

THE CAMP FIRE

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

Vol. VI. No. 5.

TORONTO, ONT. NOVEMBER, 1899.

25 CENTS PER YEAR

100,000 VOTERS.

A GREAT CAMPAIGN.

Last month we laid before our readers full details of the great plan of campaign that has been inaugurated to secure the enrolment of one hundred thousand voters pledged to vote, at next general election, only for men who will support the cause of prohibition in the Dominion Parliament.

The enthusiastic reception that this movement is receiving is very encouraging. Lists of pledged men are already coming in. Letters of approval have reached us from every part of the Dominion. County conventions are already planned to push the work, and unite the pledged workers for further action.

Now is the time for action. Political leaders are making preparations for an election that cannot be very far away. The recent speeches of party advocates only make more clear the determination to evade if possible the prohibition issue. Canada is full of earnest, loyal devoted citizens who have lost all patience with the indifference, or hostility of those who ought to be foremost in effort for the public welfare. Our only resource is the practical protest of definite political action.

By a great majority the voting electorate of the Dominion have declared their desire to have the liquor traffic prohibited. That traffic rallied to the polls all the support that it could coax or buy, yet it was beaten beyond doubt or cavil. The Government that invited the vote decides that the patriotic majority is to be ignored, and that the self-seeking minority must have its way. All right-minded electors should refuse to support any man who will accept this shamefully unjust decision.

It is not practicable to make a hard and fast rule to govern the matter of our protest in every locality. In some places we may secure the nomination by one of the political parties, of a man who will oppose the Government policy of ignoring the majority, and who will do all he can if elected to secure the enactment of a prohibitory law. In some cases it may be necessary to nominate independent candidates, because neither party will give us a man we can trust. We must be ready for any emergency.

We can however prepare for the fight. We can enrol our recruits. We can hoist our flag. We can make it

clear that there are thousands of earnest men, who will oppose any candidate that will not oppose the Government's do nothing policy.

We dare do no less than this. We have fairly won a victory that entitles us to effective legislation against the greatest evil that afflicts our land—against the greatest peril that menaces our individual and national welfare. No right-loving citizen should support any man who will join in delaying the popular will in the interests of this fearful curse.

Let us unite in the simple and solemn pledge that has been carefully framed. Then the pledged men of every locality can meet to consider their special position and its possibilities, and to take such action as will give fullest effect to their earnest determination to resist the wrong that the Government and Parliament are now forcing upon them.

To every friend of right we earnestly appeal. If you have not yet moved in the matter of the 100,000 voters league do it now. If you want circulars or pledge forms write the Alliance Secretary and what you want will be sent you by the first mail that can be caught. Do not lose a moment. The saloon-power must be destroyed. "For God and Home and Canada." Work NOW.

SOME NOTES OF NEWS

ABOUT OUR CAUSE.

Many temperance rallies are taking place during the present month. At its opening the Ontario W.C.T.U. is meeting in Guelph. The Dominion W.C.T.U. meets at Halifax from November 10th to November 14th.

As the result of an active campaign the number of licenses in St. Louis, one of the suburbs of the City of Montreal, has been cut down from 27 to 12. The license fee has also been increased.

A press despatch of October 30th states that Allan McIvor, a man of about 40 years of age, was carried while intoxicated, into an outbuilding attached to one of the hotels at Iroquois, Ont., and a few minutes afterwards was found dead.

In the general election for the Swedish Parliament which recently took place, forty-four teetotalers were elected, fifteen of them being members of the Good Templar Order. Forty other members of the Parliament are favorable to temperance legislation.

The London News has recently been renewing the charges made some time ago about open sale of liquor in camps of militia instruction. It asserts that in the camp of the London District the law was openly and glaringly violated in the presence of the Commander in Chief, and practically challenges the Government to investigate the charge.

The liquor dealers of Toronto have been making themselves a laughingstock for the public and showing how little

influence they really possess, through their secretary, who has already dragged them into many another predicament. Mr. Dickie made up his mind that he could secure the use of a room in the new City Hall for the Association's Annual Meeting. He simply learned that there was not an alderman who would move in the Council to grant the impertinent request.

The Forty-first Annual Meeting of the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association was held in Glasgow, last month. A large attendance of members was present. The Secretary's report testified to the growth of temperance sentiment in church, school, parliament, press and the country, also referring to the various political events affecting the temperance question during the year. Officers were elected. The report showed receipts and expenditures of about \$20,000, with a substantial balance on hand.

The National W.C.T.U. of the United States, closed its Twenty-sixth Annual Convention on October 25th. During its sessions about forty persons were enrolled as life members. The State of Indiana carried off the banner for largest increase in membership during the year. The retiring officers were re-elected. Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens of Portland, Me., remaining President, Mrs. Susanna M. D. Fry, of Chicago, Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. C. Hoffman, Kansas City, Mo., Recording Secretary, and Mrs. Helen M. Barker, Chicago, Treasurer.

