passion. In fact it is governmental covetousness, seeking the price of blood, it is the worse than Shylockian cupidity of the modern merchant that takes, not only the pound of flesh, but the blood and the soul of the victim and flings it into hell.

Let every voter recognize that he is individually responsible for the attitude of his representative in parliament and vote only for those who will represent him and exact obedience to popular mandates, the will of the majority. If prohibitionists send representatives to parliament, the majority there, obedient to their constituents, will be obeyed by whatever party is in power, the issue will not be affected by the comparative strength or weakness, or the duration of any administration.

#### ENTHUSIASM.

All the moral, social, and Christian reformers, all the men with a mission, have been enthusiasts. Christ was an enthusiast. From His great purpose He never once wavered. Everything that came betwixt Him and His mission was brushed aside. Nothing could deter Him from securing "so great salvation." Paul was an enthusiast. Scourgings, shipwrecks, perils, all the terrors of Rome but nerved him for his work. John the Baptist was an enthusiast. His interest in his message was intense; truth was before life.

The Prohibitory movement requires enthusiasts in Church and State. A few enthusiasts, in every denomination, inspired by God, and having an intense interest, a burning, passionate zeal for the overthrow of the liquor traffic, would soon bring about a reformation and cut the connection betwixt the Church and the public-house. A dozen resolute enthusiasts in Parliament could not only remove the indifference and supineness that exists there, they could compel action against the greatest political and moral wrong of the age.

One may have intense interest in the right, and passionate zeal for the triumph of Prohibition; but without inspiration from God, without being in close and constant touch with the God and Father of all, he cannot be an enthusiast. The well-spring and fountain of enthusiasm is love to God and love to man. In short, it is a thorough realization and practising of the belief in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, and all that that belief implies.

Enthusiasm is contagious; it melts icebergs, raises lukewarmness to the boiling point, rouses the indifferent, and makes success possible.—*The Good Templar.*

The plebiscite campaign is coming. Get ready for the fight.

# 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, DECEMBER, 1896.

## UNITED ACTION.

Never before in the history of the prohibition movement was there more need for unification of our forces. It is a matter for thankfulness that with a few exceptions there is harmony among our workers and a determination to allow nothing to interfere with the great duty that lies ahead of us.

Difficulties will always arise in regard to the methods that should be adopted in our work. Conscientious earnest men will hold divergent views as to the plans that are most likely to win success. It is better that it should be so. These differences give us a broader view, and a more comprehensive field of methods from which to choose.

It should be remembered, however, that as long as no principle is sacrificed, as long as we honestly strive for right results, methods of action are secondary in their importance to the cause they seek to promote. It is more desirable and necessary that we be united on some plan than that we have the best plan.

Out of this fact comes the rightness and reasonableness of subserving personal preference to the judgment of a majority of workers. No person should sacrifice conscientious principles. No one should follow any course that does not commend itself to him as honorable and right. Beyond this, however, we must agree to yield our individual wishes to the will of our co-workers.

We have confidence that this will be done by the great bulk of prohibitionists in the approaching campaign, that the importance of the issues at stake will over-shadow all minor considerations and that there will be such unity of plan and action on the part of the enemies of the saloon as will give us a solid front in our advance against the common foe.

## THE FACTS OF THE CASE.

The evidence taken by the Royal Commission on the Liquor Traffic makes up six bulky volumes. The majority and minority reports make another. These seven great books contain a good deal of very valuable information, but they are altogether too extensive to be useful to the ordinary student or reader. A great deal of the evidence reported is worthless, some of it consisting merely of wordy dialogues between witnesses honestly endeavoring to fairly state their views on the prohibition question, and commissioners endeavoring to corner them or shake their testimony. Part of the

majority report is made up of statistics compiled by the representative of the liquor traffic, transferred to their report by the commissioners. Searching through this great mass of matter for useful information is a wearisome task.

The Executive of the Dominion Alliance has had a careful examination made of these volumes and has had the most important facts and arguments in them collected into a neat and convenient manual for the use of prohibition workers. This little book is entitled "The Facts of the Case." It summarizes much of the most important evidence and the valuable parts of the commissioners' reports, and contains an immense amount of matter exceedingly useful to the student of the prohibition reform and the conditions that necessitate that movement.

