

THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

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THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

V. G. RAMSEY.

It was a little farm house nestled down among the hills. It would have been a pretty place if there had not been about it a look of neglect and decay. The hills were bright with sunshine or charming with weirdly shifting shadows. It was May. The apple trees, that all winter had shivered in the cold, showed that Spring had come. The brown coats had fallen away from the buds, and the soft green leaves were peeping out. The daffodil under the window was pushing up its yellow tips, and under the pine trees by the wayside the mayflowers showed their fragrant blooms. O yes, but for the trail of the serpent, it might have been a pretty and happy home.

A little girl not more than seven years old, stood on the door step. She wore a tattered calico dress and old boots that might have been her mother's. Her eyes were blue, and a mass of golden brown hair lay uncombed over the shoulders. You would have called her pretty, only her face was so thin and sad. She held a few wet sticks in her arms, and gazed with tear-dimmed eyes down the rough road that lead over the hills to the village.

"The doctor is coming," she said, after a while. "I see his gig and the gray horse." Then she opened the door and went into the house.

The doctor drove up, tied his horse to a tree, and went in. The child that we saw at the door was putting the wet sticks into an old, cracked stove that puffed and smoked but gave no heat. In one corner of the room was a low bed with ragged covers, on which a pale woman lay with half shut eyes, a little baby on her breast.

The doctor walked straight to the bed, and taking one of the sick woman's hands in his, placed his finger on her wrist. He had been there before, and had left his patient a few days ago, as he hoped, in a fair way to recovery. Turning to the child he said sharply, "Elsie, where is your father?"

"I don't know," she said, "he has not been home in three days."

"Who takes care of your mother and the baby?"

"I do the best I can, sir," a great sob almost choked her "but since mamma does not speak I do not know what to do."

"What do you give her to eat?"

"She told me how to make gruel; and she ate some, and I ate some, too; but the flour is all gone, and we have had nothing to day."

The doctor sprang to his feet. "Is it possible?" he cried. "You are starving!"

"Yes, sir"—the tears began to flow—"the baby cried this morning, but she has been still since; and mamma has not spoken. I think they are asleep, but I am very cold and hungry."

"No fire and no fuel!" said the doctor, examining the smoking stove.

He went back to the bed and took the baby up. "Dead," he said, as he laid it back. Then he found a cup and a little water, and, pouring something from a vial which he took from his pocket, he put it to the woman's lips.

"Too late!" he said, "She cannot swallow."

Just then a woman with a shawl over her head opened the door. She had come from a farmhouse half a mile away.

"I felt uneasy," she said, coming forward, "and thought I would run

over and see how Mrs. Wells is getting along."

"Look!" cried the doctor, "here's a sight which you have never seen before in this Christian land! Misery, starvation, and death! And the brute whom this woman called husband, and the father of these children, is doubtless drunk at the saloon over there." He threw out his hands with a fierce gesture towards the village.

Mrs. Allen cast a look on the bed and comprehended the situation. "Merciful God!" she cried; "must such things be? I feel it in my heart to curse the vipers who are selling the water of death and taking the bread from starving women and children."

"Curse them! Yes, curse them to your heart's content! Every curse will be echoed in heaven."

"But, doctor, who licenses these men? They say they are doing a lawful business—that their license fees helps to support the government, to increase the school fund, to make our roads and build our bridges. My heart is sick, and I feel that there is a fault somewhere besides in the liquor-sellers. Are we all partaking of their sins?"

The doctor's face grew crimson. "Here's work for you," he cried. "This child must be fed or she will go with her mother." He took little Elsie from the floor where she had thrown herself in a passion of tears.

Mrs. Allen saw that she had started a subject on which the doctor did not wish to converse, and wisely said no more; but set herself to search the closet for something eatable. "The Lord have mercy," she cried; "there is nothing, not a crumb here! I must go home and get things."

"Yes, yes!" cried the doctor, "jump into my gig. Old Gray is steady, but don't be afraid to let him go quick. I will stay with the dying woman. She won't last till you get back."

I need not continue the story. Imagination will supply what follows. A pauper funeral, a besotted, half-crazed mourner, who is sober enough to realize in some degree, the awful ruin which he has brought on himself and all that were dear to him. He feels an impulse to struggle with his fate, to break his chains and escape, but despair paralyzes him. He knows he will be tempted and he cannot resist temptation, so he must drift on, on, down to perdition. The helpless little one that clings to his hand in heart-breaking misery and destitution cannot save him. While the door of that saloon stands open, and the breath of hell comes to him from it, he will go in leaving her to perish as her mother has perished.—*Morning Star.*

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS

It is sometimes difficult to arrive at an intelligent understanding of the status of Temperance and Prohibition in Kansas because there are extremists on both sides whose testimony is far from reliable. The advocate of the open saloon keeps the air filled with violent protestations that the prohibitory law is a total failure, while his radical opponent is equally vociferous of his opinion that it is an abiding success. As a matter of fact both these are right and both are wrong. Each can demonstrate the correctness of his opinion by selecting portions of the state from which to collect his evidence. There is much that is successful about prohibition, there is much that is not; but a careful survey of the sixteen years' trial which Kansas has given the law, will disclose to any unbiased mind that the good outweighs the evil.

To thoughtful people the question will not turn upon whether the law has been perfectly or imperfectly enforced, so much as upon whether its influence has been good or bad through the period of its existence. Viewed in this aspect there can be little question that it has been an abundant success.

During its operations Kansas has, undoubtedly, taken, on a condition of

temperance which is little less than astonishing when the bibulous habits of her former days are taken into consideration. In the absence of other reasonable grounds the clamor of the prohibitionists that this temperance reformation was due to prohibition, would seem to be a substantial one.