There are few annual meetings of greater interest than that of the United Kingdom Alliance and few meetings of that body have been of more importance than that held on Tuesday, October 17th. The report of the Royal Commission which has recently concluded its labors, was one of the most important matters under consideration. The annual report also reviewed at much length the history of the Plebiscite movement in Canada. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the veteran President took charge of the proceedings. The feeling of the members, expressed in strong resolutions, was practically unanimously in favor of standing by the Alliance position of accepting no compromise short of the granting to the people of power to prohibit the liquor traffic in their own neighborhood, and standing firmly by total prohibition as the only effective remedy for intemperance. The meeting was attended by a large number of prominent and influential men famous for their stalwart adherence to the temperance cause.

STARTLING FACTS.

An eminent specialist in diseases of child: en has noted the progress of twelve families with parents who were habitual drinkers of alcoholic drinks, and of twelve families with total abstaining parents. During the twelve years these families were under his observation, in the twelve first named there were born 57 children, of whom 25 died in the first week after birth, 5 were idiots, 5 were dwarfs, 5 later became epileptics and later 1 had chorea ending in idiocy, and 5 others were more or less deformed and unhealthy, leaving only 11 of the 57 children to arrive at maturity in a healthy condition of body and mind. The twelve families with temperate parents, during the same period of time were blessed with 61 children, of whom only 6 died during the first week after birth, later 2 showed inherited defects of the nervous system, leaving 53 of the 61 healthy in body and mind. My own observations during a continued period of sixty-two years of medical practice, fully corroborate the inferences to be drawn from the foregoing statements.—Dr. N. S. Davis of Chicago.

THE CAMP FIRE.

READ CAREFULLY.

You need this paper. You will need it more and more as the prohibition light gets hotter, and the 100,000 voters begin to get in their work. Read carefully what is said about it in column headed "Important" on page 4.

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

Subjoined is a list of premiums, one of which will be mailed FREE, postage prepaid, to any one sending us before January 1st, 1900, the sum of Twenty-five Cents for a new or renewal subscription. The subscriber may select any of the three he chooses.

Any one sending One Dollar for four subscriptions with four names, may order one of the premiums to be sent to each of the subscribers, and may also order an extra premium sent to himself which will also go FREE.

Any one sending Two Dollars with eight names for eight subscriptions may order for himself Two extra premiums, which will also be sent him FREE, besides the premium to which the subscribers are entitled.

Any one who will take the trouble of getting seven friends to join him in taking the CAMP FIRE, may thus secure one of the premiums for each of his friends, and all three for himself.

There is no time to lose. This offer will be withdrawn at the end of December. New subscribers beginning with the December number, will be counted as paid for the whole of the year 1900. They will thus get the Camp Fire thirteen months, and premium selected, for twenty-five cents.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

No. 1. The People vs. The Liquor Traffic. By Hon. J. B. Finch. A splendid argument for prohibition. Neat paper covers, 240 pages. Price 25 cents.

No. 2. Ten Nights in a Bar-room. By T. S. Arthur. Complete and unabridged, in good clean type. Paper cover. Every word of this great story. Price 25 cents.

No. 3. The Widder Doodle's Love Affair and other Stories. By Josiah Allen's wife, and Famous Dramatic Recitations. Two good and attractive books. The first contains fifteen complete stories, and the second a fine collection of the best dramatic selection from the best authors. Price 10 cents each.

Address

THE CAMP FIRE,
52 Confederation Life Building,
Toronto,

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, NOVEMBER, 1899

THE FORM OF THE PLEDGE.

The form of electoral pledge adopted by the Dominion Alliance to be used in the 100,000 voters campaign, is as follows:

We, the undersigned, promise that at the next general election for the Dominion Parliament, we will vote only for such candidates as will agree to do all in their power, if elected, to obtain the immediate enactment of such legislation as will secure the total prohibition of the liquor traffic in AT LEAST those provinces and territories that gave majorities for prohibition in the plebiscite.

This pledge to be null and void unless 25,000 signatures to it is secured.

Some objection has been taken to this pledge on the ground that the signing of it will practically disfranchise electors in those constituencies in which none of the nominated candidates is favorable to the temperance cause.

This will be the case. Herein lies one of the most valuable features of the movement. The greatest political difficulty that prohibitionists have to cope with is the difficulty of securing the nomination of the right kind of men. If the pledge were in any other form, if it were so framed as to allow electors to vote under all circumstances, it would be comparatively valueless. Both parties would simply nominate liquor-favoring candidates, knowing that as the result of this course the prohibition question would be eliminated from the contest.

If the managers of a party know that the nomination of a liquor-favoring candidate will lose them material and needed support they will hesitate about making such a nomination. The pledge movement, if rightly worked, will be immensely valuable in its influence upon nominations.

Moreover, pledged electors, anxious to avoid being disfranchised as suggested, will make an effort to secure the nomination of candidates of the right kind. To enable them to vote, they must in some few cases nominate independent candidates.

The object of the pledge is not to keep men from voting, but to have their votes count for prohibition. Unless there is in the field a candidate favorable to prohibition, the pledged voters must take such wise action as will secure for them an opportunity to be counted on the right side of this question. No less binding form of pledge would accomplish this result.

THE LIBERAL PARTY.

There can be no justification of the unfair treatment which the Dominion Government representing the Liberal party, has meted out to the prohibitionists of Canada.