The liberal contributions of prohibitionists to the work of having the temperance cause fairly before the Royal Commission, made up a fund which was carefully managed. After the completion of the work undertaken, a balance remained which the committee decided would be most usefully employed in the publication of the book just mentioned. Copies have been sent to all subscribers of one dollar or upwards to the fund. To ensure their being asked for only by persons needing them, a price of thirty cents is charged. On payment of this amount any friend of our cause can secure one of these books from the Secretary of the Dominion Alliance, whose address is 51 Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

## MEASURING OUR STRENGTH.

There have been lately some suggestions that the temperance cause has weakened in its hold upon the Canadian people. In support of this theory is cited the fact that many of the existing temperance organizations have recently been reporting a diminished membership.

It is true that there has been a falling off in the numerical strength of the organizations that for the past forty years have been looked upon as exclusively agencies for promoting temperance work. A little consideration however, will show that this lessening of members is an indication of a state of affairs that is more encouraging than regrettable.

Some years ago the societies mentioned did nearly all the temperance work of the country. They were, moreover, the chief organizations providing opportunities for social intercourse between the young people of the community, desirous of taking an active part in moral reform work. These conditions have all changed.

To-day nearly every branch of the Christian church is active in temperance effort. Young People's Societies have been formed in connection with the churches in which there is a wide field for energy of youthful Christian workers. That class of the community that before naturally gravitated towards the lodge room now does similar work in the Christian Endeavor or Epworth League. The temperance work which the societies began has been taken up by other agencies. The results of such work are increasing more rapidly than ever. Temperance sentiment is stronger than it ever was before.

The work of the temperance societies is not done. They were largely instrumental in bringing about the present condition of affairs. They still offer a field in which friends of temperance can concentrate their energies effectively in needed work which the other organizations are hardly yet prepared to take hold of. They sometimes

reach many people that do not come within the sphere of the other agencies mentioned.

On the whole the situation is full of encouragement. Temperance societies may have harder work than ever to sustain their numerical strength. That extra work will have extra reward. We favor organization not for itself but for what it accomplishes. The workers in the old organizations may well survey the present fields "white unto harvest," with hearts full of gratitude for the good that has been done by the earnest toilers of the years gone by. They may have the fullest confidence that the work they are now doing will be richly productive of blessing in the years to come.

## A CYCLING TESTIMONY.

Almost every young man now can cycle. Seeing a young man pass, going like the wind and as straight as an arrow, a friend said, "That is the champion cyclist in our country." Recently I had the pleasure of meeting him.

He has 70 prizes gained by cycling, 41 gold medals, 3 silver ones, and the rest made up of such things as a silver tea-set and a marble timepiece. Last year he rode 100 miles in 5 hours 34 minutes 22 seconds; and last year also he won the 50 miles road record in 2 hours 30 minutes 9 seconds, which means that he went on a road for 50 miles at the speed of 1 mile in every 3 minutes and much less than half a second.

He began his successful career by finding that the more regularly he pedaled and the straighter he rode he went the quicker. In a long race—he has broken three times the road record for 100 miles—there is no time allowed to take any refreshment. It must be taken on the back of the bicycle. This champion cyclist usually takes fruit or some thin gruel.

"Did you ever take spirits of any kind?" I asked. "I mean whisky or brandy."

"No. They cut the breath short. You can't race and take brandy. Any one who tries it is soon broken-winded and puffed. It may help for a little, but it leaves you worse. I believe that if five or six men were together in a race, say, two miles from the tape, and one was handed a drink of brandy, it might let him break away and win easily. But if he had ten miles or had a long race before him he would find great difficulty in riding. His breath would be cut."

"So you don't believe in brandy?"

"No. It may help for a short spurt, but it is no good for a long run. Only a temperate man can be a good racer."

As I thought of the wide meaning of this as applied to life instead of cycling, I said, "Do you know, you are giving a strong testimony for temperance? We ministers often teach that spirits do more harm than good for a long and successful life, and that they are only good in say, an accident or illness, where you need strength to pass quickly some danger. Would you kindly allow me to make known your experience and words? People are willing to believe a champion cyclist."

"Yes, I am quite willing."

This is now done in the above lines. —*Rev. J. M. Strachan, B. D., in Life and Work.*

City Lodge of Glasgow, Scotland, has a membership of 464. It was found a little difficult to care for and visit so large a membership by voluntary effort and a regular salaried officer has been appointed to undertake this work, visiting members, securing their regular attendance, collecting their dues and bringing in new candidates

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

# THE VANGUARD.

A GREAT WORK—READ CAREFULLY.

The VANGUARD was published during the stirring years of 1893 and 1894 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 twelve numbers issued and the book thus produced is a complete encyclopedia of information relating to the temperance and prohibition reform. Every article is written by some person specially qualified to deal with the question he discusses.

In this volume will be found late, full, and accurate statistics and other authoritative statements; all reliable, fresh and good; covering nearly every field of available fact and argument, and including a great number of tables compiled with the utmost care.