Twenty years ago Kansas was consuming as much liquor per capita as any State in the Union. It was the fashion for everybody to drink. Political conventions were oftentimes but another name for good old-fashioned drunks. It was rather commendable than otherwise for the candidate to hold an intimate acquaintance with the flowing bowl.

The saloon was the rendezvous of the politician and the birthplace of platforms and politics. The saloon-keeper was himself a power, and shaped in a large degree the destinies of the community in which he plied his avocation. He levied tribute upon parties and candidates with the imperiousness of a Caesar. He was an outlaw in the sense that he disobeyed the statutes of his State with the same frequency and persistency as his successor, the joint-keeper. He sold liquor to drunkards; he sold liquor to minors; he sold liquor on Sunday; he sold liquor after hours fixed for closing; he sold liquor on election days; and in short, he insolently refused to brook the restraint which had been placed upon him in any direction.

It is hardly necessary to say that such a picture would not now fit Kansas. Her political conventions of the present are a model of sobriety and good order. The candidate can find no surer road to overwhelming defeat than to become known as a hard drinker. The drinking place is no longer the rendezvous for the politician. When he goes there he first furtively looks about to discover if he has been observed.

The Kansas joint, as it at present exists, is not the political power of its ancestor, the saloon. It is an unattractive den, hidden away somewhere in dirt and squalor, and its owner is not of the stamp to have influence, either political or otherwise. The glass and warmth and cheer have given place to the repulsiveness of dirty floors, dingy walls, foul smells, and darkness of garrets, or cellars. It is no longer gay and debonaire for the young man to be seen emerging from one of these places; it is a circumstance which covers him with distrust and suspicion. With these two pictures in mind, it is hard indeed to say that the results of Prohibition have been anything but wholesome.—*The Topeka Journal.*

CHILDREN OF DRUNKARDS

If the evils of intemperance were limited to the lifetime of a drunkard alone, the consequences, however disastrous, would not yet be so dreful as when viewed in the light of hereditary. The children of drunkards rarely possess normal constitutions. A specialist on this subject has tabulated his observations in the *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety*, basing his investigations on twelve families of inebriates and twelve of temperate people.—

	Drinkers.	Temperate
Number of children	57	61
Deaths under one week old	25	6
Idiots	5	0
Dwarfs (stunted in growth)	5	0
Epileptics	5	0
Chorea, ended in lunacy	1	0
Deformed and diseased	5	0
Hereditary drunkards	2	0

Another writer states that "recent studies of alcohol cases show that over 60 per cent. are directly inherited.

—*Alliance News.*

WASTE AND DECAY

All the alcohol in the world will not contribute a drop of blood, a filament of nerve, a fibrilla of muscle, a speckum of bone, to the human economy. On the contrary, there is death in the cup, waste of strength, decay of substance, destruction of tissue, degeneration of function, material death.

—*Dr. Norman Kerr.*

ONTARIO W.C.T.U. CONVENTION

DEAR WHITE RIBBONERS:

Before closing your meetings for the summer vacation, we would remind you that on account of the World's and Dominion Conventions being held the last week of October, our Provincial Convention has necessarily to be held at an earlier date than usual, namely, October 12th to 15th. For this reason, it would be advisable for all local and county annual meetings to be held in August, or early in September, at the latest, in order that your work may be fully reported. In some cases perhaps this might cause more or less inconvenience, but if your arrangements could be made *at once* it would obviate any difficulty in this respect.

The Provincial Executive asks your loyal support in making the coming convention one of the most successful ever held.

You will remember that last year we accepted the invitation given the previous year by Guelph to meet in that city, but since then, on account of a large missionary convention to be held there in October, they found it would not be convenient to entertain both. Ottawa invited us, as did also Brantford. While cordially thanking the former city for the kind invitation, the Executive decided to go to Brantford, as we met East last time.

A word about Brantford may not be out of place just here. It is a pretty city, possessing many attractions, and places of interest well worth a visit, and no doubt arrangements will be made for the delegates to see them. Its W.C.T.U. was one of the first organized in Canada, and has done grand work. Its people are kind and hospitable, and will give the members of the Provincial Union a hearty welcome. In making your arrangements for attending the series of W.C.T.U. Conventions, be sure to plan for *Provincial FIRST*, everything else secondary.

It is extremely important that there should be a large attendance at Brantford as we are anticipating the plebiscite, an issue which we have been looking for, hoping for, and working for, for years. Now we are likely to be granted it, no stone must be left unturned to make the issue not only in favor of Prohibition, but overwhelmingly, and conclusively so. It appears that the consideration of this question has been postponed until next session of Parliament, which will delay its submission for another year. It will not do however for us to settle down, and let the time slip by without doing anything, but rather take advantage of the extra opportunity thus afforded, to develop plans of work and arrange for carrying them out.

Our W.C.T.U. has been a very potent factor in the progress of temperance reform, and at the present juncture it behoves us to make our influence felt to the fullest extent. We hope therefore that from all our Unions there will be as large a representation as possible sent to Brantford in October.

Don't forget the date! Oct. 12th to 15th.

By order of the Sub-Executive.

Yours cordially,

JENNIE CAVERS,
Vice-Pres., Ont. W.C.T.U.

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, JULY, 1897.

THE PLEBISCITE.

Church Conferences, Synods, Unions, Assemblies and other bodies, have been holding their annual meetings. In nearly all of them the prohibition question has been under discussion. Many of them have passed resolutions relating to the proposed plebiscite campaign. Declarations have been made mainly regarding two points, (1) the form of the plebiscite, (2) the duty of Christians in the contest.