It must be borne in mind that the prohibition plebiscite was not promised by the Liberal party simply as a method of testing, from an independent standpoint, the strength of public opinion regarding prohibition.

The speeches made in connection with the plebiscite promise assumed, and the people were led to believe, that the Liberal party desired to help the temperance cause, and was ready to enact a prohibitory law if only evidence could be secured that the public opinion favored such action. Liberal leaders distinctly and definitely claimed that their party was more friendly to the temperance cause than was the Conservative party.

The Liberal party won in the last general election on this policy, and with this understanding. Thousands of temperance men believed that if a plebiscite were taken it would show a majority for prohibition, and accepted the plebiscite promise in the belief that it thus opened the way to what they desired. For this reason many of them, who had been Conservatives, renounced their former party allegiance, and supported Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

When the Plebiscite was granted, some critics of the Liberal Government and party, declared that its results would not be fairly dealt with. The temperance men who had faith in the Liberal party, repudiated what they termed a slander. They expressed their confidence that the Government which had taken the supposed step in advance, would stand by its own action. They avowed their faith in the people as to the vote, and in the Government as to the result. When the vote was taken they still looked to the Government to honorably carry out the implied contract.

The result has been a bitter disappointment. Many earnest temperance men feel themselves doubly fooled. They were misled into supporting the Liberal party believing that that party was ready to help the temperance cause. They were misled into working hard in the plebiscite campaign believing that the victory they thus won would redound to the benefit of the cause for which they were willing to sacrifice much.

They began to see their mistake when Cabinet Ministers went out campaigning against the reform which the Government was supposed to favor, and when in many places the machinery of the Liberal party's organization was used in the interests of the liquor traffic. Still they had faith in Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the English-speaking Liberals. All their hopes were dashed to the ground when they were coldly told that they had not polled enough votes to warrant a fulfillment of their expectation, and the Liberal leaders dropped the role of friends of prohibition, without even expressing regret that they did not see their way clear to fulfil the hopes which they had raised, and by which they had benefitted.

No doubt there are many members of the Liberal party who are friendly to the temperance cause. It may even be true that the liquor traffic has so far been mainly opposed to the Liberal party. Nothing can alter the disheartening fact that the Liberal leaders used the temperance sentiment of the best class of the Canadian electorate as a means of obtaining power, and now treat that sentiment with contemptuous indifference giving unjust preference to the wishes of the liquor-favoring minority.

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

The Conservative party in Dominion politics has no record of special effort to help the temperance cause. It has however, up to the present no record of any attempt to use the prohibition sentiment of the community for partisan purposes.

Conservatives freely denounced the plebiscite policy of the Liberals as a scheme to hoodwink prohibitionists and secure their votes. They have now an opportunity to declare that their predictions were right, that the temperance people were duped. They are making good use of the opportunity.

Conservative leaders are busy strongly denouncing the failure of the Liberals to deal justly with the prohibition question, and are calling upon prohibitionists to resent and punish that injustice by putting the Liberals out of power.

As matters stand to-day the Liberal party in Dominion politics has no claim upon the support of those who favor prohibition. Their conduct has merited the punishment which the Conservatives invite us to assist in inflicting.

Unfortunately there is at present no prospect that we can in any way promote prohibition legislation by taking this course. The Conservatives ask us to help them to power, but they do not propose to do anything for our cause when their object has been secured. It is true that they are not holding out any hopes that are likely to mislead us. It is equally true that we are not likely to gain any by a change of Government, unless we would strengthen our position, as some people say we would, by "teaching the Liberals a lesson."

Although the Conservative party is not committed to the enactment of prohibitory legislation by any professions of favor for the temperance cause, or any promise to be guided in its action by the plebiscite, that party is, equally with the Liberal party, in duty bound to deal with the temperance question on its merits, and prohibitionists ask no more than this.

The recognized evils that inevitably follow the liquor traffic, the rightness of the policy of prohibition, the duty of governments to promote the public welfare, the favor of the people for the proposed reform, the results of the Provincial and Dominion prohibition plebiscites, are all facts that ought to have equal weight with statesmen of both political parties. If the Conservative leaders will accept the responsibility of the duty which the Liberal leaders have evaded, if they will undertake to do what the men now in office ought to have done, if they will give the public any reason at all to believe that their advent to power will in any way promote the temperance cause, then it will be the duty of prohibitionists to do all they can to secure the triumph of the Conservative party.

Prohibition-favoring Conservatives, at last election, left their party and supported Sir Wilfrid Laurier, not simply because their party deserved punishment for its failure to promote temperance legislation, but because they hoped by the sacrifice they made to help the prohibition cause. It may be true that temperance Liberals have now more reason for dissatisfaction with their party leaders than Conservative prohibitionists had in 1896. They have however, no other inducement to change their party. Voting Conservative only means punishing the Liberals, not helping the temperance cause.

WHAT THEN?

The temperance cause will not be abandoned. The prohibition fight will go on. The two hundred and seventy-

eight thousand men who voted prohibition in September last, will not give up their fight simply because party politicians do not favor the reform for which the people voted.