This valuable work is in neat and convenient form, substantially bound in cloth boards, well printed, good paper, clean type, fully indexed, over 680 pages, an invaluable encyclopedia for temperance orators and speakers.

Among a great many subjects comprehensively treated, are the following:—

The Liquor Traffic in Different Countries;—Legislation Relating to the Liquor Traffic;—The Working of High License;—Prohibition in the Northwest;—Prohibition in Maine;—Prohibition in Kansas;—Prohibition in Pitcairn Island;—The Canada Temperance Act;—Local Option;—The Scott Act and Drunkenness;—The Gothenburg System;—The Question of Jurisdiction;—Constitutional Prohibition in the United States;—The Plebiscite Movement;—The Plebiscite Returns;—The Drink Bill of Canada;—The Drink Bill of Great Britain;—The Drink Bill of the United States;—The Drink Bill of Christendom;—The Indirect Cost of the Liquor Traffic;—Drink and Mortality;—Alcohol in Medicine;—Beer Drinking and its Results;—Drunkenness and Crime in Canada;—Drunkenness and Crime in the United States;—Drunkenness and Crime in Great Britain;—Drunkenness and Crime in other Countries;—The French Treaty;—Beer and Light Wines;—Adulteration of Liquors;—The Revenue Question;—The Compensation Question;—The Liberty Question;—Bible Wines;—Total Abstinence and Longevity;—The Catholic Church and the Temperance Question.

To put the information contained in the VANGUARD into the possession of those who will use it to advantage, it is offered—for a short time only—at the reduced price of

ONE DOLLAR

postage prepaid. The number of copies available is limited. It could not be reprinted except at very heavy cost. Those who apply first will be first supplied. Address

F. S. SPENCE,  
51 Confederation Life Building,  
Toronto, Canada.

Selections.

THE SONG OF WINE.

I smile in the Lethean bowl,  
And peer from its sparkling brim  
At the death of a ruined soul,  
At the wreck so ghastly and grim.  
God's image I ruthlessly bear  
With wine so tempting and red;  
The sting of grim conscience I bear  
Till hope, like a phantom has fled.

I heed not the madman's grin,  
Nor the tears that mortals shed.  
I live in my palace of sin  
Where hope is eternally dead  
I rule with a tyrant's sway,  
My sceptre a merciless rod;  
I sweep earthly honors away  
With only a tempter's nod.

I know no mercy; with a Circe's spell;  
I turn all men to brutes;  
My robes are red as the fire of hell,  
That roars and upward shoots;  
Drowning the soul's lost cry  
With remorse that comes apace,  
Till the worm that never dies  
Is the leer of a devil's face.

I fear no kingdom, I heed no law;  
My vassal desire, with blood on fire,  
Is the drunkard's insensate maw,  
That chants on hope's red pyre  
The song of the soul's despair;  
That rings in the realms of dread,  
Where the Eriny's serpent hair  
Feeds on the souls of the dead.

Like the angel of death, I am near,  
And count each moment my gain,  
Drop for drop, tear for tear,  
And laugh, as they struggle in vain.  
For bread I give them a stone;  
For love the scorpion's sting.  
My harvest by devils sown  
Is the song my b'chants sing.

Hope is a stranger within my drear walls,  
Where all the dark shadows of woe  
Bear over the shroud of a funeral pall,  
Like mourners that mercifully go  
To the death of horror and shame,  
And mourn for the helpless lost—  
Pilgrims, whose nameless name  
From God's record is tearfully cross'd.  
—Junius S. Hempstead, in the Voice.

"A POT OF DAISIES."

"Bessie!"  
She started and looked up with fear.  
"Well, father?"  
"Come here, Bessie."  
She approached him wonderingly,  
For his voice was gentle and kind.  
"Who put that pot of daisies in the window?" he asked.  
"I did, father, for you," was the trembling answer.  
"For me?" he questioned in surprise.  
"Yes, for you; it—it—is my Christian Endeavor."  
"Your what?"  
"My Christian Endeavor, something I did for Christ's sake, you know. I wanted to have you stop drinking. Oh, father, will you stop?"

In her eagerness the child was kneeling beside the man. Tears were raining down her cheeks. Tears fell down the father's face, too—tears of remorse and repentance. Presently, he too, was kneeling, with one arm thrown tenderly around the little one, whom he had treated so cruelly and neglectfully.

"Lord Jesus," he said brokenly, "I promise Thee and this blessed child of mine kneeling beside me that with Thy mighty help, I will cast off my chains. O God, be merciful to me, a sinner, and blot out all my sins, for Christ's sake I beseech of Thee."