There has been an overwhelming expression of disapproval of any complication of prohibition with other questions. Attention has been forcibly called to the fact that the political leaders who are promoting the plebiscite, declared their intention to have it taken on the simple subject of prohibition, free from entanglement with other political issues. Very forcible statements have been made demanding an honorable fulfilment of this understanding. There is no doubt at all that the Christian churches are opposed to anything else than a square vote on the straight issue.

In this connection it may be noticed that there has been in many quarters an avowed acceptance of the plebiscite, as an opportunity for promoting the temperance cause. Different bodies so worded their resolutions as to declare or imply approval of the plebiscite proposition. It must be remembered that temperance organizations did not ask for this vote. It is all the more interesting to note that temperance workers have declared themselves ready, when challenged to the ballot box test of preparedness for the enactment of a prohibitory law.

It would hardly be possible to frame more definite deliverances than those that have been made regarding the duty of Christian voters in the plebiscite. Almost unanimously have temperance and church organizations united in calling upon their members to do all possible in a supreme effort for the annihilation of the legalized traffic. Never was there a more general array of the different agencies working for the up-lifting of humanity in a solid phalanx of aggressive hostility to our country's curse.

All this is full of encouragement. Our prospects to-day are even brighter than they were a year ago. It may be that the results will show that the plebiscite delay has been after all a benefit, that the postponement by Parliament of legislation will give us that legislation in a better form, and will give us just the time needed for full preparation for the great conflict that will soon be upon us.

THE ALLIANCE CONVENTIONS.

At the time of writing this article, the prospects for the success of the Dominion Alliance Conventions in Toronto, on July 13th and 14th unusually bright.

Credentials have been received from about a score of Provincial Temperance Organizations, Synods, Conferences, etc., appointing delegates to the Council meeting on the 14th. It is known that a number of other bodies have appointed representatives whose credentials have not yet come to hand. The Council meeting will no doubt be the most thoroughly representative in its character that has yet been held. It will be just such a body as ought to be convened in view of the present important situation, with the great plebiscite campaign ahead of us.

There have also been received a large number of lists of delegates to the Ontario Provincial Prohibition Convention to be held on July 13th. This body will have on its hands not only the duty of arranging for plebiscite organization, but also other important duties imposed upon it by the present position of the temperance cause in Ontario. The Ontario Government at its last session failed to carry the Legislature with it in important propositions for improvement of the license law. Methods must be devised to secure from the Legislature a fairer recognition of public opinion in regard to this matter. An election for the Legislative Assembly is not far away, and if temperance electors can in no other way secure the legislation which they have a right to expect, they must organize for the return of a Legislature abreast of public opinion, and willing to crystalize as far as possible into law, the strongly declared hostility of the Ontario electorate, to the liquor traffic.

The Provincial Convention will open at 9 a.m. on Tuesday, 13th in the Horticultural Pavilion. Delegates who prefer to do so may go straight to the Pavilion upon arriving in the city. Arrangements will probably be made by the Toronto W.C.T.U. by which meals can be obtained on the premises. Delegates remaining over night may then secure hotel accommodation later in the day. Delegates may take the street cars from the Union Station and conductors will instruct them how to transfer so as to reach the Pavilion.

One of the features of these conventions will be the public mass meeting in the Horticultural Pavilion, on Tuesday evening, which will be addressed by Rev. Dr. Carman, President of the Methodist General Conference, Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, and a number of other leading representatives of different denominations and interests. There will no doubt be large audiences at this and all the other convention meetings. Friends of our cause are earnestly urged to attend as far as possible, and in every way do what they can to make these meetings widely known and successful.

DOES IT PAY.

BY REV. D. V. LUCAS, D.D.

The liquor traffic contradicts every principle of political economy. When our politicians make a study of this great question which is now being considered by many, they will find this traffic to be one of the greatest hindrances to national prosperity; a clog to the wheels of the commonwealth; an incubus; a great wen or tumor on the neck of the body politic. No child grows because of a tumor, though if he be otherwise sound he may grow in spite of it.

No thanks to the liquor traffic for national prosperity, or even for the smallest contribution towards it.

What are the two great pillars on which the commonwealth rests? Muscle and money.

These are twin sisters which should ever go hand in hand. The State suffers when they do not.

Of these twin sisters, muscle is the elder born, because there was muscle before there was money.

The fish swings his tail gracefully in the water. What is it worth? Nothing—absolutely nothing, until you touch him with the power of human muscle.

Coal, by millions of tons, lies beneath your feet. What is it worth? Nothing, absolutely nothing, until you pour elbow grease upon it.

The tall pine bends with perfect rhythm in the wind. What is it worth? Nothing absolutely nothing, until the muscled axeman swings his edged implement against it.

God has ordained that nature should, in crude form, confront our race, to be turned into usefulness and wealth only by the application of human muscle to its crude condition.

Paralyze that muscle under alcohol and what is it worth to the state? Paralyze it again and again, until finally you turn it into your jails, and what is it worth to the State then? Instead of being, as it should, a wealth producer it becomes a wealth destroyer. It becomes a burden to the State, clogging the wheels of the commonwealth, instead of helping to roll it on to higher and greater prosperity.

What is that healthy young man worth as a wealth producer? I look at my own father, who settled seventy-five years ago on land worth three dollars per acre. When we carried our venerable father to his grave a half-century later, that land was worth one hundred dollars per acre. Here was wealth production. What raised the value of that land from three to one hundred dollars? My father's muscle, his neighbors, about him.

What is such a young man worth to the State? Well, I should say at least \$5,000.

Turn such men into criminals by the thousand, as the traffic in intoxicants does (and who dares to deny it?), and see how you wrong the State. Turn such men into corpses long before their time (and who dares to deny that you do?), and see how you rob and wrong the commonwealth.