Members of Parliament have a right to their own opinions. They must consult their consciences as well as their constituents. To secure full and honest representation of public opinion in Parliament it is therefore necessary that the conscientious conviction of the representative shall coincide with the public opinion of the constituency. Responsibility for the securing of this condition rests upon the constituents.

The plebiscite has made it clear that the prohibition electors far outnumber their opponents is a great majority of constituencies. If these electors will adopt the simple plan of supporting only such parliamentary candidates as are also prohibitionists, the conscientious convictions of a great majority of representatives in the next Parliament will be in harmony with the public opinion that the plebiscite expressed.

A majority of conscientious prohibitionists in Parliament will speedily compel the enactment of a prohibitory law whether party leaders do or do not favor such enactment.

The prohibitionists have deliberately resolved upon this policy. By it and only by it they can win. It will involve for many the sacrifice of party and personal preferences. It will involve the nomination and support of independent candidates in some electorate districts. It will involve in some cases, voting for Conservatives by men who are Liberals, and in others, voting for Liberals by men who are Conservatives.

We need not leave our political parties unless the political parties drive us out. We are with them if they respect the voice of the people and nominate candidates who will do their utmost if elected, to have public opinion embodied in legislation. It is our duty to work harder than we ever worked to secure the election of such candidates.

On the other hand it is equally the duty of loyal prohibitionists to do all in their power to prevent the nomination, and to secure the defeat if nominated, of every candidate who will not agree, if elected, to do all he can to oppose in every legitimate way, the Government's hostile, do-nothing policy in relation to the temperance question.

A GREAT BOOK.

During the year of the Ontario Provincial Plebiscite there was published a magazine entitled THE VANGUARD, filled from month to month with the best obtainable statistics and other statements relating to the liquor question and the prohibition movements, and forcible arguments prepared by the best posted writers on the subject named.

Eleven numbers were issued. They were bound together and carefully indexed making a splendid magazine of material for speakers and workers. A few copies are still left and will be sold to the first applicants for FIFTY CENTS each.

This volume of the Vanguard contains 680 pages. It is well bound in neat cloth boards, and is fairly packed full of just the kind of information that prohibition advocates desire to possess. Its articles discuss every phase of the temperance question, and are accurate and reliable. Only a few persons can be supplied. First come, first served.

Address.

52 Confederation Life Building,
Toronto.

Selections.

A SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD.

There's a skeleton in the cupboard,
Mister Bill;
I can see him peering out
Through the rigs that hang about;
Yes, he's there, without a doubt,
Mister Bill.

There's a skeleton in the cupboard,
Mister Bill;
And it's causing heaps of strife,
Bringing sorrow to your wife,
Blighting, cursing your own life,
Mister Bill.

There's a skeleton in the cupboard,
Mister Bill;
All the children cry for bread,
Your home-coming they all dread,
And they wish that they were dead,
Mister Bill.

There's a skeleton in the cupboard,
Mister Bill;
All your furniture is sold,
After swallowing your gold—
See, it's left you in the cold,
Mister Bill.

There's a skeleton in the cupboard,
Mister Bill;
Landlord says you pay no rent,
To the workhouse you'll be sent,
For on ousting you he's bent,
Mister Bill.

There's a skeleton in the cupboard,
Mister Bill;
'Twas a sorry day for you
When you took that glass or two:
Didn't think 'twould you undo,
Mister Bill.

There's a skeleton in the cupboard,
Mister Bill;
You must twist his neck somehow,
And you had better do it now,
Or he'll be your death, I trow,
Mister Bill.

There's a skeleton in the cupboard,
Mister Bill;
Ask the Lord to give you power
Drink to conquer just this hour,
O'er the skeleton to tower,
Mister Bill.

With no skeleton in the cupboard,
Mister Bill;
You can pay you way, you know;
Respected be where'er you go,
Wife and children happy grow,
Mister Bill.

Now I've given you good advice,
Mister Bill,
And I hope you'll chuck him out
Neck and crop; completely rout
Bunton beer and London stout,
Mister Bill.

—W. Bowen in *War Cry*.

THE MYSTERY OF SANDYCREEK.

BY THE REV. F. DOCKER,

The Tolmarshes were regarded by the people of the little village of Fairfield as a bad lot. They were not far wrong in the unfavorable judgment for the inherited vices of generations seemed to run in the blood of successive members of the family.

At one time the Tolmarshes had been a family of importance in the county, and the effigies of some of them lay locked in stony trance in the ancient parish church. Little property remained for the last heir, young Howard, to inherit, for the splendid estate had been lost by gambling and drinking.

Unfortunately young Howard Tolmarsh inherited the family vices, and was a notorious drunkard.

A great moral and spiritual change passed over him, however, largely owing to the influence which the squire's beautiful daughter, Kate, had exerted upon him.

A Gospel Temperance mission had been held in Fairfield, and Miss Barrowdale had taken a leading part in it, visiting the people and giving invitations, as well as singing solos in the tent erected on the village green, in which the meetings had been held.

She had a slight acquaintance with young Tolmarsh, and she pressed him to attend.

