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THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of The Temperance Reform.

VOL. 2. No. 4

TORONTO, ONT., OCTOBER, 1895.

25 CENTS PER YEAR.

This issue of The Camp Fire has special reference to the drink traffic as a cause of crime. The November number will discuss the Liquor Traffic as a Cause of disease and death. It will have valuable statistics. Don't miss it.

A NEW PLAN OF WISE WORK FOR RICH RESULTS.

BY W.C.T.U.'S—YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES—TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS—AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS GENERALLY.

[We carried prohibition in Maine by sowing the land knee-deep with literature.—NEAL DOW.]

THE CAMP FIRE is a carefully prepared budget of the latest and soundest campaign literature, bright and telling sketches and poems, and a summary of recent temperance news, put in the taking form of a monthly journal.

It is specially adapted to meet the popular demand for cheap, fresh, pointed, pithy Temperance Literature, for gratuitous distribution by our workers and friends.

Its articles will be short, good and forcible, containing nothing sectional, sectarian or partizan. It will be an inspiration and an educator wherever it goes.

This paper 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 uninterruptedly.

It will talk to him strongly when he cannot talk back, and when the personality of the talker cannot interfere with the effect of his talk.

It will bring before him facts, arguments, appeals, that will influence, instruct, and benefit him.

It will set men thinking—this always aids our movement. It will do good wherever it goes. Its circulation will be a blessing to those who give it and those who receive it.

You can greatly help it by subscribing at once for some copies and planning for their distribution.

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

CRIME CAUSE.

In an address before the Ministers' Union, at Cleveland, Judge Logue, of that city, bore his testimony to the relation of drink and crime. He had been Judge of the Police Court for four years, and during that time 40,000 cases had come before him.

"Last year," he said, "of the cases brought before me 4,297 were cases of intoxication, the smallest number for any year during my term of office. The year before there were 4,950, and previous to that 5,380. Four-fifths of all the cases brought into court were the result of intoxication. While the charge on which the offence was examined may have been other than intoxication, the evidence brought out the fact that the use of liquor is responsible for all but a small per cent. of the crime that is committed."

This testimony is daily reiterated, and is conclusive. Every judge could give the same evidence.

The only way to stop this avalanche of crime is to prohibit the poisonous incentive.—*Exchange.*

WHAT HAST THOU DONE?

That little children wail and starve and perish and soak and blacken soul and sense in our streets; and that there are hundreds and thousands of the unemployed, not all of whom—as some would persuade us—are lazy impostors; that the demon of drink still causes among us daily horrors which would disgrace Dahomey or Ashantee, and rakes into his coffers millions of pounds which are wet with tears and red with blood—these are facts patent to every eye. Now, God will work no miracle to mend these miseries. If we neglect them, they will be left uncured, but he will hold us responsible for the neglect. It is vain for us to ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" In spite of all the political economists, in spite of all superfine theories of chills and purse saving wisdom, in spite of all the critics of the irreligious, still more of the semireligious and the religious, press, He will say to the callous and the slothful, with such a glance "as struck Gehazi with leprosy and Simon Magus with a curse:" "What hast thou done? Smooth religionist, orthodox churchman, scrupulous Levite, befringed and bephylacteried Pharisee, thy brother's blood crieth to Me from the ground."—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

ONE OF MANY.

"I knew a gentleman who married a sweet and lovely girl. She was very devoted to him, and when she discovered his dissipated habits she endeavored to shield him. When he stayed out at night, she would send the servants to bed, while she waited and watched for him; and then in her night dress, and a pair of slippers on her feet, she would glide down very gently and let him in. One night he came home later. The servants were in bed. The house had a front door, then a marble vestibule and then an inner door. She opened the one, stepped upon the cold marble and opened the outer door. The drunken husband entered, seized her by the shoulders, swung her around, opened the inner door, quickly passed through, and locked it before his wife could enter. She would not speak or cry out, lest she would disgrace her husband before the servants. In the morning she was found with her night dress drawn under her feet, crouching in the corner, almost chilled to death. On her deathbed she told her father all about it, or the circumstances would never have been known. There is much that is never known, as well as a vast amount of misery and degradation that does crop out, and which is startling in its reality."—*John B. Gough.*

ONE THING THAT COUNTS.

I do not write in the interest of any political party as such; but let us keep it before the people that in the warfare against the saloon there is but one thing that counts, and that is the ballot. We may talk of the thousands and millions of treasure that are worse than wasted annually in paying the liquor bill of the Nation; but what does the liquor dealer care for that? The work of the saloon still goes on.

We may tell of the vast army of distillers, brewers and saloon-keepers, who are engaged in the soul-destroying liquor business of this country; but what does the liquor dealer care for that? The work of the saloon still goes on.