Bessie was sobbing—"sobbing for joy," she told herself over and over, for she had never been so happy before in her life. Could this man with his arm around her, praying to the dear Father in heaven, to her father? Yes, it was her own father, and he was sober and in his right mind.

"Dear little pot of daisies," she thought, gratefully—"dear little pot of daisies."—*The Ram's Horn.*

THE QUAKER EDITOR AND THE BULLY.

BY REV. G. D. COLEMAN.

A quiet Quaker who began the publication of a weekly newspaper in a western town, soon showed his colors by attacking the rum interests. He published the facts about some of the worst saloons and resorts, calling them "ulcers on the body of the community."

He was especially marked and pointed in regard to a saloon "on the corner of Third and Pine streets, whose proprietor is George W—." The day after the issue of the paper a big-fisted saloon-keeper came into the editorial sanctum, and in domineering tones delivered himself as follows:—

"See here. Did you write this?"  
The editor glanced quite carelessly over the column indicated, and answered in a cool voice, "Yea, I did."  
"You drab-coated—" (here he gave vent to a lot of profane adjectives). "Do you know that hurts my business?"

"Yea, and I am glad it does."  
"You are glad it does?"  
"Yea, friend, that is what I said."  
The rum-seller was too surprised by his unexpected manner to reply for a moment, then he swore for awhile; but as it did not seem to have the effect he expected, he said:—

"Well I'm here to warn you that if you print any more against the liquor business in this town we'll make it hot for you. Now you've had your warning, and you can take it or not."  
"And supposing I don't take it?"  
"Then look out for yourself, that's all?"

"That is thee means that personal violence will be used?"  
Upon this the editor took some notes on a page of paper that lay before him.  
"It means that we will kick you out of the town."  
"Kick you out of the town," repeated the editor, writing it down.  
"Good. And is that all?"

"We'll burn your shanty over your head if you ever come back again, and tar and feather you."  
"Burn shanty, tar and feather," repeated the editor, taking notes of the interview. "Go on, friend; anything else?"

The bully was somewhat mystified, and showed signs of "weakening." The editor poised his pen and waited. There was a moment's silence, then the priest of Bacchus growled, "We'll make it hot for you."  
"I think thee said that before," quietly remarked the editor, and laying down his pen he calmly began to sharpen a pencil.

"We mean it, too," snarled the saloon-keeper, beginning to think he had caught a tartar.  
"I am glad to hear thee speak so frankly," replied the editor, and turning his chair round, he looked at the angry man with a pair of blue eyes that showed anything but fear. "But does thee know what I intend to do? I shall publish every word of this interview that thee has been pleased to give me. I shall let the good citizens know that thee has threatened me and my property with violence, and if in the future any violence is done, the authorities will know upon whom they have to lay their hands. More than this, I shall tell more of the doings at thy place than I have told yet. And more, if thee comes here again to threaten me with what thee and thy comrades in sin propose to do, I will turn thee over to the authorities for trespassing on my property. Thy name is George W—. Thy saloon is on the corner of Third and Pine. Now that I have all the particulars, thee may go, while I write the article."

There was an oppressive silence. The cowed bully eyed the editor with rage and hesitancy, but the eye of the Quaker was as calm as a mirror. Besides, the bully noted that he was broad shouldered, weighed about one hundred and ninety pounds, and his hand looked as if he had once followed the plough or wielded the sledge. The bully quietly went out, the editor began work on the interview, and naught was heard but the scratching of the editorial pen.—*Union Signal.*

HALF-A-PINT OF BEER.

BY BRO. J. J. RIDGE, M.D.

"Half-a-pint of beer won't do anybody any harm." So said a broken-down, bleary-eyed individual to whom, no doubt, half-a-pint was not much more than a mouthful.

If there were but one half-pint of beer in the world, and no possibility of making or getting any more, it might, perhaps, go down some red lane or other without any serious consequences. But our solitary half-pint is a myth, and, in pleading for one, our beery friend had his eye on a long series of half-pints, which, if one were allowed to be smuggled in, would plead the precedent, and join the first in the regions within.

Hence the question is not simply as to what one half-pint can or cannot do.

Half-a-pint to-day means half-a-pint to-morrow, and the next day, and the next, and so on, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year. Nay, it often means more than that. The half-pint for dinner paves the way for the half-pint at supper; the half-pint this year often means a pint next year, or, in too many cases, half-pint after half-pint, or even pot after pot.

