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THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

VOL. V. No. 3.

TORONTO, ONT. SEPTEMBER, 1898.

25 CENTS PER YEAR

THE SALOON MUST GO.

There is not a vice, or a disease or a calamity of any kind that has not its frequent rise in a Public-house.—*Times London Eng.*

Public-houses are just so many allurements and ambushes, so many traps and pitfalls in the paths of working men.—*Rt. Hon. Earl Cairns.*

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IS THE HEAVIEST DRAG UPON THE PROGRESS, THE DEEPEST DISGRACE OF THE 19TH CENTURY.—*New York Tribune.*

In the whole English language I can find no word that strikes more terror to my soul than the one word, RUM.—*T. V. Powderly.*

The evil ought not to be permitted to grow in order that the police may be called in to repress it. Prevention is not only better than cure, but prevention is a duty, and cure is a lame halting attempt to undo an evil which we have wilfully permitted.—*Cardinal Manning*

Formerly Maine produced nearly ten thousand barrels of beer annually, but has fallen to seven barrels in consequence of the local enforcement of prohibitory law.—*President of Brewers' Congress.*

We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the drink traffic is the fruitful source of a large portion of the crime and misery of our land, and that the open bar and saloon with public treating system are largely responsible for the sad results.—*York County (Ont.) Grand Jury.*

Maine fifty years ago had 13 distilleries; now none.
Then, 400 open-bar taverns; now none.
Then, 10,000 drunkards; now 2,000.
Then, 2,000 grog shops; now none.
Then, 200 delirium tremens deaths; now fifty.
Then 1,500 rum paupers; now very few.
Then poverty; now plenty.
Then wretchedness; now happiness.—*Censor.*

It is too clear that the rapid extension of this saloon drinking is threatening the very life of this community; that it is producing a physical and moral pestilence more deadly, in the deepest sense, than any other plague which infested cities of the east; that it is bringing great masses of our working classes into a self-imposed bondage, more complete and more degrading than slavery itself; that it is not only filling the present with unspeakable misery and vice, but blighting the prospect of labor for the future.—*Prof. Goldwin Smith.*

WHAT OUR COUNTRY NEEDS.

God give us men, a time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith,
and ready hands,
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie,
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking.
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking,
For, while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds
Mingle in selfish strife; lo, Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps.

—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

THE REAL QUESTION.

What shall we do with the dram-shop? If we refuse to face this question to-day, we may have to face, to-morrow, the question, "What will the dram shop do with us?" Shall we regulate it? We have tried it for 100 years, and to-day it regulates the regulation. Prohibit it in spots? As well try to cure pyaemia by washes and salves, for the poison, alcohol, is in the very blood of the nation. The question is not what your private appetite or mine may be, not what the moral quality of the wine glass may be, but what shall be done with this public institution, the liquor traffic—the saloon, that claims protection from courts, and police and fire departments. It is a public institution, amenable to public laws, and, as all of our public institutions, must bow before the requirements of the public good. If law cannot be demanded against private appetites, neither can needed law be refused because some private appetites will suffer thereby.—*Christian Statesman.*

TWO GREAT JOURNALS.

THE TORONTO GLOBE.

The liquor traffic has but few to speak in its favor. Its true character is becoming more and more widely known. Its insidious nature, its widespread and demoralizing effects, its corrupting influence, especially upon the young, and its far-reaching and disastrous power for evil in municipal and national affairs, are becoming to be practically known so that multitudes are being forced to become prohibitionists whether they will or not. They say that they would rather not, but they cannot help themselves. They cannot stand with folded hands, and see strong drink rule and ruin the country.

THE TORONTO MAIL.

If moral suasion could check drunkenness in an equal degree, we should prefer moral suasion; but the world has been trying that agency for a long time, and though it has saved many it is not an adequate remedy by itself. On the other hand whilst no one pretends that prohibition removes drunkenness absolutely, no reasonable person can deny that it strikes directly at its front and origin, for it is plain that if there were no liquor there would be no abuse of it. If any opponent of prohibition can point us to a better temperance measure or to one so good, we will gladly embrace it; but at present, as Mr. Gladstone would say, prohibition holds the field.

Order this number of this paper for circulation. Send quickly, price 50cts. per hundred.

A NEWSPAPER OPINION.

It is the saloon which creates and encourages the wife-beaters, thieves, burglars and ruffians. By it boys are educated to be drunkards, and brought up in idleness, vice and bestiality. By it idleness and vice are taught to take the place of industry and sobriety. Everything that is debasing and villainous finds its natural birthplace in the saloon, and nothing produces or promotes these that is not destructive of decency, thrift and good morals.—*Chicago Tribune.*

SAMPLES OF WHAT THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC DOES.

I could tell the Commissioners any number of cases showing the evils of the use of liquor, but the recital of them would take a much longer time than the Commissioners can give me. I will mention, however, three instances showing the evils of liquor. I have been instrumental in having two men sent to the penitentiary lately, one for conspiracy and perjury. Liquor brought these parties to that position. The next instance I would mention is that of a man in prison for highway robbery. Liquor brought him to it. The third man killed another in the penitentiary, and he himself was hanged in the jail at Montreal. Liquor brought him to it.