We may deplore the fact that hundreds and thousands of young men are annually falling victims to the ravages of the liquor traffic all over the land; but what does the liquor dealer care for that? The work of the saloon still moves on.

We may depict the sighs, tears, heartaches, and heartbreaks of fathers and mothers, on account of drunken sons and ruined daughters; but what does the liquor dealer care for these things? The deadly work of the saloon still goes on.

We may demonstrate the awful truth that hundreds and thousands of our young men are annually going down to a drunkard's perdition; but what does the liquor dealer care for that? The death-telling work of the saloon still goes on.

None of these things move the liquor dealer; none of these things count.

But I rejoice, Mr. Editor, that in this conflict there is one thing that does count and that one thing is the ballot in the hand of the free citizen. It is this, and this only, that alarms the liquor dealer; it is this, and this only, that is to strike the death-knell of the saloon in this country.

O that the Christian voters of this land would awake to the fact and govern themselves accordingly!—*Western.*

DRINK AND CRIME IN LIVERPOOL.

According to the writer of an article on drink and its terrible results in Liverpool, Dr. Carter took a decided part as one of a deputation to the magistrates some months ago. He laid emphasis on the cost to the city in jails, workhouses and hospitals, of the enormously excessive trade in alcohol. Some years ago two great evils were tackled with much effect—gambling houses and houses of ill fame. But 1,837 public houses remain and 241 beerhouses. And some of the results are as follows: 7,000 habitual drunkards exist in Liverpool. Last year 15,054 persons were arrested in the streets for drunkenness. According to the City Coroner, 110 persons died in the same year from excessive drinking, 174 children were overladen in bed, and 21,000 cases of personal injury and disfigurement, arising in nearly every instance from drink, were treated at the hospitals and public dispensaries.—*The Lancet.*

AN ARGUMENT.

To be a drunkard is wicked. To make a drunkard is wicked. To make a drunkard maker is wicked. To make a law that makes a drunkard maker is wicked. To help to make a legislature to make a law to make a drunkard maker is wicked. So the whole business of drinking or selling liquor, or establishing saloons, or legalizing them, or voting for legislatures to license them is wicked. It is not merely a mistake or an error, but it is desperately wicked. Neither can one excuse himself, or palliate his wickedness by saying that he was more concerned about money than financial questions, or that many others and more excellent men as well as saloon

keepers and their patrons, voted his way. The number engaged in a crime or sin does not affect the personal guilt of each. Let all learn our individual responsibility for the liquor traffic.—*The Temperance News.*

COMPENSATION.

The Royal Commission on the liquor traffic, while reporting against prohibition, coupled with that declaration another to the effect that, if prohibition were enacted, compensation should be provided for those liquor traffickers whose business would be interfered with by the new legislation. This feature is another indication of the bitterness towards the prohibition movement expressed in the report and manifested by a majority of the commissioners all through their inquiry. Prohibition, when secured in Canada, will be secured without any further indemnity from those whom it has impoverished to those whom it has enriched.

It is true that the country would be vastly benefited by prohibition, to an extent that would more than make up for any amount that would be paid for the proposed compensation, and some friends of the temperance cause have argued that buying off the traffickers would be a cheap and quick way of getting rid of the traffic. This position is taken by some strong prohibitionists who do not consider that the traffickers have any just claim for compensation. They advocate it merely as a question of expediency not as a matter of right.

It is a short-sighted policy. In all public affairs we have to deal with the unwillingness of the people to submit to taxation. Misuse of the money raised by such taxation would, of course, intensify this feeling. Loading up the question of prohibition with a condition of compensation means inviting for it public disfavor and hostility.

The politician who went before the Canadian people to-day advocating the appropriation of public money—that is the taxation of the people—for the endowment of retiring liquor dealers, would simply be courting political extinction.

The advocacy of compensation at the present time is practically the strongest kind of hindrance to, and attack upon, the progress of prohibition.

DRINK IN AFRICA.

The Imperial House of Commons has been discussing at some length the question of the liquor traffic in Africa. Great injury has been done by the almost free importation of liquor which has produced terrible effects among the natives. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain stated that he was anxious to prevent the importation of all spirits into uncivilized countries, but it was difficult to do so. Great Britain wished to have a duty of 10s. 6d. per gallon imposed upon such liquor, but France and Germany would only agree to 6d. per gallon. The British were practically compelled to keep their duties as low as other countries in the territory under their protection, otherwise trade would go to the neighboring protectorates. It was the old story over and over again. The government felt compelled to tolerate the admittedly ruin-producing liquor traffic because of the financial benefit that resulted from it.

WORK IN DENMARK.