"Are you going to sing, Miss Barrowdale?" Tolmarsh asked laughingly.

She intimated that she was.

"Oh, then I'll come."

Tolmarsh went to the meeting, and from that night he was a changed man. He became an enthusiast in religious and

temperance work, and joined with Kate in her efforts to reclaim her neighbours.

By-and-bye there grew up between them a strong human interest, which in course of time became something stronger. Tolmarsh feared to declare his love for the squire's beautiful daughter, for what had he to offer her?

And yet, somehow, he did declare his love, and to his joy found it was reciprocated by Kate.

Then, in cooler moments, he felt as if he had taken a mean advantage of her.

At length he determined, as an honorable man, to acquaint Squire Barrowdale of his affections for his daughter, and the fact that she had accepted his suit. He felt that his religion demanded such an honorable course of action.

Accordingly, he visited Kate's father, and made a clean breast of the whole matter.

Squire Barrowdale had very little sympathy for his daughter's religion, and while he did not prevent her taking an active part in the revival that was going on in the village, he regarded it with very little favor. The squire held shares in a large brewery concern, which was the real cause of his opposition.

He had heard of young Tolmarsh's conversion, and he exclaimed, coldly—

"I'll give him a month. It won't last." When the young man approached him with his story of his love for his daughter, Barrowdale received him coldly.

"What have you to offer my daughter Mr. Tolmarsh?" he asked.

"Nothing, sir," was the candid reply; "but I can work."

"And you think it the part of an honorable man to encourage the affection of an inexperienced girl, sir?" demanded Mr. Barrowdale.

"You are right sir," replied Tolmarsh, his eyes fixed in the ground. "I ought not to have harboured such a thought, considering what my past has been, and something like a sob escaped his quivering lips.

"I have not usually found that fanatical teetotalers are strong on the point of honor," sneered the old man.

"Will you grant me a favor, sir?" Tolmarsh asked. "If I should be able to win a position worthy of your daughter, will you then grant me your daughter's hand?"

Despite this cold exterior the squire had a great love for his child, and he would not willingly give her pain, so he replied, after some time of silence—

"If such a thing would be conducive to my child's happiness I do not say I would consider my present decision."

Tolmarsh was glad even of this concession, though he felt how reluctant the very people who had pulled him down by their interest in the drunk traffic were to help him rise when he was tired of the swine trough.

Soon after the interview with the squire, Tolmarsh set sail to Australia, in the hope of winning a competency there. Fortune smiled upon him, and in about six years he was able to return and claim the hand of Kate.

He returned home an even more manly man than when he had left the old country, and the possessor of substantial wealth.

The means by which he had made his fortune so quickly were easy enough of explanation.

He had entered into partnership with an old settler in the gold fields, in Western Australia, and they had purchased a claim and dug for gold.

For five weary years they had toiled hard, and the claim had yielded little or nothing. Then came a strange experience. Tolmarsh's partner, an old man named Peter Pearson, mysteriously disappeared from the workings.

Tolmarsh who appeared to have become deeply attached to him, made diligent search for him, all to no purpose. He had disappeared as mysteriously as if he had melted into vapour.

Time went on, and Tolmarsh continued to work the claim, and almost immediately after the old man's disappearance the mine began to yield a splendid output. It was evident that the young man had struck a rich vein.

Tolmarsh's fortune seemed doubled, for only a little while before his disappearance Peters, who had no relations, had given his companion the sole right to his claim in the event of his death.

Tolmarsh went on working, and making inquiries amongst the men of the camp to whom he expressed himself as eager to find his old companion. It was a moment of sweetest rapture when Kate

greeted her lover with the love light of her sweet smile, and the confidence that nothing could now separate them from each other.

Her father could not go back upon his word, for Howard Tolmarsh had more than fulfilled the stipulations he had laid down for winning his daughter's hand. Six years of honest toil proved that he had sloughed off the old habits, and was established in a new life, while he had also earned a competency. So he freely gave his consent to his daughter's union with this representative of what had once been a respectable family.

Only a few days remained before the happy event would be consummated. Harold was busy engaged in making preparations, and he and his betrothed had driven over to a town some few miles distance from Fairfield.

On the way Kate remarked upon a vehicle which she had noticed following that in which they rode, but keeping all along the rode at an even distance from them.

The dog-cart contained two men, and as Tolmarsh turned to look at them he remarked, casually, "I have no idea who they may be, but I have lately noticed either one or the other of them about the village. Fairfield doesn't often have visitors, but these gentlemen, I believe, have taken up their quarters at the hotel.

Tolmarsh thought no more about the matter, and they returned to his fiancée's home.

Kate had alighted from the dog-cart, and had gone into the house, while Tolmarsh was giving directions to the groom. At that moment the two gentlemen, whom Tolmarsh had seen following them, stepped up to him, and one of them, laying his hand on his arm, said—"I hold a warrant for your arrest, Howard Tolmarsh."

Tolmarsh looked at him incredulously, and exclaimed—"A warrant for my arrest, my man. You are mistaken!"

"No, here it is!" answered the man doggedly, at the same time presenting the document which he commenced to read. The purport of it was that he, Howard Tolmarsh, was charged with having murdered one Peter Pearson on or about September 18, 18—, at Sandycreek, South Australia.