There is another case I may mention where a woman respectably connected, became separated from her husband through drink. Ultimately she was sent to jail, and while there she became acquainted with another who had been married like herself. On leaving the prison she visited that woman one day. They had picked her fellow up on the street. They sent for liquor. The husband of the woman who was living in the house went out. The two women and the men then got drinking and a quarrel ensued. One woman took an axe and cut the head off the other and put it in a trunk. We arrested her. We had no evidence against the man, except what she could give. Consequently he was acquitted. I believe if we had been able to obtain evidence against him, he would likewise have been sentenced to be hanged, and no doubt the two would have been hanged the next morning. That very morning, at the very time the woman would have been hanged, he was drowned at the Grand Trunk basin. The woman was sent to penitentiary for life.

Another case I may mention is that of a man, his wife and family. The parents were notorious drunkards and they had several children. They were so poor that the corporation cut off their water. It was very cold weather at this time of which I am speaking. They got drunk one day and began to quarrel, and scattered their clothes and other things over the floor. Two children, I believe their ages were three and five, were found in the morning by the neighbors locked in each other's arms, apparently as if they had been trying to keep each other warm, and they were frozen to the floor. They were, of course, dead. There was so much ice that the neighbors had to get warm water before they could take them from the floor. The father and mother were also lying on the floor, with their hands and feet frozen. I saw them in the hospital; the man had his fingers frozen and the woman had her toes frozen. Some time afterwards I was in a corner grocery and she came limping in and got drunk there. She did not care; she had her drink.—*From the evidence of Chief Detective Andrew Cullen of Montreal before the Royal Commission.*

IT IS COMING.

Do you hear an ominous muttering
As of thunder gathering round?
Do you hear the nation tremble
As an earthquake shakes the ground?
'Tis the waking of a people—
'Tis a mighty battle sound.

Do you see the grand uprising
Of the people in their might?
They are girding on their armour,
They are arming for the fight,
They are going forth to battle
For the triumph of the right.

For the power of rum hath bound us
And the power of rum hath reigned,
Till baptismal robes of liberty
Are tarnished, torn and stained;
Till the struggling nation shudders
As its forces lies enchained.

It has filled the scales of justice
With unhallowed blood-stained gold,
And her sword to smite Crime's minions
Now lies powerless in her hold,
For the serpent of the still
Hath wrapped around it fold by fold.

It hath trampled o'er the hearthstone
And hath left it desolate;
It hath slain the wife and mother;
It hath filled the world with hate;
It hath wrecked the noblest manhood;
And hath laughed to scorn the great.

Shall it longer reign in triumph,
Longer wear its tyrant's crown,
Shall it firmer draw its fetters,
Firmly bind the nation down?
Shall this grand young country longer
Bow and tremble neath its frown?

No! Let every heart re-echo;
Rouse ye gallant men and true,
Rouse ye broken-hearted mothers,
See the night is almost through;
Rouse ye, every man and woman—
God is calling now for you.
—*M. Florence Mosier.*

SONG OF THE TEMPERANCE ARMY.

We are marshalling the forces
Of an army true and strong;
We are marching to the music
Of a ringing temperance song;
We are going forth to battle
With a hydra-headed wrong,
Till one grand, triumphant chorus
Shall the victors' shout prolong.

Where the bugle calls to battle—
If heaven that call repeat—
If right and duty lead us,
Where alone the path is sweet,
Though the proud may deem this service
Both for us and them unmeet;
Unheeding scorn or frowning,
We will go with fearless feet.

We are pledged to guard each other,
And all those we love the best,
From the poisoned darts and arrows
Of the fell destroyer's quest.
And our battle-cry is "Onward!"
No faltering and no rest
Till his flaunting, mocking ensign
In dishonoring dust is pressed."

With hearts aglow with pity
For the tempted ones who fall;
And with arms outstretched to rescue
Wounded friend or foe, or all,
We are pledged to do our utmost
To break down this tyrant's thrall.
Ne'er "Am I my brother's keeper?"
Be our answer to God's call.

See, bright from many a hill-top
New camp-fires flash and glow;
From rank and file and tented field
Hear songs of victory go.
Shout answers, shout. A wave of sound
Breaks in impetuous flow—
"All hail" "What cheer" "Tis
morning"
"We are conquering the foe"
—*The Central Good Templar.*

The Camp Fire.

A. MONTHLY JOURNAL
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

Edited by F. S. SPENCE

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

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

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1898

THE PLEBISCITE ISSUE.

The Royal Commission on the Liquor Traffic estimates that the liquor consumers of Canada pay annually \$39,879,854 for the intoxicants which they consume. This is sheer waste as far as the consumer are concerned. It needs no deep knowledge of political economy to make it clear that the wealth of the community is diminished to the full extent of this outlay. It is a tremendous drain upon the resources of a nation that is not rich.

Drinking habits mean idleness and unthrift. Drunkenness seriously impairs the ability of the people to indulge in the luxuries, sometimes even in the necessities, of life. The drink waste is a serious interference with the purchasing power of the people, and, therefore, an impediment to wealth production.