A young couple in Lower Canada, thirty years ago, married and went into the hotel business. About fifteen years later the husband drank himself to death. The wife secured a license renewal and went on as before, marrying again a year or two afterward.

Some five years after her husband's death, her two sons drank themselves to death.

I said, "Please don't tell me they drank themselves to death if they died of typhoid fever or some other disease."

"Oh," was the reply, "you can tell that they literally drank themselves to death. There was no disease but drink."

Some three years later the second husband kill himself with drink.

We all expect to live to seventy years. Why? God has so taught us "the days of our years are threescore and ten."

Look! Those four men should have lived 280 years in all.

Sum up the years of their actual lives, and deduct that sum from 280, and find that your liquor traffic has robbed you from under one roof only of more than 100 years of muscle, which should have joined yours in making your country more prosperous and wealthy. Then we encourage our Legislature to vote \$175,000 a year for immigration purposes; that is, to bring over the sea more muscle to take the place of what we have destroyed by our stupidity.

DOMINION W. C. T. U.

LITERATURE DEPOSITORY,
56 ELM STREET, - TORONTO.

A large and well assorted stock of leaflets on hand, for use of temperance workers and members of W. C. T. Unions. Temperance literature for distribution in Sunday Schools, on Juvenile Work, Sabbath Observance, Systematic Giving, etc., etc., always in stock. Orders by mail promptly attended to. MRS. BASCOM,
Manager.

LITERATURE FOR THE PLEBISCITE CAMPAIGN.

TORONTO, 1897.

DEAR FRIEND,

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

The contest upon which we are entering, will be largely a literature campaign. Printed matter tells. It does its work continuously, silently, fearlessly and well. No form of literature is so generally read and so potential as the up-to-date periodical. It comes with the force and interest of newness and life. For this reason the form of a monthly journal has been selected.

This journal will be in every respect reliable and readable. Every article will be short, good and forcible, containing nothing sectional, sectarian or partizan. The literature of the old world and the new world will be ransacked for the most helpful and effective material. The price is very low.

Such literature will convince many a man whom his neighbors cannot convince. It will talk to him quietly, in his own home, in his leisure moments, when he can listen untroubledly, when he cannot talk back and when the personality of the talker cannot interfere with the effect of the talk.

It will ply him with facts, arguments and appeals, that will influence, instruct and benefit him. It will set him thinking. This is half the battle. Its wide circulation will swell the victory that we are about to win. This is its object.

To make it available everywhere, orders will be filled for any number of copies of any issue, on the following terms, sent by mail or express, all charges prepaid:—

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Your help is asked in this great work. Every society should subscribe for and distribute hundreds of copies. This is the easiest and surest plea of making prohibition votes. Orders should be sent in before the first of the month for which the papers are wanted.

For those who desire to keep up systematic distribution on a smaller scale the following method is submitted.

Twenty-five copies will be sent to any one address every month for six months, for ONE DOLLAR, payable in advance.

On no other plan can a small investment be made to produce so much of educative result. One hundred and fifty copies may be placed in as many homes, and have more than HALF A THOUSAND readers. One dollar will cover this placing of the claims of our cause before five hundred people. Ten dollars may reach FIVE THOUSAND. WILL YOU HELP US?

Address,

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

A POISON.

Alcohol is a poison; in chemistry and physiology, this is its proper place, it kills in large doses, and half kills in small ones. It produces insanity, delirium, fits. It poisons the blood, and wastes the man. The brain suffers most injury, both in structure and function; but there is no vital organ of the body in which there is not induced, sooner or later more or less disorder and disease.

—Professor Miller.

NAKED LIGHTS.

THE TYPICAL CRIME OF THE UNIVERSE.

THE HISTORY OF A REFORM THE QUESTION OF IGNORANCE AND SELFISHNESS MORAL SUASION AND LAW THE DUTY AND RESPONSIBILITY OF THE CITIZEN.

Naked Lights is the title of a pamphlet on the liquor traffic, written by Rev. J. C. Aked, one of the ablest English advocates of the prohibition cause, and published by the United Kingdom Alliance. It is a masterly and irresistible a gem that ought to have a very wide circulation.

The following article contains the greater part of it, and will be found full of forcible suggestions making an admirable pulpit or platform reading. Every line of it is worthy of careful consideration.

One hundred men are employed in a cockpit. It is immensely to their advantage, so they think, to use naked lights. They can see better by their aid than when they are using the safety-lamp. In holling, in boring, in getting, they declare that the extra light that they secure is of unquestioned benefit. Travelling along the long galleries the saving in time is considerable. Altogether, the common use of naked lights is to them, on this showing, a manifest gain.

But there are considerations on the other side. The use of naked lights involves risk of explosion from time to time. And explosions take place, and lives are lost. Dependent upon the dead men have been wives and children. Some of the men working in the pit at the time have been badly wounded, not killed. They are cripples for life. The widows and orphans become a charge upon the community of those that are left. So also do the cripples who will never work again. So do the injured during the time that they are in hospital. Those who are living and working must support the bereaved and the helpless. Moreover, before they can get to work again some weeks or days must be spent in repairing the roads and the roof; and their industry is in this way still further taxed. Agreed, say they: we find a gain in the use of naked lights; these things are a set-off against the gain; but on the whole we prefer to run the risk, to take the loss, to carry the burden; we shall go on with our use of naked lights. They are as one man upon the question. There is absolute unanimity. They say, - We decide for the naked lights.