The Danish Temperance Society, with the consent of the education department of the government, has sent copies of an admirable book on alcoholics, designed to assist the work of the school in promoting temperance, to all teachers. This work clearly shows the danger of the weaker fermented liquors as well as the distilled spirits and the fallacy of alcohol as a remedial agency.

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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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, OCTOBER, 1895.

CRIME IN CANADA.

In a carefully prepared statement relating to crime in Canada, compiled under the direction of Mr. Geo. Johnson, the Dominion Statistician, is given the following table showing the total number of convictions for crimes made during the eleven years 1882 to 1892.

Year.	Convictions.
1882	31,305
1883	33,388
1884	29,536
1885	33,909
1886	33,876
1887	34,453
1888	37,049
1889	38,431
1890	38,540
1891	37,415
1892	34,007

Total. 383,459

Of this vast number of convictions, 133,371 were for the offence of drunkenness. It is well known that a great proportion of other crimes may be traced directly to strong drink. There were 27,794 convictions for violations of liquor laws.

JUVENILE CRIME.

One of the saddest features of this sad criminal record is the number of mere children who are convicted for crime. Another sad fact manifested in the government figures is that juvenile criminality is on the increase. In nine cases out of ten juvenile criminals are so because of parental neglect and the street education that ensues. This parental neglect is in a great majority of cases traceable to the intemperance of one or both parents.

In the official tables already mentioned, we have not any record of the proportion of juvenile criminals to all criminals. These tables however, give us this information in relation to the very serious crimes known as indictable offences. From the years 1884 to 1892 inclusive the total number of convictions for such serious offences was 32,948. Of the persons so convicted 9,133 were under 21 years of age. No fewer than 3,915 were under 16 years of age.

Discussing this question in his report, Rev. Dr. McLeod of the Royal Commission on the Liquor Traffic, says, "One of the most serious charges made against intemperance and fully sustained, is that it creates such conditions of hereditary and environment as to make it almost impossible for a large proportion of children to be anything else than

paupers and criminals. From birth they are handicapped by evil surroundings and tendencies that are the direct result of intemperance."

EXPERT TESTIMONY.

A most systematic and thorough inquiry into the relation of drink to crime was made some time ago by Hon. Carroll D. Wright, then Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor for the State of Massachusetts. He investigated, through a corps of able assistants the personal history of all offenders sentenced in the county of Suffolk, including the city of Boston, during the year between September 1st, 1879, and September 1st, 1880.

Dr. Wright's report is a document of deep interest. The total number of sentences for the year of investigation was 16,807. Of these, 12,221 were for the various grades of drunkenness, and 68 for violation of license laws. This left 4,008 other cases to be investigated, and it was found that in 2,007 of these the offenders were in liquor at the time of the commission of the offences of which they were found guilty.

The inquiry further shows that of this balance of 4,008 criminals, 1804 were led by intemperate habits to the condition that induced the crime, and that in the case of 821 the intemperate habits of others led the criminal to the condition that induced the crime.

This instructive report, of which further particulars may be procured from the Secretary of the Dominion Alliance, goes into details relating to the effect of drink in leading to the commission of different kinds of crime such as assault and battery, larceny, robbery, rape, felonious assault, manslaughter, etc. And closes with the following forcible paragraphs:—

"The above figures indicate the enormity of rum's share in the 27 per cent. balance of criminal cases in Suffolk county for the year of our investigation. They show that to the 72 per cent. for distinctively rum crimes must be added 12 per cent., representing the criminals who were in liquor at the time of committing other crimes, making a total of 84 per cent. of all criminal cases due directly or indirectly to the influence of liquor.

"These figures paint a picture, at once the most faithful and hideous, of the guilt and power of rum. Men and women, the young, the middle-aged, and the old, father and son, husband and wife, native and foreign born, the nightwalker and the manslayer, the thief and adulterer, all testify to its ramified and revolting tyranny.

"Therefore the result of this investigation, in view of the disproportionate magnitude of the exclusively rum offences, and considered in connection with the notorious tendency of liquor to inflame and enlarge the passions and appetites, to import chaos into the moral and physical life, to level the barriers of decency and self-respect, and to transport its victims into an abnormal and irresponsible state, destructive and degrading, calls for earnest and immediate attention at the bar of public opinion and the public conscience of Massachusetts."

OFFICIAL EVIDENCE.

Five years ago the Ontario Government appointed a Commission to collect information relating to prisons, reformatories and the like. Among the subjects into which the Commission was requested to inquire, was the following, "The Cause of Crime in the Province! From the instructive report of this Commission, the following paragraphs are taken.