This limitation hampers commerce. From drinking also come frequent accidents, involving heavy losses. The intemperance of individuals interferes with the effectiveness of workers. There is hardly a toiler or an employer who is not affected by the intemperate habits of other people. All must suffer for the wrong-doing of a few.

No one disputes the sad facts that an enormous proportion of the physical and mental suffering of the people, the sickness, the poverty, the vice, the crime, the degradation and the shame, which so many experience, is the direct outcome of intemperance.

All this poverty, crime, and suffering impose additional financial burdens upon the community. As a whole, we are taxed heavily, we suffer keenly, as the outcome of a system under which some gratify their appetites and a few others grow rich at the general expense.

Some men drink for the gratification of appetite, for the intensification of social enjoyment, for the purpose of displaying good fellowship. Others drink because impelled by an uncontrollable craving that may have been hereditary, or may be the result of indulgence perhaps because drinking was the only available relief from suffering that grew out of evil surroundings. The indulgence of both of these classes is made easy by the licensing system, under which a very few persons accumulate great wealth at the cost of the community which is loaded down with the heavy burdens above set out.

The second class of drinkers would be incalculably benefited by legislation that would prevent their gratifying an appetite which is to them a curse. The convenience or the desires of the other class would be interfered with by such legislation, but it is beyond dispute that the advantage of the second class, and the benefit to the community as a whole, would be so great that we are justified in requiring them to make the sacrifice.

Nearly every development of civilization calls upon some to submerge their personal preferences for the convenience of all. The suppression of the liquor traffic might interfere with some private enjoyment, just as trolley cars and city by-laws affect pedestrians who would rather be free from the annoyance of such features of modern civilization. Comparatively speaking, the personal disadvantages of enforced prohibition would be very small, while the benefit it would confer upon the public would be incalculably great.

Prohibition is right. Prohibition is profitable. Prohibition is desirable. The question to be decided is whether or not the growing sense of the community has reached the point when there would be general approval of a prohibitory law.

This will be determined by the coming plebiscite.

WHICH PAYS BEST.

A Sheffield firm of cutlers turns out a million pounds, worth of goods every year, and gives constant employment to one thousand men. A distillery in Scotland turns out a million pounds worth of spirits a year, and gives employment to only one hundred men. This latter instance is a case of misused capital. Legitimate trades employ ten times more workmen than the same amount of capital employs in the drink trade. Those who harp about more men being thrown out of work if the liquor trade were abolished, should think of these figures and ask themselves how many more men could be employed in legitimate trades by the mispent millions of money representing our annual drink bill?—*Social Gazette.*

A CATHOLIC VIEW.

At the Catholic temperance congress held in Chicago, Father Maddock of Winona said that as to the effectiveness of prohibition in suppressing intemperance, there could be no honest difference of opinion. "Where no liquor is to be had," he said, "men will not drink. The reformed drunkard is always in danger of returning to his cups while the saloon stands invitingly open on every corner. But close those saloons, and he cannot fall. It is the duty of every good Catholic to work with might and main for the enactment of prohibitory laws. But he should not cease his efforts there. The only benefit of his legislation comes from its enforcement, and officers sworn to execute the law should be compelled to do their duty."—*The Constitution.*

THE PEOPLE KNOW BEST.

We have tested local prohibition in various parts of Canada with the result, in the Maritime Provinces, at least, that where the Scott Act or other local prohibitory law has been adopted, it has generally remained. The State of Maine has retained a prohibitory law for nearly half a century. Some say it is a failure. Some pronounce it a success. But the people of Maine, who are most interested in the matter, and who have had power to act, have retained the system and will probably never give it up. This is the example that lies nearest to New Brunswick, and will no doubt have its effect.—*St. John (N.B.) "Sun"*

GOOD CREATURES.

Intoxicating liquors are no more creatures of God than are the thumb-screw, the rack, or other instruments of torture devised by the man, who having been made upright, has sought out many inventions. Indeed, they are not so much so. The material of which the latter are constructed possess the properties natural to them as they come from the hand of nature. In order to obtain the former, God's good gifts, designed for the food of man, and as such are very good, have been destroyed, and rendered worthless for their original purposes, and perverted into a poisonous drink, which has been man's bane and man's curse through countless generations.—*N. Z. Temperance Standard.*

LIBERTY.

Personal liberty means liberty to do right. Freedom to do wrong is not liberty but license. It is the condition of the ungoverned savage, not of the free citizen of a Christian community. The real question at issue is a very simple one, and can be answered off-hand by any intelligent boy. Is the liquor traffic a blessing or a curse to the country? If it is a curse, is it the duty of every good citizen to be clear as daylight. Demand its extinction. Vote against it; work against it, pray against it.—*The Weekly Witness.*

THE THREE CATS.

A Nashville drinking man one morning told his family of a wonderful dream he had the previous night, in which he saw three cats, one fat, one lean, and one blind, and he wondered what it meant.

"I know," promptly responded his little son, "the man that sells you whiskey is the fat cat, mother is the lean cat, and you are the blind cat." Good.—*The Issue.*

LIBERTY.