Then, again, the innocent half-pint of beer is the excuse for something stronger on occasion—the glass of wine or the glass of spirits. So the half-pint is but the camel's nose, and behind that the camel's head and his neck and his carcass all complete. The invited guest becomes the tyrant who means to stay.

It is impossible to confine the discussion to the merits or demerits of half-a-pint of beer, but it is possible to show that even this quantity does not improve a man in any particular; but on the contrary, alters him for the worse. Half-a-pint of beer contains somewhere about one tablespoonful of alcohol more, as a rule—and this is equal to an ounce or an ounce and half of pure brandy, i.e., two or three tablespoonfuls. There are many who think nothing of half-a-pint of beer who would think twice before taking half a wine-glassful of spirits, and who may, therefore, realize that the said half-pint is not the sweet innocent which some allege it to be.

It can be proved that half-a-pint of beer can lower the temperature of the body. This can be tested by means of a special thermometer (such as doctors use), and the heat of the mouth should be taken just before taking the beer and a quarter of an hour afterwards. The difference may not be great, but it shows that half-a-pint of beer is not too little to have some effect, and that this effect is to cool the body, not to warm it, as it is commonly supposed to do.

It can also be shown that half-a-pint of beer can blunt the senses to a slight extent, though the person who has taken it will probably declare that he does not feel any difference. But although this may be true, the fact has been proved by special instruments devised by me for the purpose, and so the fact that the difference is not felt tends to confirm the correctness of the conclusion. It may be admitted, however, that comparisons between the sharpness of the senses at different times are difficult to perceive, unless it is measured in some very delicate way or other.

But the great indictment is that present half-pints create a desire for future half-pints, and necessitate the continuance of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, which has been the ruin of millions, and will be the ruin of millions yet to come unless it be ended, root and branch.—*Abstainers' Advocate.*

HOW TO GET PURE WATER,

versus BAD.

Weak-kneed teetotalers who when visiting Paris are frightened by Seine water into drinking wine will now have no justification for their feeble faith. The recent investigations of M. Girard, chief of the Paris Municipal Laboratory, undertaken with the object of making it safe to drink water of questionable quality, have again shown that acids give the coup de grace to microbes. "Citric acid," he finds "is the most powerful of all; one gramme added to a quart of water will destroy all the microbes that are in it. Now, as the juice of half an average-sized lemon contains a gramme of citric acid, and as few people dilute that quantity with so much as a quart of water, it follows that natural lemonade prepared in the usual way by thoroughly mixing lemon juice with water must be fatal to the organism which the water contains.

It may be added that Mr Girard recommends the use of natural or "still" lemonade as an excellent beverage at all times, and remarks that, in the case of those who find the acidity of the lemonade at all troublesome, such acidity can be neutralised by adding a little carbonate of soda to the liquid after the citric acid has had a few minutes' time to destroy the microbes.

There is an alternative and still more efficient mode of dealing with the microbes or organisms in doubtful or dangerous water, which should leave people absolutely without excuse for flying to alcoholics. A very minute proportion of aluminoferric added to impure water will precipitate to the bottom of the vessel not only its ordinary impurities, but also the whole of the germs which it contains. Moreover the alumina and

iron of the aluminoferric are themselves carried down with the impurities, so that the water when decanted from the precipitate contains no constituent of any kind which was not present in it before treatment. What more could possibly be desired by water-drinkers in tropical and malarious climates?—*Thoroughgoing, in Ashore and Afloat.*

THE CURSE OF THE POOR.

NINE-TENTHS OF THEIR POVERTY IS DUE TO THEIR HABIT OF DRINK.

I believe the experience of every one who lives and has lived among the poor, whether it be Catholic priest or Protestant clergyman, sister of charity or district visitor, charity organization agent or brother of St. Vincent de Paul, will bear me out in my conviction that nine-tenths if not ninety-nine hundredths of the actual destitution among the poor is to be traced, directly or indirectly, to habits of drink.

It is not as a general rule, the drunkard himself who has to pay the heaviest penalty, at least in this world, for his intemperance. It is too often the helpless wife and neglected children who have to bear the burden of their father's sin.

There is scarcely a city or town in the whole world from which all abject poverty would not practically disappear if the vice of drunkenness could be banished.

Of course there are besides, a number of instances of destitution in no way connected with drink. The sudden death or long illness of the bread-winner of the family will from time to time, cause a very acute phase of misery and want. The poor, helpless mother, with her hungry brood, is as sad a sight as well can be. But such cases are exceptional, and men do not legislate for exceptions. Such needs can easily be met and are met in every well organized community by Christian charity. They are also of their very nature only temporary.