"Drunkenness does more than any other cause to fill the goals, and it unquestionably does much to recruit the ranks of the criminal classes. Of the 11,803 persons committed to the goals of the Province during the year 1880, no less than 4,777 were charged with having been drunk and disorderly, and in all probability excessive use of drink was the chief

cause of trouble in the case of the 531 persons who were committed on the charge of common assault. Of the 11,587 cases disposed of in the police court of the city of Toronto, 5,441 were cases of drunkenness and of disorderly conduct caused by drunkenness. The proportion in the other cities, as will be seen by reference to the returns published elsewhere, was about the same. The number of convictions on charges of drunkenness in the Province during the year was 7,050, very nearly one-third of the whole; and of the 675 prisoners in the common goals at the close of the year, a very large proportion were habitual drunkards.

"A similar state of things exists in other countries. In England and Wales the convictions for drunkenness were 103,936 in the year 1880, or nearly one-fourth of the total number. A few years before there were 205,587. In Scotland the convictions for this offence numbered 23,740 in the year 1880. How many of these paid the penalties of imprisonment, the reports do not state, but the proportion was probably large. The total number of persons committed to local prisons in Ireland during the year ending March 31st, 1888, was males 10,769, females 6,704, total 17,533."

WHY DRINK CAUSES CRIME.

The vast array of testimony set out in condensed form in this paper makes it clear that drink is both a pre-disposing and an exciting cause of very much wretchedness and crime.

Felix L. Oswald, a well informed and thoughtful writer, has carefully studied this relationship and in the following brief form sets out his ideas in reference to it:

"1. Drunkenness excites the instinct of destructiveness and thus becomes a direct cause of violence and often of wholly unprovoked assaults.

"2. Inebriety clouds the perceptive faculties and thus disqualifies its victims for judging the consequences of their acts or realizing the force of dissuasive arguments."

"3. Habitual intemperance weakens the influence of self-respect and eventually almost deadens the sense of shame.

"4. Intemperance tends to idleness, the parent of vice.

"5. Intemperance is the chief cause of poverty, and thus indirectly of the crimes prompted by hunger and distress.

"6. Alcohol tends to beget a disinclination to intellectual employment, and thus neutralizes a chief agency of reform.

"7. Intemperance begets a hereditary disposition to idleness and vice."

The same writer quotes the celebrated Professor Otto, of Upsala, as saying:—"The greater part of the exciting influence of alcohol is directed towards the posterior and inferior portions of the brain; or in other words, it excites chiefly the organs of the animal propensities, and according to the law that whatever stimulates strongly one class of cerebral organs weakens another class, alcohol, while it adds vigour to the animal propensities, enfeebles the intellectual faculties and moral sentiments."

A NOTABLE CASE.

There is to be found in the thirtieth annual report of the Executive Committee of the Prison Association of New York an estimate that the notorious Jukes family had cost the community in seventy-five years nearly one million dollars. The history of this remarkable family is thus summed up:—

"The ancestry of this family is traced to Max, a man who was a very hard drinker, and who became blind. Many of his descendants for two generations were also blind, and a

multitude of them inherited his intemperance. One of the most notorious of his offspring was a woman named Margaret, of whose progeny Richard L. Dugdale writes:—"In tracing the genealogies of five hundred and forty persons who descended in seven generations from this degraded woman, and one hundred and sixty-nine who were related by marriage or cohabitation, two hundred and eighty were adult paupers and one hundred and forty were criminals and offenders of the worst sort, guilty of seven murders, theft, highway robbery, and nearly every other offence known in the calendar of crime." He estimates that the cost to the public of supporting this family of drunkards, criminals and paupers was \$1,308,000."

TESTIMONY OF EMINENT MEN.

Under the above heading the Minority Royal Commission Report gives the following quotations:—

"Among all causes of crime, intemperance stands out the 'unapproachable chief.'—*Judge Noah Davis.*

"Two-thirds of the crimes which come before the courts of law in this country (England) are occasioned chiefly by intemperance.—*Lord Chief Baron Kelly.*

"If the cases appearing in all the calendars throughout England were taken, it would be found that seventy-five per cent. of the crime was traceable, directly or indirectly, to the inordinate love of liquor.—*Justice Hawkins.*

"I can keep no terms with the vice that fills our goals, that destroys the comforts of homes and the peace of families, and debases and brutalizes the people of these Islands.—*Chief Justice Coleridge.*

"Drunkenness is not only the cause of crime, but it is crime; and if any encourage drunkenness for the sake of the profit derived from the sale of drink, they are guilty of a form of moral assassination as criminal as any that had been practised by the bravos of any country or any age.—*John Ruskin.*

The great cause of social crime is drink. When I hear of a family broken up and ask the cause—drink. If I go to the gallows and ask its victim the cause, the answer—drink. Then I ask myself in perfect wonderment, why do not men put a stop to this thing?—*Archbishop John Ireland.*