The policeman interfered with the personal liberties of a mad dog on the streets the other day, and shot its life out, just because it went mad. The dog couldn't help going mad, any more than the liquor seller can help the people from becoming drunkards, and wrecks and vagabonds, when they drink the liquor he is authorized to sell. Why, then, kill the dog? Because his madness endangers human life. But all the lives lost by mad dog bites since Cain slew Abel have never done the human race as much harm as one saloon can do in a single generation. Yes, kill the mad dog, but kill the saloon too. Of all the mad things that ever poisoned human life and happiness, it is by far the most deadly.—*The Waco Advance.*

AN EARNEST APPEAL.

At a recent annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of the United States, held at Boston, a rousing speech was delivered by Rev. Father James R. Cleary, of Minneapolis, president of the organization. Among other forcible statements in his address, were the following:

"I wish to emphasize that it is upon harmonious organization that we depend very largely for ability to cope with the powerful liquor traffic of the country.

"There are two factors that we have to deal with principally, the appetite of the drinker, which often comes to be a disease, and the avarice of the liquor seller. The appetites and passions of men cannot be controlled by law; they require higher and holier influences than any legislative body can enact; they must receive the influence of conscience, religious teachings and supernatural motives. The avarice of the dealer, however, seldom yields to appeals to the conscience; it seldom yields to the appeals of religion; it requires the strong arm of the law to make it yield.

"The kingdom of heaven even has no place for the drunkard, says sacred, inspired Scripture, and certainly the church of Christ on earth has no more place for him. Our Union seeks no opposition to any good movement or rightful occupation, but it seeks the good, the upliftment of mankind."

PRACTICAL PROHIBITION.

The benefits that have come to Scotland by the law prohibiting the sale of liquor on Sunday were pointed out in a forcible speech recently made in Glasgow, by Ex-Bailie Lewis, in which he said:

"The consumption of spirits in Scotland seven years before the operation of the Forbes-Mackenzie Act stood at 47,336,802 gallons, while seven years after the passing of the Act it had fallen to 37,745,976 gallons. We took away one-seventh of the publican's working time, and it is a remarkable coincidence that it reduced his trade by more than one-seventh.

"Look now at its effects on drunkenness and crime. In Glasgow in three years under the old law 34,972 were convicted. In three years under the new law 19,370 were convicted. Under the old law 4,082 were convicted and under the new law 1,466 were convicted for Sunday drunkenness.

"In Edinburgh for drunkenness and crime during three years under the old law 28,905 were convicted, and in three years under the new law 23,903 were convicted. For Sunday drunkenness in three years under the old law 2,009 were convicted, and in three years under the new law 488.

"I might go on and take every town in Scotland. In the seventeen leading towns in Scotland during three years before the operation of the Act 11,471 were convicted, and three years after its operation 4,377—a decrease of 7,172, or nearly two-thirds."

A MOTHER IN JAIL.

"Did you put my mother in jail?" asked a little tot of a girl while she pushed her sun-bonnet back and looked from one officer to another, as she stood in the police station. She was so young that she could hardly speak plainly, and so small that a policeman had to help her up the steps of the station-house.

The officers stared at the little waif. They had arrested a tangle-haired woman, who spoke four languages in her rage, and fought the officers like a fury. They did not dream that this was her child.

The little thing seemed so innocent and pure that they did not want her to see her mother caged like a wild beast behind iron bars, but the mother heard her voice and called her, and so they swung open the corridor door and let the little creature in. She went to the cell, looked in and cried, "Why mother, are you in jail?"

The mother shrank back ashamed. The child dropped on her knees on the stone floor, clung to the iron bars of the door, and prayed, "Now I lay me down to sleep, and I hope my mother will be let out of jail."

The strong men had a strange moisture about their eyes as they gently led the little thing away. When the case came into court, His Honor whispered to the woman to go home, and for her child's sake to behave as a mother should. Perhaps she will do so—unless she meets with some one licensed to deal out, for the "public good," that which makes fathers act like brutes, and mothers forget the sucking child. Perhaps she will prove a true mother, unless some honorable and respected citizen gets her crazy on a dram on which he makes a profit of a few cents. Strange things are done in this world, but few are more strange than the wonders wrought by the devil's draught, which in an hour turns love to hate, calmness to frenzy, quiet to confusion, and a mother to a fiend.—*Selected.*

"WIPE IT OUT."

WHAT A CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP HAS TO SAY.

Archbishop John Ireland of St. Paul, Minnesota, is one of the best known, ablest and most respected of the Roman Catholic prelates of North America. In an address on the temperance question delivered some time ago, he said:—

"We thought we meant business years ago in this warfare, but I hope God will forgive us for our weakness, for we went into the battlefield without sufficient resolution. We labored under the fatal mistake that we could argue out the question with the liquor-sellers. We imagined there was some power in moral suasion; that when we would show them the evil of their ways they would abandon the traffic. We have seen there is no hope of improving in any shape or form the liquor traffic.