After repeated experiences of this character, one man's eyes are opened to see a little further into things. He begins to see and say, It is all very well for us to deliberately choose to run the risk and to carry the burdens. But it seems to me that we are making other people who have not been consulted run risks and carry burdens, too. What about the women whose husbands have been killed; the men agreed to face the chance of death, I know; and I know, too, they knew at the time what they were doing. But is that right to the wives at home? Have the tears and the pangs and the agonies of the loving wife, whose heart is broken, whose years are buried with her husband's mutilated body, nothing to say? Then there are the children. Have we a right to bring children into the world, and then expose them to the cold mercies of charity? Have we a right to deprive them of a father's care? Have we a right to practice for our own benefit that which will deprive them of their legitimate protectors, and fling them helpless upon the world orphaned of a father's love? These are matters into which I feel bound to dig a little deeper.

Then he further sees and says, - Why there are children not yet born, but soon to be born! And their fathers are dead, and their mothers are broken in health and spirits. Those children will probably be weaker in body and worse in disposition for this sorrow of their mother's during their pre-natal life. And when they are born, they will have to live as paupers upon the bounty of men. I can't get away from the idea that the unborn have some claim on us. What conceivable right

have we to penalize them in mind, body and estate from before the very moment of their birth?

Then the man's thoughts run back to the economics of the little community, and he begins to figure out the cost of the policy which he and his fellows have adopted, and in which they persist. Then he proclaims to as many as will heed, We have been making fools of ourselves. We lose a great deal more than we gain. Whatever gain may result from the use of naked lights, it is perfectly clear to me that, on any fair reckoning the losses are immeasurably greater. Reckon up the cost of maintaining those who are injured, the cost of doctoring them in the hospital, the cost of maintaining the women and children who come on to us when our mates have been killed. Reckon up the time we lose when there has been an accident and the breakdown gangs are at work. Reckon up everything, and you'll be mad with yourselves for making such a blunder.

Then he says, I am not prepared to run the risk of these burdens. I won't do it. I am not going to pay any part of the cost of maintaining widows and orphans and cripples. I am not going to use a naked light myself, and I am not going to have part of my labor exploited by a set of blunderers who go on paying a sovereign for a shilling's worth of pleasure.

But this man is one of the community. He can't get out of it. He is *there*. And there he will have to stay. And whether he likes it or lumps it he will have to take the same risk as the others, and he will be forced to pay his share of the cost of maintaining their system of naked lights.

Will any thinker dare to say that the community has a right to force the individual to run such risks, and to tax his labor in this way?

But the man continues to protest, to plead, to preach, and to pray. He protests that as they are one body they cannot take these chances without involving him in loss; and he protests against being penalized in defiance of his wishes and convictions. He pleads for the women, for the children, for the unborn, for the helpless and dependent. He preaches a larger conception of duty, of patriotism, of humanity. He prays that the spirit of the Living God may give wisdom to those who are sinning against their fellows in ignorance, and grace to those who are continuing in selfishness. He gathers a number of men like-minded with himself, and they swear before God that they will never touch a naked light, and that they will never in any way be a party to their use. They determine to concentrate the remainder of their lives to the task of persuading others to a like resolve. And they cherish the hope of a distant season when the community shall abandon what they themselves now perceive to be a wicked and suicidal policy, and shall prohibit the use of naked lights for evermore.

Will any thinker dare to say that these men are wrong in abstaining, are wrong in their propaganda, are wrong in cherishing the hope and in keeping before their view their great ideal?

The community is run upon democratic, upon self-governing principles. Its life is settled by the vote of the people, and the properly ascertained will of the majority is law. When the earnest few have become the powerful many, when the minority has become the majority, and when the majority declares upon a proper vote the three risks are no longer to be run, that naked lights are no longer to be used, will any thinker dare to say that they have no right to act upon their resolves?

But that is prohibition

Is there a flaw in this reasoning? I submit that there is not. Substitute "intoxicating liquors as beverages" for "naked lights," the nation or the race for this community of colliers, and the case for prohibition is made clear. The case is that the common sale of intoxicating drink does such harm to the whole community, and not merely to those who take the drink, that in its own interests and for its own protection the community has a right to prohibit the sale.

The appeal then, is to fact. Is it or is it not a fact that vice, poverty, crime, insanity, disease, all follow upon the open sale of intoxicating drinks? The evidence that these do follow in appalling and heartrending magnitude is overwhelming. Were a man to say that he did not know that these resulted from such sale, we should know that he was lying. Then is it or is it not a fact that vice, poverty, crime, insanity, disease, all tax the

life-forces of the nation not of the afflicted, the poverty stricken, the criminal only, but of the nation. There is no man living in this country to-day, possessed of sufficient ability to think at all, who does not know that in innumerable calls upon his private charity, in police-rate, in taxes, and in a thousand ways, he is called upon to carry these burdens. I, who do not drink, am called upon to pay heavier rates and taxes because other people do drink! I protest against the compulsion.

The attack upon our pockets is not the phase of the attack which we resent most. We are spending our lives, many of us, in the effort to make the world a little better and brighter for those that shall come after us, to make a little smoother the path upon which the feet of other generations shall tread. We are tired of poverty, of squalor, of ignorance and dullness and stupidity, of the wretchedness of women and the degradation of men. Our hearts bleed when we look upon the misery of child life, cursed from before its birth. We die daily as we look upon "infancy which knows no innocence, youth without modesty or shame, maturity which is mature in nothing but suffering and guilt, and a blasted old age which is a scandal to the name we bear. We want to change all this. We want to open out life and liberty to all the sons of men. We want to make possible for all a life in the world, the good and the beautiful. We want to make men free of the world's best health and wealth, to endow them with the liberty of the glory of the children of God.