"The more I examine and travel over the surface of England, the more I see the absolute and indispensable necessity of our temperance associations. I am satisfied that unless they exist we should be immersed in such an ocean of immorality, violence and sin as would make this country uninhabitable.—*Lord Shaftesbury.*

"Drunkenness causes every year in England 60,000 deaths. According to the testimony of the magistrates, it is the source, directly or indirectly, of 75 per cent. of the crimes committed causing the disastrous ruination of families and destroying domestic life, together with the practice of religion and the Christian education of the children.—*Cardinal Manning.*

"The diminution of the revenue from drink goes side by side with an increase and extension of the saving habits of the people. It has been said that greater calamities—greater because more continual—have been inflicted on mankind by intemperance than by the three historic sources of war, famine, and pestilence combined. That is true, and it is the measure of our discredit and disgrace.—*Gladsstone.*

"After all, if we hunt vice and crime back to their lairs, we will be pretty sure to find them in a gin mill. Drunkenness is the prolific mother of most of the evil doing. Drunkenness is the prime cause of all the trouble.—*Police Superintendent, New York City.*

"I do not overstate it when I say the two hundred thousand saloons in this country have been instrumental in destroying more human lives in the last five years than the two million armed men did during the four years of the civil war. Whiskey is a more deadly weapon than shot or shell or any of the implements of our modern warfare.—*Hon. William Wyndom, Secretary of the Treasury, United States.*

THE VANGUARD.

A GREAT WORK—READ CAREFULLY.

The VANGUARD was published during the stirring years of 1893 and 1894 in the form of a magazine. It was devoted to expert discussion of the liquor question and the many matters thereto related. Prohibition workers found it a "mine" of information, and many of them desired to have its articles put into a form adapted for permanent use and reference.

This has been done by binding and indexing the eleven numbers issued in 1893-4.

The book thus produced is a complete encyclopedia of information relating to the temperance and prohibition reform. Every article is written by some person specially qualified to deal with the question he discusses.

In this volume will be found the latest, fullest and most accurate statistics and other authoritative statements; all reliable, fresh and good; covering nearly every field of available fact and argument, and including a great number of tables compiled with the utmost care. It also contains a record of the stirring events of the past two years of prohibition progress, and a summary of the history of the prohibition cause in Canada.

This valuable work is in neat and convenient form, substantially bound in cloth boards, well printed, good paper, clean type, fully indexed, over 650 pages. Sent, postage prepaid, for

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

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

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Selections.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

He was one of the fellows
That could drink or leave it alone,
With a fine high scorn for common men
Who were born with no backbone.
"And why," said he, "should a man
of strength
Deny to himself the use
Of the pleasant gift of the warm, red wine
Because of its weak abuse?"

He could quote at a banquet,
With a manner half divine,
Full fifty things the poets say
About the rosy wine;
And he could sing a spirited song
About the lips of a lass,
And drink a toast to her fair worth
In a sparkling generous glass.

And since this lordly fellow
Could drink or leave it alone,
He chose to drink at his own wild will
Till his will was overthrown.
And the lips of the lass are cold with grief,
And her children shiver and shrink,
For the man who once could leave it alone
Is a pitiful slave to drink.
—British Temperance Advocate.

THE TRUE LADDIE.

Here's a laddie bright and fair,
And his heart is free from care;
Will he ever, do you think,
Learn to smoke, and chew, and drink?
Make a furnace of his throat,
And a chimney of his nose,
In his pocket not a groat,
Elbows out, and ragged toes!

Here's a laddie full of glee,
And his step is light and free;
Will he ever, do you think,
Mad with thirst and crazed with drink,
Stagger wildly down the street,
Wallow in the mire and sleet,
Hug the lamp-post and declare,
Snakes are writhing in his hair?

No! this laddie, honor bright,
Swears to love the true and right;
Keep his body pure and sweet,
For an angel's dwelling meet;
Never never will he sup
Horror from the drunkard's cup;
Never in the "flowing bowl"
Will he drown his angel-soul.
—Tidings.

GIVE US A CALL.

RECITATION FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Give us a call! We keep good beer,
Wine, brandy, gin and whisky here;
Our doors are open to boys and men,
And even to women now and then.
We lighten their purses, we taint their
breaths,
We swell up the columns of awful
deaths.

All kinds of crimes
We sell for dimes
In our sugared poisons, so sweet to
taste;
If you've money, position, or time to
waste,
Give us a call.

Give us a call! In a pint of gin
We will sell you more wickedness,
shame and sin
Than a score of clergymen, preaching
all day,
From dawn to darkness, could preach
away;

And in our beer (though it may take
longer
To get a man drunk than drinks that
are stronger)
We sell our property, shame and woe;
Who wants to purchase? Our prices
are low.
Give us a call.