There is nothing now to be done but to wipe it out completely. I have lost too much of my time striving in the past to repair the fearful evils wrought by the liquor traffic. I have lost too much time in speaking of total abstinence in hall and pulpit to men who, while listening were with me, but who out in the streets would be invited by the saloon-keeper to come and take a drink and forget their resolutions. Well, some of us are growing old, and do not intend to be throwing away our time in arguing with people who will not be converted, and I for one am going to go in with terrific earnestness in the future in this war against liquor in all shapes. I mean business this time.

Now, in order to succeed, I wish to enroll every man. We Catholics will unite with our fellow-citizens of all classes and all denominations to do away with that terrible shame, sin and disgrace of the saloon. All those who violate the law and disgrace us go into the saloon first, and would we be patriots, would we be Americans, if we did not turn round and meet with our whole strength the spring of crime, the accursed saloon?

So come and say to your friends that you have enlisted for war, but meaning business this time, to clean out the whole institution of dram-selling. We are blessed in every way. There is not in the world a country equal to our own, and what we have to fear is intemperance, the one curse in country or city

TO PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

Most honored Sir, (and let me say this is no formal phrase; Your noble character deserves our reverence and praise; Not less than your most brilliant pen and charitable heart, We all admire your bravery—you've played a manly part).

I've read your earnest letter, printed in the *Weekly Sun*, Upon the coming plebiscite. Of course its ably done; But after due digestion of all you have to say, I'm going to the polls, dear sir, to vote the other way.

I'm no fanatic temperance man; the honor has been mine, To sit at your own table and drink my glass of wine; (No choicer board could generous Hospitably arrange, Than 'tis her genial custom to spread at the old Grange.)

I love my glass of sherry just as you do, on the plan Of the temperate and self-respecting English gentleman. But, like many English gentlemen, I'm troubled with a heart That for the woes of others cannot help but throb and smart.

I've lately seen some humble homes—if that sweet hallowed word, May be misused in manner so cruel and absurd. Some "dens," to speak more strictly, where tears and terror reigned, But which, with liquor banished, would be Paradise regained.

For drink has brought those families from their former high estate Down to the very gates of hell. This grim and horrid fate Is visited on many a wife, who, a happy, hopeful bride, With a pure noble husband, sailed out upon life's tide.

And she still is gentle, hopeful, though in her anxious air You see the constant shadow of a hovering despair, And in the tears that fill her eyes, as with an eager clasp She holds her children, lest they fall into the Demon's grasp.

Were there but one such case as this in all our favored land, My heart would still be master of the ballot in my hand; The voice of Christ within me, the still, small, whispered voice, Would yet compel my voting, and leave me no free choice.

A vote for Prohibition means a vote to throw away Seven millions of a revenue, which we will have to pay, And fifty millions capital invested in the "trade"; Perhaps 'tis true! But listen! those children cry for bread!

The vote means that some thousands must be thrown out of work; And heavy loss to farmers—these points I will not shirk. Allow them true; they're serious, and speak in thunder tones— But over them my heart can hear that suffering woman's groans!

The vote means Compensation—another heavy loss, And more police, that smugglers shall not our borders cross, Coercion and ascetic rule, and wide-spread, lawless strife. It may be so, but you poor babe must have a chance for life!

The vote means that my harmless wine I must henceforth forego And give up liberties I prize and value—even so: My plate cries against it, but my heart becomes a flame, And rises in my bosom, and says, "O Christian, shame!"

"Thy vote may mean material loss, and suffering and rage— Such conflict has often scarred and darkened history's page; It may mean sacrifice to you! But hear that woman's sigh! Behold that ruined man, and weigh that infants wailing cry!"

—A Friend.

ONE SCENE OUT OF MANY.

It was a dreary, miserable morning, a heavy fog hung over the wretched street; the rain had fallen continually through the night and still drizzled in a forlorn way. Pedestrians jostled along, occasionally hitting one another with their wet umbrellas and sloshing the mud right and left over the dirty pavement.

Crossing the filthy street, where the thick, black mud entered the soles of her shoes, and clung with tenacity about her thin ankles, was a young girl of thirteen or thereabouts. She breast the driving wind and swerved not from the straight course ahead, although her protection against the elements was only a ragged dress and a thin faded shawl of many colors. Tied about her untidy mass of hair was an old hood, and upon her feet were an old one-sided shoe, unlaced and torn at the top, and a coarse discarded boot, hard and unwieldy. She seemed utterly indifferent to the rain. Why should she be otherwise? For one who is thoroughly wet and worn a few drops more or less either of water or trouble makes little difference.