"Murdered Peter Pearson!" exclaimed Howard, with a mocking laugh, and was about to say more when the officers of the law administered the usual caution that what he said might be used in evidence against him.

The first feeling of the bewildered man was one of indignation, but he saw that was useless, and so he requested that he might be permitted to soften the blow for Kate by sending her word that urgent business would detain him for a time, and so he sent a message to her to that effect by the groom.

Tolmarsh was at once driven to the county town some few miles distant, and lodged in prison, previous to his removal to Australia for trial.

The young man was confident of easily clearing himself from the suspicion that rested upon him.

Squire Barrowdale visited him in prison, at his request, and listened to the charge against him.

"And you say that Pearson left you his share of the claim in the event of his death?"

Tolmarsh assented. "Singular!" said the old gentleman. "A most unfortunate coincidence!"

"But you don't suspect me of having committed this—this devilish crime, do you, sir?" demanded Tolmarsh, hotly, and the indignant blood mounted to his brows.

"I was not aware of having said that I suspected you of anything, Mr. Tolmarsh," answered the old man, coldly. "Only, in the case of your being put upon your trial, it would supply a motive for such a crime;" and the squire turned his cold, searching grey eyes full upon the young man's face.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Tolmarsh, leaping to his feet. "I thought the story was too impossible for anyone to believe, least of all you, sir."

Mr. Barrowdale was easily persuaded to believe that Tolmarsh was guilty. He called himself a fool for having permitted himself to believe in the young man's reformation.

"No, no," he exclaimed, "such a man cannot reform. Can the leopard change its spots?"

"My child," he said to his daughter.

"forgot him. He has basely betrayed you," and the broken hearted girl bowed her head in anguish.

"But, papa," she murmured, "the court of law has not convicted him. May he not be innocent? I know him as you do not, and his very tones were sincerity itself."

"Child," said the old man, sternly, "you do not know how black the world can be, nor how the devil can transform himself into an angel of light. You are innocent of its sins."

Kate was not permitted to see her lover again, and he was taken to Australia for trial. The result of the trial of Tolmarsh, on suspicion of having murdered Pearson, was not of a satisfactory character.

The jury did not feel the evidence strong enough for a conviction, though they had little moral doubt but what he had committed the murder.

There were one or two links missing in the chain of evidence, but the general verdict of the people was that, if ever a man richly deserved hanging, Tolmarsh did, and he had only escaped by the devil's good fortune that seemed to have come to his help, as it used to be believed good fortune came to a man who had sold himself to the devil.

After the trial Tolmarsh escaped as far as possible from the haunts of his fellow men, and he went into the bush to live its wild life.

Still, the reformation had been so thorough that though all seemed lost to him he did not return to his old evil habits.

One day a stranger came into the camp in which Tolmarsh was living. Tolmarsh sat apart from the rest of the fellows, in moody silence, and the men were grouped round the camp fire, talking together.

Suddenly a word fell on the young man's ears, recalling him to himself. The stranger was saying: "That Sandycreek affair was about the biggest mystery I ever knew. But it's cleared up."

Every other sense in Tolmarsh's being was lost in that of hearing.

"Yes," the stranger went on, "they have discovered Pearson's body, and it is proved he died a perfectly natural death; he wasn't murdered at all. It's this way. It seems Pearson had been subject to a sort of epileptic fits, and he lost himself at times, and so he seems to have wandered into the bush, which, you know, was close to Sandycreek, and heaven help the man that wanders into the bush, even with his seven senses, let alone when he is half daff. They've identified the body by his watch and some papers on his clothes, and now they want the chap that was said to have murdered him. Poor fellow, they're full of pity for him now, though it's precious little he got when he was suspected of the murder. But that's about the way of the world. It's a wonder they didn't hang him. I've been told by some of the fellows that were on the jury that they were within an ace of doing so, the case looked so black against him."

Tolmarsh emerged from the shadows in which he had been hidden, and stood in the light of the fire, his whole frame vibrating with excitement.

"Tell me what you know, man," he whispered, in a thick voice, and the men half rose from their seats, thinking that Tolmarsh was suddenly bereft of his senses, for his aspect was like that of a man who had lost his reason.

The man again related the story. "I am Tolmarsh," that gentleman exclaimed, when the stranger had finished.

"You're Tolmarsh!" answered the stranger, "Then I'm in luck's way, friend, for there's a reward of £500 on you. 'Tain't exactly like that on the head of Tim Kelly, the outlaw; but it's offered by a gentleman in England—I forget his name—for any body that can give information concerning you. But there it is, and he drew from his pocket a greasy cutting from a newspaper. "Barrowdale, that's it; do you know anybody of that name?"

Tolmarsh sat down overpowered with emotion, and sobbed like a child for answer.

Six months after the wedding bells in the tower of Fairfield Parish Church were ringing with delicious joy, and the mystery of Sandycreek had cleared up, amidst the light of bridal festivities, and Howard Tolmarsh never regretted that by the help of God he had been able to keep true to his Temperance pledge through all the dark days of trial.