Even the poor widow left destitute with half a dozen little ones, if she is at all deserving, is sure to find friends and obtain employment. The pinch of poverty may be severe for a time, but in our complex civilization there is work for all who have willing hands and an honest heart. Add to this that the advance of habits of thrift, the increased facilities for insurance and the growing sense of the duty of providing for such contingencies make the occurrence of acute cases of unforeseen distress tend continually to diminish.—*Rev. R. F. Clark, S. J., in North American Review.*

There is one Good Templar Lodge in Mexico. It is doing capital work which will no doubt lead to the establishment of others and it is hoped will be the beginning of a great work in that Republic.

New Hampshire has a very creditable record, the present strength being 883 members in eleven Temples, a net gain of 269.

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## "LET IT DROP."

## THE TIME-SERVER'S ARGUMENT.

I believe in prohibition—  
In the idea, understand—  
But we're not in fit condition  
In this bar-room-ridden land  
Yet, to grapple with the evil  
And in wrestling fall on top;  
It is hard to throw the devil,  
So let prohibition drop.

There's no other power like it  
To degrade mankind, I know,  
But, for each time that you strike it,  
Hydra-like, 'twill only grow;  
Every effort to remove it  
Will but cause a bigger crop,  
And, although I do not love it,  
Still, let prohibition drop.

Right is right, there's no denying;  
Wrong is wrong, and that's a fact;  
But there's policy in lying  
If there's money in the act.  
Why, the revenue from liquor  
Is the nation's strongest prop!  
And we get it surer, quicker—  
So let prohibition drop.

—B. B. Hill, in the Union Signal.

## A CURIOUS OLD ANTI-ALCOHOLIC POEM.

THE DRUNKARD'S PROSPECTIVE,  
OR BURNING GLASSE.

Composed by Joseph Rigbie, Gentleman, Clerke of the Peace for the County Palatine of Lancaster.

London: Printed for the author, and are to be sold at the "Brazen Serpent," in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1666.

Drink beaстиates the heart and spoils  
the brains,  
Exiles all reason, all good graces  
staines,  
Infatuates judgment, understanding  
blinds,  
Perverts the wits, and doth corrupt  
the minds;  
It doth surprise the thoughts, and it  
doth all  
The powers and faculties of soule  
enthrall.  
Drunkards for nothing that is good  
are fit,  
In all the world of earth, the baren'st  
bit,  
Like to a dumb jack in a virginal,  
They have no voice in commonwealth  
at all;  
They've no more use of them through-  
out the land  
Then Jeroboam had of his withered  
hand.

Health out o' th' body, wit out of  
the head,  
Strength out o' th' joints, and everyone  
to bed  
All moneys out a' purse, drink out  
o' th' barrels,  
Wife, children out o' doors, all into  
quarrels.

To you, churchwardens, constables,  
and others,  
That love the Lord, the Church, the  
State, your brothers,  
Yourselves, your sons, the people of  
the land,  
Put forth against this sin your helping  
hand;  
Help, help the Lord, the lawes, some  
ground to win  
Against, I say, against this mighty  
sinne.

MINUTE GERMS THAT PRODUCE  
VERTIGO, RHEUMATISM,  
AND NAUSEA.

An American scientist has discovered a microbe in alcohol which he believes is the cause of all the ills of intemperance. The theory that drunkenness with its accompanying evils is bacteriological in origin is attracting great attention. Prof. C. Coles of Wilkes-barre, Pa., who made this discovery based on Dr. Talmage's description of these microbes, hopes to find some anti-toxine which will destroy these dangerous germs. The discovery is expected to revolutionize the present methods of dealing with the drink habit, and incidentally to work a great moral reform. Professor Coles states that he has found after careful experiment that all forms of alcohol contain parasitic life called baculus potomanis. It follows, therefore, that every kind of drink, whether wine, brandy or beer, into which alcohol enters is infested with this curious germ life. These minute forms have been examined through a powerful microscope and their development carefully watched. They have been found to be especially plentiful in

strong drink, which contains a large percentage of alcohol. Any one who drinks, is of course, forced to introduce these dangerous forms into the system in large numbers. It is well-known that microbes which are taken into the stomach in either food or drink quickly mingle with the blood and soon find their way to all parts of the body. Professor Coles believes that a man in delirium tremens sees every form of reptile life, in reality sees only these parasites of the brain in a greatly exaggerated form. It is therefore not a hallucination that the victim is suffering from, but he actually sees these germ forms. The presence of these minute germs, it is believed, also produces vertigo, rheumatism and nausea, which often come from excessive drinking.—New York World.