She hurried around the corner and a shiver passed through her frame with a cutting blast of wind. She shuffled on as fast as possible, considering her soaked feet, held her poor wet garment close to her as if for protection, turned up a dark court, opened a creaking door in a rickety tenement house and entered. How cold and dark and damp, although just what she expected. A deep sigh escaped her. The "bundle of rags" (called father) on the straw in the corner did not move, and she softly opened the door into another smaller room and looked in. All was hushed and still. On a low couch of straw, covered with a thin, patched army quilt, lay a little girl of seven, pale and faded; but, though the clammy sweat stood upon her brow, one could not but say, "How lovely." Yes, though a drunkard's forsaken child, Lena Croft's pinched features were beautiful. Amy knelt down by her side, took the little thin hand in her own, and poor child, although she did not intend to wake her sick sister, the hot tears that fell from her eyes had that effect, and the little one's eyes opened and looked upon her imploringly. She had begged her father, with all the strength and pathos of her anguish, to call a physician for Lena, even getting down upon her knees before the degraded man with her earnest pleading; but no, this heartless father turned away from his eldest born's prayer and took the money, that with God's blessing would have brought relief to his sick child, and gave it to the rum seller, who was licensed to flood his home with poverty, hunger and perhaps something worse.

"I am so glad you've come, Amy, I'm so hungry. Can I have something now?"

Amy looked at the thin cheek so touchingly white, at the blue eyes that once beamed with laughter, and her heart sunk within her. She felt such a weight of oppression that she could not speak. She had promised to get something for the sick child and had failed. She had rung at many basement doors, but the servants had bade her begone. She had come back empty-handed and broken-hearted. She could not resist this appeal.

"You may, dearie. You shall, my little lamb. Just wait a minute," she cried, and again she bounded out (that freezing, wet, starving child), resolved that she would ring the front door bells and see the ladies themselves, as a last resort.

Thinking only of Lena, her poor, tired feet seemed shod with wings. She hurried through the streets and rung the front door bell of the first respectable house. A tidy housemaid opened the door, and in answer to Amy's pleading "Please may I see the lady?" she received, "You dirty girl, to come up these clean steps with your muddy feet. Begone this instant," and the door was slammed in her face. She turned despairingly but resolutely (the sad eyes at home haunting her) and pulled the next bell. As the servant opened the door Amy said quickly, "My little sister is starving, please give me something for her."

"Beggars should go to back doors," angrily answered the girl, and was about to shut the door when a gentle voice said, "Let her step in on the oil-cloth so that I can see her."

"But, sure, she's drippin' wet, ma'am, and covered with mud."

"Do as I say. Let her in."

The door was opened and Amy stepped in.

"Oh, how lovely," thought the poor out-cast, "how bright and how lovely everything is," and her eyes wandered to the sweet-voiced invalid lying upon the crimson hall-couch.

"My poor girl, what can I do for you?"

"O ma'am, something for my sister. My poor little sister is sick and dyin' and starvin'."

"Poor child, poor little girl. Katy, tell the cook to give her part of my beef tea in a bottle, a cup of jelly and some bread and meat, and be quick about it."

The poor girl received the package with a thankful heart, and the world looked brighter to her eyes as she ran fast to the hovel she called her home, although the rain still fell pitilessly.

Just as she entered the door the tattered heap in the corner moved, and the miserable father raised himself with difficulty to a sitting posture and looked at her with an ill-tempered scowl. He had grown so bitter and revengeful in his dissipation that Amy shuddered with dread.

"What you carryin' so sneakin'?" he fiercely demanded.

"Something for Lena; she's starvin', father."

"Bring me what you've got; I'm starvin' and thirsty too."

"O, father, I can't, Lena's dyin'," moaned Amy, trying to pass the miserable wreck on the floor, but he raised himself slowly and uttered a threat so terrible that the frightened child tremblingly handed him the precious basket. Snatching it from her, he swallowed the beef-tea as if famished, then greedily followed with the meat and as much of the bread as he could eat. Then he rose staggering, and wrapping the cup of jelly in a paper, he started towards the door. Amy stood looking with horrified eyes, but with great effort asked, "Where are you going with the jelly, father?"

"To Washburn's for a drink."

"O, father leave me the jelly or Lena will die," and poor Amy wrung her hands in agony.

"Pick up the crusts that I left; they're good enough for such brats as you are," was the answer and the brutal father turned away.

Amy opened the bedroom door trembling. How could she face her little sister without food again, and tell her there was none? But there was no need; Lena had heard all. Thro' the little broken window came a feeble ray of light, revealing a patient loving smile on the thin white lips. She held out her wasted hand to Amy, and the heart-broken girl caught it between her own and covered it with scalding tears as she broke forth into convulsive sobbing.

"Don't cry, Amy, my good Amy I'm sleepy; but I love you sister Amy. Kiss me Amy for I'm going to Mamma. I won't be hungry any more, nor cry any more. Will I Amy?" Amy's tears were falling faster than the rain-drops outside, but her heart was too full to speak.

"I'll ask God to come for you sister, soon—soon. No tears there. Mamma." The sinless sleeper was at rest.

One little tired heart has found peace; up the golden stairs her tiny feet have gone. But, O Father, the other.—*Ernest Gilmore.*

A WHISKEY ORATOR SILENCED.

A friend told me of a prominent liquor dealer who went to a certain town in Kentucky to make a speech against Prohibition. He was met by a respectable well-to-do, but indignant man, who showed determination in every gesture and a fearful earnestness in his voice. He said, "Mr. —, a merchant in this town bought a barrel of whiskey that had your brand on it. A young man drank of it. A young lady drank of it. That young lady was accomplished and respected in the community; she was an adored daughter. That young man ruined her when both were under the influence of your whiskey. You furnished that whiskey. I furnished that daughter. I killed the man that ruined my child, and will kill any man that makes a whiskey speech here to-day."