—Alliance News.

A SPLENDID WORK.

The results of the work of the British Army Temperance Association for the year ending March 1899, as just published, constitute a remarkable endorsement of the principle of total abstinence. The Yorkshire Post summarizes and comments upon the record in the following terms:—

"Lord Roberts was evidently acting with wisdom and discretion when he decided some years ago to do what he could to make the Army Temperance Association a success. The officials of the association are rejoicing over the recently completed report for 1898-99, which is satisfactory all round. The membership in March, 1898, was 20,364 while the total for March, 1899 stood at 22,280."

"A complete list, numbering 1,995 names, is given of soldiers who kept the pledge inviolate during the north-western frontier and Tirah campaigns. Of the Gordon Highlanders who so highly distinguished themselves, no fewer than 227 were strict teetotalers."

"But the more important statistics are those supplied by the courtesy of the Adjutant-General of India. They are calculated to show how the members of the association compare with the other members of the army. Of the convictions by court martial, 77, or 4.12 per 1,000, are accredited to members, and 1,777, or 36.38 per 1,000, to non-members. Summary punishment for insubordination 741, or 39.70 per 1,000, are accredited to members, and 4,500, or 93.22 per 1,000, to non-members."

"These figures seem to bear out the contention of the Duke of Connaught and Lord Wolseley that the work of the association tends to the diminution of crime, and therefore is to be welcomed as a great help to the army."

A FEARFUL RECORD.

The Department of Labor at Washington has recently issued a bulletin (No. 24), edited by Commissioner Carroll D. Wright in which statistics are given of the police arrests in all our cities of 30,000 and upwards. The statistics for the most part are for the police year 1898.

They are 140 cities in the country having the required population, and the record of which is given in the compilation.

According to the figures, there were 294,820 people arrested for drunkenness in these cities alone—almost ten times as many men as now comprise our army in the Philippines.

This crop of drunkards, from these 140 cities alone, would make up five armies each as large as the combined British and Boer forces in South Africa.

If this great army of drunkards were marshalled for a parade, marching twenty abreast, it would require four and one-half days, marching ten hours a day for them to pass a given point. And these drunks do not include the arrests for "disorderly conduct," "assault" and a dozen other offences which grow out of the legalized rum business. The total arrests for all causes in these cities was 915,167. Counting the moderate estimate of three-fourths of these as being the victims of the lawful saloons, it would require more than a week's marching, twenty abreast for the great procession to stagger past a reviewing stand—and the rum product of only 140 cities heard from.—*Voice Correspondence.*

WISE WORDS OF A WISE MAN.

Unfortunately there are many worthy, representative people who encourage the liquor trade. But call to your minds the reforms which have blessed mankind, and you will find that at some time during their progress they encountered the opposition of good people. The respectable, good, conservative people have often been the chief bulwark of great public wrongs. What we call the upper classes are seldom the backbone of a reform. They are usually the last to come to its support. It is due them to say, however, that when they come their influence, wealth and respectability help to give success and permanence to the reform. But it is well to keep in mind that the great and the respectable are often hostile or indifferent to wise and just movements.

It is no argument against any reform that it makes headway slowly among the ruling class. No matter what the

leaders of the people may say or do; no matter what law or usage may sanction—every custom and every trade must be judged by its power to help or hurt the people as a whole. By this test the drink custom and the drink trade are wrong. This is our authority for total abstinence and prohibition.

"Those who say prohibition is an attempt to coerce men to sobriety, or to reform them by law, misconceive entirely the scope of prohibition. Righteous legislation undoubtedly creates an environment conducive to the moral improvement of individuals, but the primary purpose of prohibition is not to prevent them from injuring themselves, but to prevent them from injuring others."

If the effects of drinking and selling were confined to those who drink and sell there would be no prohibitory laws. It is because these effects go beyond the drinker and the seller, inflicting horrible sufferings upon innocent persons and producing public calamities of wide spread extent, that prohibition is justifiable. On this broad ground the battle must be fought.

The battle must be fought to a finish in politics. When we consider the relations of the individual to the drink, that is temperance; but when we consider the relations of the government to the drink trade, that is politics. Prohibition is a political issue and involves a radical change in party lines.—*V. B. Cushing in Kentucky Star.*

MODERATION.

Moderation is the ploughing, planting cultivating process, excess is merely the truitage. A brewer candidate some years ago claimed our vote because he was just as temperate as we were in habits. We felt then, and we feel now that the most degraded drunkard is less guilty before God, and more worthy of honor and esteem, than the man who thrives upon the drunkard's degradation, or the citizen who consents and lends legal sanction to the process.

The rum shop, the outlet for the distillery and the brewery, is the proximate occasion for all men to drink, and drinking is the proximate occasion of drunkenness for the majority of men. The gilded bar-room is demanded and sustained by the moderationist with the assent or coquetish remonstrances of the churches. There could be no excess without moderation.

It does seem to us like obscuring the issue to say that excess shortens the average of life, when insurance statistics fasten the crime upon moderation, and physicians of the highest eminence say that "one of the commonest things in society is, that people are injured by drink without being drunkards," or that "Health is always in some way injured by it, benefited never"; or that seventy per cent., or more, of patients in London, Eng., Halifax, N.S., and Montreal hospitals owe their ill-health to alcohol and not to "the excessive use."