## A STORY FROM BEHIND PRISON BARS.

Mrs. Emma Malloy relates the following incident in one of her speeches, referring to the relation of temperance to crime:

In a recent visit to the Leavenworth, Kan., prison during my address on Sabbath morning, I observed a boy, not more than 17 or 18 years of age, on the front seat intently eyeing me. The look he gave me was so full of earnest longing it spoke volumes to me.

At the close of the service I asked the warden for an interview with him, which was readily granted. As he approached me his face grew deathly pale, and as he grasped my hand he could not restrain from fast-falling tears. Choking with emotion, he said: "I have been in this prison two years, and you are the first person that has called for me—the first woman who has spoken to me."

"How is this, my child? Where is your mother?"

The great brown eyes, swimming with tears, were slowly uplifted to mine, and he replied:

"My friends are all in Texas. My mother is an invalid, and fearing that the knowledge of the terrible fall would kill her, I have kept my whereabouts a profound secret. For two years I have borne my awful homesickness in silence for her sake."

As he buried his face in his hands, and heartsick sobs burst from his trembling frame, it seemed to me I could see a panorama of the days and nights, the long weeks of homesick longing, that had dragged their weary length out over two years.

So I ventured to ask: "How much longer have you to stay?"

"Three years," was the reply, as the fair young head dropped lower, and the frail little hand trembled with suppressed emotion.

"Five years at your age!" I exclaimed. "How did it happen?"

"Well," he replied, "it's a long story, but I'll make it short. I started out from home to try to do something for myself. Coming to Leavenworth I found a cheap boarding house, and one night accepted an invitation from one of the young men to go into a drinking saloon."

"For the first time in my life I drank a glass of liquor. It fired my brain. There is a confused remembrance of the quarrel. Somebody was stabbed. The bloody knife was found in my hand. I was indicted for assault with intent to kill."

"Five years for the thoughtless acceptance of a glass of liquor is surely illustrating the Scripture truth, that 'the way of the transgressor is hard.'"

I was holding the cold, trembling hand that had crept into mine. He earnestly tightened his grasp as imploring, he said, "O, Mrs. Malloy, I want to ask a favor from you."

At once I expected he was going to ask me to obtain a pardon, and in an instant I measured the weight of public reproach that rests upon the victims of this legalized drink traffic.

It is all right to legalize a man to craze the brains of our boys, but not by any means to ask that the state pardon its victims.

Interpreting my thought he said: "I am not going to ask you to get me a pardon, but I want you to write to my mother and get a letter from her and send it to me. Don't for the world tell her where I am. Better not tell her anything about me. Just a line from her, so I can look upon it! Oh! I am so homesick for my mother."

The head of the boy dropped into my lap, with a wailing sob; I laid my hand upon his head. I thought of my own boy, and for a few moments was silent, and let the outburst of sorrow have vent.

Presently I said; "Murray, if I

were your mother, and the odor of a thousand prisons was upon you, still you would be my boy. I should like to know where you were.

"Is it right to keep that mother in suspense? Do you suppose that there has ever been a day or night that she has not prayed for her wandering boy? No, Murray, I will only consent to write to your mother on consideration that you will permit me to write the whole truth, just as one mother can write to another."

After some argument, his consent was finally obtained, and a letter was hastily penned and sent on its way. A week or so elapsed, when the following letter was received from Texas:

"Dear Sister in Christ: Your letter was this day received, and I hasten to thank you for tidings of my boy—the first we have had in two years. When Murray left home we thought it would not be long. As the months rolled on, the family had given him up for dead, but I felt sure God would give back my boy."

"As I write, from the couch of an invalid, my husband is in W—, nursing another son, who is lying at the gates of death with typhoid fever. I could not wait his return to write to Murray. I wrote and told him. If I could, how quickly I would go and pillow his head upon my breast, just as I did when he was a little child."

"My poor, dear boy—so generous, kind and loving. What could he have done to deserve this punishment? You did not mention his crime, but say it was committed while under the influence of drink. Oh! is there any place in this nation that is safe when our boys have left the home fold?"

"O, God! my sorrow is greater than I can bear. I cannot go to him, but sister, I pray you to talk to him, and comfort him as you would have some mother talk to your boy were he in his place."

"Tell him when he is released his place in the old home nest and his mother's heart is awaiting him."

Then followed the loving mother's words for Murray, in addition to those written. As I wept bitter tears over the words so full of heartbreak, I asked myself the question: "How long will the nation continue to sanction the liquor traffic's covenant with death and league with hell to rob us of our boys?"—Selected.

## THE CHECK OLD TOM SIGNED.

"I'll fill out this check for you, Tom, if you will wait a moment. It is signed, and father told me to fill it out for the amount if he wasn't here. Two and a half isn't it?"