Mr. — made no speech, but retreated in good order, and the town was carried for local option.—*Southern Journal.*

THE VANGUARD.

A GREAT WORK—READ CAREFULLY.

The VANGUARD was published during the stirring years of 1893-4-5 in the form of a magazine. It was devoted to expert discussion of the liquor question and the many matters thereto related, special attention being given to details of most interest and value to Canadians.

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 which were issued.

The book thus produced is a complete encyclopedia of information relating to the temperance and prohibition reform. In it are full and accurate statistics and other authoritative statements; covering nearly every field of available fact and argument, and including a great number of tables compiled with the utmost care. It also contains a record of the important events of the years named, and a summary of the history of the prohibition cause in Canada.

CONTENTS.

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

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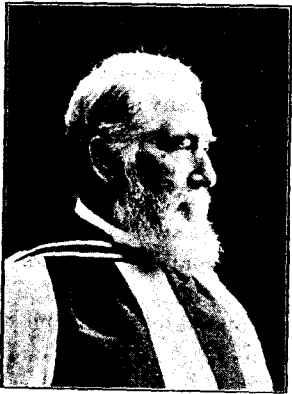
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CANADIAN BISHOPS

ON THE PROHIBITION QUESTION.



BISHOP BOND.

The Right Rev. William B. Bond, LL.D., Bishop of the Montreal Diocese of the Church of England in Canada presided at the annual session of the Diocesan Synod in January 1898.

During the session the question of Prohibition was discussed. The Very Rev. Dean Carmichael declared himself to be a strong prohibitionist. He said "Prohibition is the inevitable progression of the thought of those who have given serious attention to the study of the tremendous evil of drink. . . . There are other evils to contend with, and some breasts may harbor and conceal griefs too strong to be resisted, but though there are many sorrows and trials to be encountered, the misery and sorrow and desolation and shame associated with the liquor traffic transcends them all."

His Lordship the presiding Bishop said "I heartily agree with the Dean in all he has said, and I will add that I am an out and out prohibitionist."

THE RIGHT REV. MAURICE S. BALDWIN, D.D., Bishop of Huron, in a speech in his Synod in 1898, said:—

"There is no doubt that thousands of young men go down to ruin through the liquor curse. We don't wish to curtail your liberty, but is it right to stand by and see our young men supplied with this means of self-destruction? I do not say that I can tell what should be done, but I will do anything to-day, or any other day, to advance temperance. When I see many manacled and tied down by this accursed passion for strong drink, I say we should do something to remedy the evil. I do not say that a man should not take a glass of liquor, if it is necessary, but I will say, if the Lord spares me, I am going to cast a vote for Prohibition on election day."



BISHOP BALDWIN.

NOTED PHILANTHROPISTS

ON THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

"Impossible to relieve poverty until we get rid of the curse of drink."—Lord Shaftesbury.

"The struggle of the school, the library, and the Church, united against the beer-house and the gin-palace, is but one development of the war between heaven and hell."—Sir Charles Buxton.

"For thirty-five years I have been priest and bishop in London, and I now approach my 80th year and have learned some lessons, and the first is this: the chief bar to the working of the Holy Spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intoxicating drink. I know of no antagonist to that good Spirit more direct, more subtle, more stealthy, more ubiquitous than intoxicating drink."—Cardinal Manning.



LORD SHAFTESBURY.

"Among the evil institutions that threaten the integrity and safety of a State, the liquor traffic stands preeminent. * * * "If for ten years England could get rid of drink, she would in that time become such a paradise as men would hardly recognize."—John Bright.

"The rumseller is the root of [the evil, and until it is made a crime to sell intoxicating beverages, intemperance will continue to exist."—Wendell Phillips.

"The crisis is upon us, face to face with us it stands—With solemn lips of questioning, like the Sphinx on Egypt's sands.

"To-day we fashion destiny, the web of life we spin—To-day for all hereafter, choose we holiness, or sin, Even now from misty Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy crown, Call we the dews of blessing, or the bolts of cursing down."



JOHN BRIGHT.

—James Russel Lowell.

The Prohibition Plebiscite

VOTING SEPTEMBER 29th, 1898.

Mark your Ballot for Prohibition as Below:

Are you in favor of the passing of an Act prohibiting the importation, manufacture or sale of spirits, wine, ale, beer, cider and all other alcoholic liquors for use as beverages?

YES.

NO.

X

IMPORTANT ITEMS.

Read all of this column carefully, repeatedly, publicly, in any committee or organization to which you belong.

Be careful to see that your finances are looked after in good time, so that you may be free and able to do all the work that is now pressing.

The voters' lists to be used in the Plebiscite are the Provincial voters' lists. The law that governs the election is the Dominion Election Law. If you have any difficulties about these matters apply to the Secretary of your Provincial organization.

Flood your neighborhood with literature. For English and German leaflets write to F. S. Spence, Toronto. For French leaflets write to J. H. Carson, Montreal. Order quickly. The time is very short.