It is estimated that there are about 1,800,000 drunkards in the world. The licensed bar-room sells to them, and can be relied upon to kill them in ten years. If they had no successors drunkenness would cease. The moderationists at the end of ten years will have furnished another 1,800,000 of suicides, of beings with body, mind and soul wrecked.—*Forward.*

THE RED FROCK.

Never shall I forget that cold November night. The wind whistled through the glittering boughs of the bending trees, and searched for access in every crevice of our little cottage. I sat before a poor fire, just finishing a bright little dress I had been making over for little Molly from one some kind lady had given me a few days before. Those tiny yellow stars on the red ground—I see them now. It was to be the prettiest frock Molly ever had, and I could hardly wait till morning to see how she would look in it—bright and sweet, as I always wanted my children to look, instead of wandering around in dull, faded patched clothes always. Johnnie sat by the cradle asleep over his book; and Tom was trying to work out his arithmetic lesson alone. Some potatoes in a covered dish stood by the teapot before the fire; and, when tired of waiting, the door at last burst open. I knew the unsteady step. The children drew up together in one corner, and their father staggered up

to me, saying, "Why do you keep on sewing? where's my supper?" And snatching the little red chintz frock from my hand, he threw it, with a mocking laugh, into the fire. With an angry word of impatience, I caught it in time to have saved it, when it was thrust back into the flames, and I was pushed out from the door into the dark night.

Too proud to go to a neighbor's house, I walked on in the darkness until I reached the old maple, a few rods from my home, and there I knelt and offered up a fervent prayer to One who sees all and knows all the miseries of earth. Well for us there is an eye that never sleeps, an ear ever ready for the prayer of the destitute. How long I pleaded and wrestled for strength I do not know; but peace came into my heart—a strange feeling, something above me and yet of and within me. I had yielded my heart and will in that hour, for the first time, to my Father in heaven. I could testify to His power over mortal grief as I stole back to the house. I looked in at the window. My husband lay asleep on the floor. I crept in. Molly had not waked; the boys had gone to bed, and I followed them, and strangely enough, went to sleep.

"Where's Molly's new dress?" asked Johnnie next morning, before his father had gone out to his work. A slight shake of the head, to command silence, was not enough. "Did you get it done?" Johnnie asked.

"Molly want pretty red frock," put in the little curly head, who slept through that and many a previous trouble.

"It isn't ready for you yet," I said in a hurried, choking voice, with a stolen glance to see if my husband had noticed the conversation.

His cheek was crimson. He remembered some of the incidents of last evening, then how much I could not tell, but he left with a more tender word of good-by than for many a day before.

When he came home that night he told me he had signed the pledge. A gentleman had met him that day and had a long earnest talk with him, he said, and wanted his name on the pledge. "I put it down at last, in a bold round hand; but it wasn't his eloquence, Molly; it was last night's horrid work."

It was a long time since I had seen such a resolute look on John's face. But the news was great and sudden. I knew the pledge alone wouldn't save him, and I burst into tears.

"Don't you believe me, Molly?" he said. "I've done it, and I'll keep it."

I don't know what I said, but I knelt down, and he knelt by me; and I prayed as earnestly as I did the night before under the ivy maple tree; and he wept as well as I that night. For three months he kept his pledge, resisting a great temptation. Yes, the men who had been "hail fellow" in his misery now beset him and tried every art to win him to his old haunts again. If I should read this to some one else, I might say it was overdrawn, but it was too true. One night he yielded. I heard his old unsettled step, and voices with him, and when he was brought in I felt undone. Then I asked for faith, such faith as I had in that first forsaken prayer; it took more faith to bring peace now, but it came. I cared for him tenderly that long, bitter night. The next day he looked the most desolate, forlorn, wretched of men. At night I waited for him with a trembling heart. But no step came, either to bring hope or despair. At midnight I fell asleep over the weary watch. At daybreak he had not come.

Days passed, and then weeks. I quieted my children, fed them, did what I could to comfort them, and left the rest with God. At last there came a letter. He had got us a new home in a place where no liquor was sold. He had work, and had not tasted any spirits since he left home. I rented the brown cottage, for we owned it, and went to my husband. He had a neat little house ready for us on the border of a lake, just out of a pleasant town.

"I could not live," he said, "where I was subject daily to temptations. For your sake I was not too proud to own it—but I could not run from the tempter. You will bless God, with me, that there are places to be found where no license can be had to send men to perdition."

The story is a true. Molly is teaching the village school, and does not know the story of the little red frock—the turning point of her life.—*Mrs. J. P. Ballard in the Nat. Tem. Advocate.*

IMPORTANT.

TORONTO, 1899.

DEAR FRIEND,—

You are respectfully requested to carefully examine **The Camp Fire**, a neat four-page monthly Prohibition paper, full of bright, pointed, convenient facts and arguments; containing also a valuable summary of the latest news about our cause. It is just what is needed to **inspire workers and make votes.**

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