Give us a call! We'll dull your brains,
We'll give you headaches and racking
pains,
We'll make you old while you yet are
young,
To lies and slanders we'll turn your
tongue,

We'll make you shirk
From useful work,
Make theft and forgery seem fair play,
And murder a pastime sure to pay,
Give us a call.

Give us a call! We are cunning and
wise;
We are bound to succeed, for we
advertise
In the family papers the journals that
claim

To be pure in morals and fair of fame.
Husbands, brothers, and sons will read
Our kind invitation, and some will heed

And give us a call; we pay for all
The space in the papers we occupy.
And there's little in life that money
won't buy,
If you would go down in the world,
and not up,
If you would be slain by the snake in
the cup,
Or lose your soul
In the flowing bowl,
If you covet shame, and a blasted
name,
Give us a call.
—Selected.

TOMMY BROWN, IS HE IN YOUR SCHOOL?

"What is your name?" asked the teacher.

"Tommy Brown, ma'am," answered the boy.

He was a pathetic little figure with a thin face, large hollow eyes and pale cheeks that plainly told of insufficient food. He wore a suit of clothes evidently made for some one else. They were patched in places with cloth of different colors. His shoes were old, his hair cut square in the neck, in the unpractised manner that women sometimes cut boys' hair. It was a bitter cold day yet he wore no overcoat and his bare hands were red with the cold.

"How old are you, Tommy?"
"Nine year old come next April. I've learnt to read at home and I can cipher a little."

"Well, it's time for you to begin school. Why have you never come before?"

The boy fumbled with a cap in his hand but did not reply at once. It was a ragged cap with frayed edges and the original color of the fabric no man could tell.

Presently he said, "I never went to school 'cause—'cause—well, mother takes in washin' and she couldn't spare me. But Sissy is big enough now to help; and she minds the baby besides."

It was not quite time for school to begin. All around the teacher and the new scholar stood the boys that belonged in the room. While he was making his confused explanation some of the boys laughed, and one of them called out, "say Tommy where are your cuffs and collar?" "And another said, "you must sleep in the rag bag at night, by the looks of your clothes!" Before the teacher could quiet them another boy had volunteered the information that the father of the new boy was "old Si Brown, who was always as drunk as a fiddler."

The poor child looked round at his tormentors like a hunted thing. Then, before the teacher could detain him, with a suppressed cry of misery he ran out of the room, out of the building, down the street, and was seen no more.

The teacher went to her duties with a heavy heart. All day long the child's pitiful face haunted her. At night it came to her dreams. She could not rid herself of the memory of it. After a little trouble she found the place where he lived, and two of the W. C. T. U. women went to visit him.

It was a dilapidated house, in a street near the river. When they first entered they could scarcely discern objects, the room was so filled with the steam of the soap-suds. There were two windows in the room, but a tall building shut out the light. It was a gloomy day, too, with gray, lowering clouds that forbade even the memory of sunshine.

A woman stood before a wash-tub. When they entered she wiped her hands on her apron and came forward to meet them.

Once she had been pretty. But the color and light had all gone out of her face, leaving only sharpened outlines and haggardness of expression.

She asked them to sit down in a listless, uninterested manner, then, taking a chair herself, she said:
"Sissy, give me the baby."

A little girl came forward from a dark corner of a room carrying a baby, that she laid in her mother's lap—a lean and sickly-looking baby, with the same hollow eyes that little Tommy had.

"Your baby doesn't look strong," said one of the ladies.

"No, ma'am, she isn't very strong. I have to work hard, and I expect it affects her," and the woman coughed as she held the child to her breast.

"Where is your little Tommy?" asked one of the visitors.

"He is there in the trundle-bed," replied the mother.

"Is he sick?"
"Yes'm; and the doctor thinks he isn't going to get well." At this, the mother laid her hand on the baby's

face, while the tears ran down her thin and faded cheeks.

"What is the matter with him?"
"He was never very strong, and he's had to work too hard carrying water and helping me to lift the wash tubs and things like that."

"Is his father dead?"
"No, he ain't dead. He used to be a good workman, and we had a comfortable home. But all he earns now—and that ain't much—goes for drink."

She took the child off her shoulder. It was asleep now, and she laid it across her lap.