And the common sale of intoxicating liquors renders our work a thousand times more difficult, nay, renders it for ever and for ever impossible while the sale goes on. While we are trying to make men happy and to teach them to be good, other men, for their own selfish ends, are changing men into brutes and earth into hell. The bar-room damns ten souls for every one that the churches save. It cannot be right, and nothing can make it right, that all these forces of love and pity and philanthropy, the life forces of any nation, should be perverted and rendered barren by the wanton selfishness of the careless, the ignorant, the indifferent, and the bad.

Consider these further elements of danger to the body politic. We stand committed to democracy, but imagine a democracy in whose veins runs beer-drink-soldien, muddled and fuddled, men dealing with the problems of national life and determining the destinies of a nation. A community whose wealth is absorbed and whose politics are dominated by the liquor traffic. A sovereign people delivered body and soul to be the bond slave of the brewer and the rum seller.

We are thrust into the competition of men and nations. What place are we to hold? Nations whose blood is sluggish with drink, whose brain is alcoholised, whose nerve force and vitality are sapped by dram drinking are doomed to go under in the onrush of a healthier and sober and purer stock.

We are dreaming of combination that will be better than competition. We are talking of the federation of mankind. But the essential condition of combination is that we shall be worth combining with. Strong, pure races will be accorded and will take the lead, to the displacement of races that are lower and weaker in the social, moral and intellectual scale.

In such a view it is not the personal injustice done to the individual which now looms large, it is the danger to the community. The common sale of intoxicating liquors is a crime against the Nation. The license system is treason against the State. It is more: it is the typical crime of the universe - the crime which consists in seeking one's own pleasure or one's own profit with absolute indifference to the cost of the pleasure or profit to other people. Its cost is human suffering. The price of it is the price of blood.

This crime must be stopped. The law, which prohibits the use of naked lights in the coal-pit, can prohibit the common sale of intoxicating drinks.

While we practice and preach total abstinence for the individual, we shall work and pray and vote for total prohibition for the State. If we are true to ourselves and our fellows in this great conflict, we shall win a glorious victory in the redemption of our nation from this foul and fatal bondage. We shall array the mighty power of law in defence of Right, and in hostility to Wrong.

TWO KEGS OF RUM

Late one autumn a whaler on her return voyage brought up in front of a populous village on an island in the northern part of the Behring sea. A lively trade ensued with the natives, who were anxious to make their bar-gains quickly and go in pursuit of the walrus which were now passing, and which every year provided the winter's food supply. But in addition to the legitimate articles of trade a couple of kegs of strong rum were put ashore, and the schooner sailed away for San Francisco with all the wealth of the village.

By the time the natives had finished the rum and got over its effects the walrus had all passed, there was no supply of food put up for the winter, and ice was beginning to drift in the sea. The result was inevitable. The next whaler that called at the island was able to take home an interesting collection of bones and skulls of the Eskimo type to an ethnological institution, but there was no man, woman or child left alive on the rum-stricken island to tell the story of starvation and death. *From "Through the Sub-arctic Forest," by Washington Pils.*

CAMPAIGN EQUIPMENT.

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

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GIVE US A TRIAL.

Selections.

OUR GRAND CRUSADE

God bless our grand crusade
Destroy the liquor trade.
And give right laws;
Long have our teachers taught,
Firm have our workers wrought,
Brave have our champions fought.

Hard is the foe to reach,
Almost in vain we teach
The pledge will save.
Men like the drink so well
Old customs weave their spell
Heredity will tell,
Cradle to grave.

Strong is the foe we fight,
Might battles sore with right,
On heaven we call!
Thousands of drink-shops stand,
And daily drain the land;
Oh, from this deadly band
God save us all.

Most crafty is the foe,
As all its victims know,
By strivings vain;
Wine mocks by seeming power,
And strength saps hour by hour;
It robs of life the flower,
And blights with pain.

But temperance holds the field,
And makes the Drink foe yield
By pledge and vow,
"God wills it!" was the cry
In Red Cross days gone by,
Raise we our voices high,
"God wills it now."

Bro. John Stuart.

IF YOU KNEW.

If you knew the dreadful story of that
sparkling cup you're drinking,
How it drags a man from virtue
down to dark perdition's brink,
Yes, and wrecks his brain and body,
leaves no trace of good remaining—
You would never dare to touch a
drop of the accused drink.

If you knew the crime it genders, how
it makes a man a devil,
How it prompts to deeds of evil such
as mind could hardly think
If you knew the sickening scenes that
mark the drunkard's midnight
 revel,
I know you'd never touch a drop of
the accursed drink.

If you knew the grief, the anguish, if
you heard the bitter crying
Of the piteous, pleading hearts now
doomed in black despair to sink—
As you saw that host of victims on
Rum's bloody altar dying,
You'd swear to never touch a drop
of the accursed drink.

If you knew how many souls were
hasting on to woes infernal,
If you knew how hell rejoices as
each staggers o'er the brink—
You would pledge your sacred honor
at the throne of the Eternal
That you'd never, never stain your
soul with the accursed drink.

God forgive the man or woman who by
thoughtless word or doing
Dares uphold the glittering wine
cup! Let that man or woman
think

That he who thus provideth hath
become with guilt accursed
A partaker in the evil of the soul-
destroying drink.

Rum's Horn.

THE DRUNKARD'S RAGGIT WEAN

[The following tender lyric was very
popular twenty-five or thirty years
ago. It was written by James Paul
Crawford, a native of Katrine, Ayr-
shire, Scotland, and attracted the
attention of Queen Victoria. It has
been sung to the old tune "Castles
in the Air."]