The demand for Plebiscite Campaign Leaflets is so great that it may be needful sometimes to substitute very good leaflets in stock for the special numbers ordered, to avoid delay. Purchasers will oblige in such cases, by kindly accepting what is sent, to save time.

The Campaign Pointers are a splendid series. You are requested to order them at once. You may select numbers. The kind you order will be sent if possible. At any rate a good share of them will go, and the balance of your order in others. All are good.

Four special CAMPAIGN CARTOONS for posting on walls and in windows are prepared by Mr. J. W. Bengough. They are very good and ought to be used freely. Send to F. S. Spence, Toronto, for a supply at once so as not to be disappointed. Put them every where. Price, postage pre-paid, per set, 5 cents; per 100 cartoons, 50 cents. Where a number are ordered, equal quantities of each will be sent. Do not miss this effective method of campaigning.

"The Feature of the Month" is a splendid Plebiscite Circular that ought to be hung in every store and public place. Send John Dougall & Son, Montreal, three 3-cent postage stamps and get fifteen copies by return mail.

Kindly send money for literature with orders. This is important. Samples will be sent free if desired.

Hold many public meetings. Tell the people how to mark their ballots. Take time to work. The cause is worthy of some sacrifice.

THE MOST IMPORTANT part of organization is the appointment of a captain or chairman for every polling subdivision, who will see that every vote is polled. He should have all the help possible, but there ought to be one man responsible in every subdivision.

The most important duty is the getting out of our vote.

Prohibition does not involve direct taxation. On February 8th last, in the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, Sir Wilfred Laurier said to a deputation of prohibitionists, that direct taxation is NOT a necessary consequence of prohibition, though more taxation must be secured in some other way, if the liquor revenue is discontinued.

Total prohibition is something far more comprehensive, far more effective, and far more easily enforced than the Scott Act, the Maine Law, or any partial measure that has yet been tried. Many opponents of the Scott Act have declared that they would support total prohibition of manufacture, importation and sale, which prohibition they believe is the only kind that can be made really effective.

It is not true that the liquor traffic in Canada is strong enough to defy law, resist government, thwart the will of the people, and make prohibition a total failure. They cannot do it.

It is not true that a victory in the Plebiscite will not help the prohibition cause. Sir Wilfred Laurier is promising prohibition if the people voted for it, was not trying to deceive the public. He may be relied upon to keep his word. The friends of the traffic who represent the Premier and other members of Parliament, Conservatives and Reformers as dishonest tricksters, are simply slandering these gentlemen for their own selfish ends.

It is not true that the prohibition mentioned in the Plebiscite would interfere with the manufacture of sweet cider, cider vinegar, or cider preserved without fermentation. This was very clear in the debate on the

Plebiscite Bill in the House of Commons. In explaining the word "Cider" as used in the Bill, the Minister of Agriculture said:—

"The word 'Cider' means apple-juice which having been treated in manufacture, has become an intoxicating drink, and does not mean apple-juice simply in its raw state."

Our only danger lies in the indifference of those who ought to be in earnest. The people are right. We have the votes. For the sake of all we love and cherish, let us see that every vote is polled.

For any further needed information apply to your Provincial Secretary. The list is as follows: Nova Scotia, W. S. Sanders, Halifax; New Brunswick, Rev. George W. Fisher, Fairville; Prince Edward Island, J. E. Matthews, Charlottetown; Quebec, J. H. Carson, Montreal; Ontario, F. S. Spence, Toronto; Manitoba, Rev. J. M. A. Spence, Winnipeg; North-West Territories, W. J. Brotherton, Regina; British Columbia, P. C. L. Harris, Vancouver.

HOW THE INNOCENT SUFFER.

The most tragic pages of human history will not be written until the agonies inflicted upon the mothers, wives, sisters, and children of drunkards have been portrayed. The sufferings of these victims of a fiendish traffic are too horrible to be fully described. The drink shop curse rests with crushing force upon women. The horrors to which the drink shop exposes them are worse than those of slavery. The suffering of the wives and daughters of drinking men are more acute and dreadful than any others experienced in this world.

The drink shop turns men into wild beasts, and then lets them loose upon their families. A living man chained to a putrescent corpse is not more terribly situated than the wife of a drunkard. Unable to escape the close relationship of wifehood, she is constantly exposed to brutalities so revolting and heart rending that her existence is a prolonged tragedy. Children born with an inherited appetite for drink, of refined pure mothers, tell a story of the beastliness of drunken fathers and of marital misery that we shudder to think of and dare not describe. Hell itself cannot be worse than the lives of such wives with such husbands.

Vivisection has aroused a great deal of indignation; but what is the torture of a few animals in the name of science in comparison with the vivisection of the hearts of wives and mothers which goes on daily under the operation of the drink shop.—Selected.

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To anyone sending immediately Twenty-five Cents for one year's subscription to the CAMP FIRE, there will be sent, besides the paper, Free, postage prepaid, No. 1, or No. 2, or both No. 3 and No. 4, of the books in the following list. State which you choose.

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