"Tommy has been crazy to go to school. I never could spare him till this winter. He thought if he could get a little education he'd be able to help take care of Sissy and me. He knew he'd never be able to work hard. So I fixed up his clothes as well as I could and last week he started. I was afraid the boys would laugh at him but he thought he could stand it if they did. I stood in the door and watched him going. I can never forget how the little fellow looked," she continued, the tears streaming down her face. "His patched up clothes, his old shoes, his ragged cap, his poor little anxious look. He turned round to me as he left the yard and said, "Don't you worry, mother; I ain't going to mind what the boys say." But he did mind. It wasn't an hour till he was back again. I believe the child's heart was just broke. I thought mine was broke years ago. If it was it was broke over again that day. I can stand 'most anything myself, but, oh, I can't bear to see my children suffer!" Here she broke down in a fit of convulsive weeping. The little girl came up to her quickly and stole a thin little arm round her mother's neck. "Don't cry, mother," she whispered, "don't cry."

The woman made an effort to check her tears and wiped her eyes. As soon as she could speak with any degree of calmness she continued:

"Poor little Tommy cried all day; I couldn't comfort him. He said it wasn't any use trying to do anything. Folks would only laugh at him for being a drunkard's little boy. I tried to comfort him before his father came home. I told him his father would be mad if saw him crying. But it wasn't any use. Seemed like he couldn't stop. His father came and saw him. He wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking. He ain't a bad man when he is sober. I hate to tell it, but he whipped Tommy. And the child fell and struck his head. I suppose he would have been sick anyway. But, oh, my poor little boy! My sick, suffering child!" she cried. "How can they let men sell a thing that makes the innocent suffer so?"

A little voice spoke from the bed. One of the ladies went to him. There he lay, poor, little defenseless victim. He lived in a Christian land, in a country that takes great care to pass laws to protect sheep, and diligently legislates over its game. Would that children were as precious as brutes and birds!

His face was flushed, and the hollow eyes were bright. There was a long purple mark on his temple. He put up one little wasted hand to cover it, while he said:

"Father wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking." Then in his queer, piping voice, weak with sickness, he half whispered: "I'm glad I'm going to die. I'm too weak ever to help mother, anyhow. In heaven the angels ain't going to call me a drunkard's child, and make fun of my clothes."

He turned his head feebly on his pillow, and then said, in a lower tone: "Some day—they ain't going—to let the saloons—keep open. But I'm afraid—poor father—will be dead—before then." Then he shut his eyes from weariness.

The next morning the sun shone in on the dead face of little Tommy.

He is only one of many. There are hundreds like him in tenement houses, slums and alleys in town and country. Poor little martyrs, whose tears fall almost unheeded; who are cold and hungry in this Christian land; whose hearts and bodies are bruised with unkindness. And yet, "the liquor traffic is a legitimate business and must not be interfered with," so it is said.

Over eighteen hundred years ago it was also said:

"Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea."
—Selected.

"SOCIAL TREATING" CUSTOM.

Mr. Perry was a Southern gentleman, exceedingly polite and a very temperate man. One day he met an acquaintance, who called out: "Halloo, Perry! I was just going to get a drink. Come in and take something."

"Thank you," said Perry. "I don't care for anything."

"But," persisted the other, "come in and take something, just for sociability's sake."

"I want to be sociable," answered Perry. "I am anxious to be sociable, but I can't drink with you."

"All right," growled the friend. "If you don't want to be sociable, I'll go without drinking."

The two men walked silently along for a minute or two, the sociable man in a state of great irritation, until Perry suddenly halted in front of a drug store.

"I am not feeling well to-day," said he, with a pleasant smile, "and I think I'll go in here and get a dose of castor oil. Will you join me?"

"What!" exclaimed the other. "In a dose of castor oil?"

"Yes, I'll pay for it."

"Ugh!" cried the sociable man, with a wry face. "I hate the stuff."

"But I want you to take a dose of oil with me, just to be sociable, you know."

"I won't do it."

"Indeed, my friend," said Perry gravely, "your sociable whiskey is just as distasteful to me as my oil is to you. Don't you think I have as much reason to be offended with you as you with me?"

The sociable man saw the point; and it would be money, health and morals saved if the lesson could be firmly implanted in the mind of every young man in the land.—*Advocate.*

THE ALCOHOL IN ROOT BEER.

Root Beer is advertised as a temperance drink, and vast numbers of intending total abstainers make it and use it, supposing that it contains no alcohol. Whatever may or may not be in the extract used, they ought to know that wherever yeast fermentation takes place alcohol is formed. Its amount depends on the proportion of sugar in the liquid, the time allowed for fermentation, and the temperature; alcohol being formed more readily in warm weather than in cold.

A New York chemist made one gallon of root beer, mixing according to the printed directions. The mixture was put into glass fruit-cans, the covers screwed on, and they were put into the cellar in temperature 65 degrees Fahrenheit. "At the end of three days the test for alcohol showed 2 per cent., in five days 3 per cent., in eight days 5 per cent., in fourteen days 6 per cent., and in seventeen days 7 per cent.; lager-beer showed 5 per cent. These tests were made with the U. S. Custom House hydrometer for spirits. The percentage is per Halle's scale. In five gallons of root beer containing 5 per cent. alcohol there is one quart pure spirit."—*Woman's Journal.*

PARTICEPS CRIMINIS.