Old Tom took up the check in his trembling fingers and looked at the straight, business-like signature.

"Just to think that his name is good for thousands of dollars," he muttered half to himself, and half to the bright-faced boy who stood beside the desk with his pen in his hand, ready to fill out the check. "And yet, when we were boys together, I was as good as he was, any day; and my chances in life were just as good. It is drink that has made all the difference. Well, it's too late to help it now."

"No it isn't too late, Tom," said Hugh Evans earnestly. He knew the sad story of this man's gradual descent from an honorable, respected life to the level of a common drunkard, and he felt an intense desire to help him, boy though he was. "I heard father say, only to-day, that if you would sign the pledge he would trust you to keep it, and he would give you steady work and good pay. Do sign it, Tom. I have a blank one here. It will make such a difference, not only to you, but to your wife and children, if you will."

A gleam of hope lighted up the dim eyes, but it died out in an instant, and Tom shook his head.

"Some other day, Hugh; some other day. Some day I will, but not now."

"Don't put it off," pleaded Hugh, putting the pledge before the man, and offering him the pen. "Why don't you see, it's as good as a check? Sign it, and it means health, comfort, and a good living which you would make well enough if you would let drink alone, and also respect from every one that knows you. Why, my father's signature could not mean more than that."

Old Tom was won by the boy's enthusiasm.

"I'll see what my signature is good for," he cried with sudden resolution; and grasping the pen, firmly he wrote his name on the pledge.

"There, I've done it; and, God helping me, I'll keep it," he said solemnly. "Low as I've fallen, I never broke my word yet."

An hour later he entered his home, with the check in one pocket and the pledge in the other. The check was a proof to the poor wife of his intention to keep the pledge, for she knew it must have been hard work to come home sober with money in his pocket.

Need I tell you that the signature on the pledge was never dishonoured? It brought a nappy home, new hope for the despairing wife, respect, prosperity, and God's blessing.

And Hugh, he felt as if he had done the grandest temperance work of his life (though he lived to be a successful temperance worker) when he persuaded old Tom to sign that pledge.—Sunday School Times.

## THE DEVIL'S HIGHWAY.

A man or a woman sitting down, or standing up if you like, to drink wine, or other stimulant, always starts on the way that leads through four stages towards an easily realisable destination. Stage one is that gentle stimulation called moderate excitement or support. Stage two is elevation—whatever that may mean it is not elevation of character, of that I am satisfied. Stage three is confusion of mind, action, and deed with sad want of elevation. Stage four is complete concatenation of circumstances: all the stages perfectly matured; the journey completed, with the traveller lying down, absolutely prostrated in mind and in body. The destination is reached, and found to be—a human being dead drunk and incapable.

I repeat, whenever a person begins to take any portion of alcohol, he starts on that journey; starts just as distinctly with the first drop swallowed, as he would start with the first step he would put forward in a walk from the pure region of Hampstead Heath into the outfall of that Babylonish sewage which greets the smiling Thames at Barking Creek.

The knotty question then is this, Ought a person to start on that remarkable journey of alcohol progress at all? Should he try any stage? Everyone says, Venture not on the last three stages on any account; but some say, Live and go happy, day by day, through the first; walk the first fourth of the way, and you will be better for it. It is a nice exercise. It makes your heart light; it refreshes your mind; it quickens your secretions; it assists your digestion. The wisest men of all ages have daily walked this stage on the alcoholic highway towards the point of concatenation of circumstances. In this fourth stage of their way, with an occasional venture a little further when the companionship was good, they have given the world its wit, its humor, its poetry, its greatness. Suppose they have lived a little shorter time from the exercises; they have done more work in the shorter time than they would have done in a longer time under duller circumstances; so that the advantage, on the whole, is with this moderate indulgence in alcohol. Indulgence just a fourth of the way on towards danger; never further, except on rarest occasions; and then certainly not quite halfway—to the foot of Mount Elevation at furthest, and no further, for the sake of mind and body alike.

This, in plain language, is the argument of the moderate school of thought. It is met point blank by the abstaining school, which calls out with all its sympathetic might:—"Take not a step on that highway! It is a grand model of his engineering skill; it is wide, it is open, it is straight, it is smooth, it is filled with jolly companions every one, it is fenced with pleasures, it is rich with historical reminiscences; but there is this peculiarity about it, that there is not an inch of it, not a hair's breadth of it, safe. Therefore keep off it altogether. It is the DEVIL'S HIGHWAY!"

—Dr. B. W. Richardson.

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