A wee bit raggit laddie gangs wan-
rin' thro' the street,
Wadin' mang the snow wi' his wee
hacket feet,
Shiverin' i' the cauld blast, greetin' wi'
the pain,
Wha's the puir wee callan? He's a
drunkard's raggit wean.

He stann's at ilka door, an' he keeks
wi' wistful e'e
To see the crood aroun' the fire a' lau-
chin' loud wi' glee;
But he daurna venture een; tho' his
heart be e'er sae fain,
For he manna play wi' ither bairns,
the drunkard's raggit wean.

Oh, see the wee bit laddie, his heart
his unco fou,
The sleet is blawin' cauld, an' he's
droukit through and through;
Hes sperrin' for his mither, an' he
wun'ers whaur she's gane
But, oh! his mither she forgets her
puir wee raggit wean.

He kens nae father's loue, and he kens
nae mither's care,
To soothe his wee bit sorrows or kame
his tautit hair,
To kiss him when he waukens or
smooth his bed at e'en,
An', oh! he fears his father's face, the
drunkard's raggit wean.

Oh, pity the wee laddie, sae guileless
an' sae young,
The oath that leaves his father's lip 'll
settle on his tongue;
An' sinfu' words his mither speaks,
his infant lips 'll stain,
For, oh! there's nae to guide the
bairn, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Then surely we micht try an' turn
that sinfu' mither's heart,
An' try to get his father to act a
father's part,
An' mak' them lea' the drunkard's cup,
and never taste agam,
An' cherish wi' a parents' care, their
puir wee raggit wean.

GOOD TEMPLARS ON PRO-
HIBITION.

The Good Templars of Ontario de-
clared their position on the prohibition
question at their annual session last
month in no uncertain form. From
their forcibly expressed deliverances
we quote the following paragraphs:

"That the liquor traffic is at present
involving, and has in the past involved
an enormous waste of our natural re-
sources. It is a terrible and continued
disgrace to any community and to
our Christian civilization. It burdens
our citizens with a fearful load of
poverty, disease, suffering, mortality
and crime; and every effort should be
put forth to have the liquor traffic
immediately suppressed by effective
prohibitory legislation.

"That the necessity of electing sound
prohibitionists to the House of Com-
mons has been emphasised by the
judgment of the Imperial Privy Coun-
cil re-affirming the position that the
Parliament of Canada alone can pass
a total prohibitory measure.

"That this Grand Lodge earnestly
calls upon all Good Templars to work
in the coming plebiscite for prohibi-
tion, offering as it does, a splendid
opportunity of disseminating instruc-
tions regarding prohibition as well as
of registering the will of the people of
Canada on this great and all-important
question apart from all political com-
plications.

"That we strongly oppose the sug-
gestion of the liquor party that the
question of revenue should be coupled
with that of prohibition, as most
unfair to the temperance people, believ-
ing, as we do, that the only honorable
way to present it to the electorate is to
give the people an opportunity to give
a reply to the simple query, 'Are you
in favor of the total prohibition of the
liquor traffic in the Dominion of
Canada?'

"That it is the duty of all Good
Templars to take steps wherever
practicable to secure the enactment of
local option laws in their respective
localities, so as to banish this in-
iquitous traffic from their immediate
vicinity.

JENNY LIND AND THE DISSIPATED
MUSICIAN.

The only person I ever met who knew
Jenny Lind in her childhood was Max
Bronzden, an old musician. I asked
him to tell me of her, and the old man's
furrowed face became radiant with a
smile. "Remember her," said he, "she
has been the angel of my life; the
memory of her voice was my salvation.
She and I were once alike poor. We
were young and happy. Hand in hand
we used to wander in the fields and on
the hills of Sweden. . . . Years
passed, and she became the idol of
princes and kings, and from afar I
worshipped her, as I would worship a
star in yonder heaven. I tried to keep
pace with her, but failed. I became a
victim to strong drink, and with that
vile passion ambition was buried. In
1840 I was passing Her Majesty's
Theatre in London. I was sober enough
to recognize the clear, ringing trill
that thrilled me in my boyhood
days. I was penniless, but I de-

termined to enter and hear that voice
once more. I watched my chance. A
crowd of ermine-clad men and women
were passing in. I rushed into the
throne, evaded the ticket agent and
gained entrance. In a shadowed recess
I crouched and listened. Lucia Di
Lammermoor was the opera, and she
was Lucia. I saw her appear in the
first scene joyous and happy. Every
part of the character she portrayed
with heart-reaching truth. Then came
the climax of her powers, her ultimate
madness—the crushing of the heart
and mind which produced the death
scene in the last act. For a moment
there was thrilling silence, then a
tempest of applause that made the
house tremble. It was then I forgot
all—forgot that I was a debased vaga-
bond—forgot the throng and the lights
and all save that I saw the little bare-
foot girl of my boyhood's idolatry a
queen among men. I rushed forward
and cried, 'Jenny, my little Jenny! I
told you so. I said that you would rule
the word with that voice. Speak to
me and tell me that you remember.'
'Put him out! put him out!' shouted
the multitude. 'He is mad, away with
him.' A strong arm seized me, and I
would have been hurled out into the
darkness, but a sweet voice cried,
'Spare him, and let me hear him.
What is it, poor man?' I looked up
and, like an angel of light, she stood
above me. 'Forgive me, madam, I
cried, 'I was passing and heard your
voice. I stole my way in. It seemed
I had a right to listen. Once the birds
and I were your only auditors, and yet
when I told you one day you would be
great, you seemed glad at my praise,
though I was only Max, the black-
smith's son.' Bending over me, she
cried, 'Max Bronzden, my first and
truest friend, stand, let this vast
throne look upon you. It was he,
said she, 'who first created ambition in
my heart to become great. My stage
was a lichen-covered forest log, and he
showered upon me wild flowers that I
prized more than I now prize the jewels
and rare gifts that are emblems of my
triumph to-night.' 'Rise, my friend,'
said she to me, 'and be worthy of the
trust and confidence that I will ever
give you in all the future years. I
struggled and conquered all difficulties.
It is not too late. Be no longer a vaga-
bond, as you say you are, but be a man
worthy of my friendship. 'I could
scarcely speak,' said the old man, 'but
honestly I uttered 'With God's help I
will.' The house had been silent as
death, then it suddenly burst into
tumultuous applause, and the curtain
fell. I left that place a new man, with
new aspirations and courage, and in
all the years since that night, nearly
half a century ago, I have been a hero
and a conqueror of sin. I have lived
true to my words?'—*Woman's Work.*

SAVED BY A KIND WORD.

He had lost all responsibility, and
was a common gutter drunkard. His
family had disowned him, and would
not recognize him when they met him.
Occasionally he would get a job at the
stables where Dr. Davis kept his horses.
One morning the doctor laid his hands
on his shoulders, and said, "Jim, I
wish you would give up the drink."
There was something like a quiver on
the man's lips as he answered, "If I
thought you cared, I would, but there
is a gulf between you and me." "Have
I made any gulf, Jim?" "No, you—
haven't." "If you had been a mil-
lionaire could I have treated you more
like a gentleman?" "No, you
couldn't." "I do care, Jim." There
were tears in the eyes of the man now.
"I do care, Jim," with a tender
emphasis on the Jim. "Dr. Davis, I'll
never touch another drop of liquor as
long as I live; here's my hand on it."
This was fifteen years ago, and Jim is
to-day a respectable and respected
man, and an earnest Christian.—
Scottish Reformer.

"BEEF-STEAKS FOR EVER."

At the National Prohibition Con-
vention at Newcastle, England, the
veteran worker Mr. Thomas Whittaker,
on being called upon for an address,
said he would tell them a story.
At one time, while standing in a
wagon with some temperance friends,
and about to address a crowd gathered
about it, he said:
A man in the crowd called out,
"Look here, canny man!" I looked
there—he was drunk. "Look here,

canny man!" I looked again. "A
quart of ale is better than a quart of
water for a working man." I said
"Say it again, brother; say it again."
I was not quite ready for him.

He did so, and then Mr. Whittaker
said, "You have not put it right. A
quart of ale in that hand costs you
sixpence; a quart of water in this
costs you nothing. To start fair you
must have sixpence in the hand where
the water is." George Charlton, the
butcher, was in the wagon. I said,
"Now, take the sixpence and go to my
friend George Charlton's and ask him
to give you as nice a piece of steak for
id. as he can. Then go to Mrs. Bell,
next door, and get a pennyworth of
nice potatoes. On your way home
go into a baker's shop and get a penny-
worth of bread. Now, you have spent
your sixpence. I hope your wife can
cook your potatoes and beefsteak, and
serve it hot with a hot plate and a
little pepper and salt, and while you
are eating your beefsteak and hot po-
tatoes, tell me, wagon men of New-
castle, whether a quart of ale is better
for a hard-working man than a quart
of water. And the multitude cried
out, 'Beefsteaks for ever!'"

GERMANY.

According to the official statistics,
recently published, the number of
breweries in operation in the German
beer tax Union during the government
year 1895-96 was 7,068, compared with
7,225 the previous year, a decrease of 157.
Their total production amounted to
37,732,866 hectolitres, an increase of
3,759,016 hls. for the year.

The net receipts from the beer tax for
the Union amounted for 1895-96 to
34,633,413 marks, an increase of
2,654,753 marks compared with the
preceding year.

The production and taxation of beer
in Bavaria of 6,502 breweries was
16,034,092 hls. of beer. The net amount
of tax collected was 33,794,246 marks.

In Wurttemberg, with 6,252 breweries,
the total production of beer was
3,885,481 hls. The total receipts from
the beer tax amounted to 9,179,935
marks.

The 1,629 breweries in operation in
Baden produced, 1,913,385 hls. The total
receipts for beer tax were 6,240,699
marks.

Brewers in Alsace-Lorraine produced
996,775 hls. of beer, and the revenue
from the beer tax was 3,193,342 marks.

—*National Temperance Society Annual
Report*

A DEADLY THING.

Alcohol, like chloroform, is a narcotic;
it is in no sense a food; it reduces the
animal heat and force; overtaxes the
heart; weakens the muscles; paralyzes
the brain and nervous system generally;
destroys the vital organs; induces many
bodily and mental diseases; implants
evil influences which pass from one
generation to another; lessens the happi-
ness and the usefulness, and shortens
the life of every generation that indulges
in its use. If by any miracle England
was made sober, the average value of
life of the people would be increased one
third.—*Sir B. W. Richardson.*

WINES OF FRANCE.

The total production of French wines
amounted last year up to 982,867,110.68
gallons. This is much greater than the
mean average of the last ten years; that
is, from 1887 to 1896, inclusive, namely,
671,597,028.69 gallons. The vintage of
1896 is, therefore, the most important
after that of 1893.

Moreover, in the ten first months of
1896 no less than 134,069,273.22 gallons
of wines were imported into France,
from Algeria, from Italy from Portugal,
from Spain, from Tunisia, forming an
important addition to the French stock
of 1896.

Later on, from official information, it
became known that Algeria had, in the
year 1896, a total vintage of 95,655,226.22
gallons, out of which 65,623,111.73 were
consumed or separately by Algeria.

Add to these several quantities others
made from raisins and the sugar wine
and we have a total of 1,230,945,821.52
gallons.—*N. T. Advocate.*