A saloonist innocently reveals one of the principal difficulties in the way of enforcing laws against liquor dealers in a trial before a justice's court. Upon being sworn, one of the attorneys in the case said:—

"Mr. S—, where is your place of business?"

"What for you ask me such foolish dings? You drinks at my place more as a hundred times!"

"That has nothing to do with the case. Mr S—. State to the jury where your place of business is."

"De shury! de shury? O, by shiminy! Every shentleman on dis shury has a sdring of marks on my cellar door shust like a rail fence!"

His Honor here interceded in behalf of the counsel, and in a calm, dignified manner requested witness to state the place of his business.

"O, excuse me, your Honor; you drinks at my place so many dimes. I dinks you knows fery well vere I keeps mine place."—*The Constitution.*

"The liquor traffic is responsible for nine-tenths of the misery among the working classes, and the abolition of that traffic would be the greatest blessing that could come to them."—*T. V. Powderly.*

THE WHISKEY HABIT A HANDICAP.

Any one coming into contact with the swifter currents of city life will learn that there are hundreds of men who abstain from drinking, not because they have any hatred for alcohol, but because they have certain objects in life and have learned by experience or observation that the use of whisky would interfere with their plans.

They are content that other men in their same line of business, or those with whom they deal, should drink, if they want to drink, but as calculating sports and speculators they have gone over the records and have decided that the liquor habit is a handicap.—*Chicago Herald.*

PERSONAL LIBERTY.

All the bar-room slang about the people's inalienable right to eat and drink what they please, and the consequent right to buy and sell whatsoever any of them please to imbibe, has been overruled and scouted in decisions as old as jurisprudence and as authoritative as any decisions can be. A free and independent citizen has just as good a right to set fire to his own house in the midst of a dense city, or to shoot rifle balls from his own field across a thronged highway, as he has to sell rum when the State forbids it.—*Horace Greeley in 1854.*

NEVER HANGED A TEETOTALER.

Berry, the English hangman, while lecturing at Grimsby recently, said that during his term of office he had conducted over 500 executions. A great many of the crimes were caused by drink; but, he added emphatically, "I have never hanged a teetotaler." This is another evidence of the righteousness and virtue of total abstinence.—*Selected.*

WHISKEY.

"Hold a mouthful of spirits, whiskey, for instance—in your mouth for five minutes, and you will find it burns severely; inspect your mouth, and you will find that the various parts of the interior of your mouth have become blistered. Then tie a handkerchief over the eyes, and taste, for instance, water, vinegar or senna, and you will find you are incapable of distinguishing one from another. This experiment proves to a certainty that alcohol is not only a violent irritant, but also a narcotic. Can you believe that the still more tender and important organs of the body can be less injuriously affected than the mouth?"—*People's Health Journal.*

TEMPERANCE FIRST OF ALL.

Temperance is a question of vital importance, from whatever standpoint you may consider it. Let us take the material benefits that accrue from it. Put it as a question of simple political economy. Much is said today of the material welfare of the people. It is an aim in which we strive to give to the greatest number the best share of material happiness which it is possible for them to have, and this attention to the welfare of the people is an evidence of the high civilization and Christianity of our times. In whatever state we turn we listen to discussions on labor, for the rights and betterment of labor, but at the very start of all these questions of social and political economy we must put the question of temperance.—*Archbishop Ireland.*

ALCOHOLISM LEADS TO CONSUMPTION.

Alcohol has the power of degenerating nerve fibers. It is especially an irritant to the pneumogastric nerve and has an especially destructive affinity for that nerve. The children of parents who suffer from alcoholism are in a tremendous percentage of cases the victims of consumption. In fact, the children of parents who are even moderately hard drinkers always prove the easy victims of consumption. Furthermore, our records show that hard drinkers themselves are particularly susceptible to consumption, and that alcoholism in a great percentage of cases leads to consumption. These facts are due to reflex action over the pneumogastric nerve.—*Drs. W. L. and M. L. Amick.*

**REV. J. H. HECTOR.**

Is one of the most remarkable men of the present day. His life story surpasses any romance in its startling realities. Left an orphan at an early age, he passed a youth of vicissitude, hardship and privation such as few have experienced. Later on he fought in some of the fiercest struggles of the great American war, and was five times frightfully wounded, so that his survival was almost miraculous. Subsequently as an engine driver he had many a perilous experience; but he came through all to be a converted man, an earnest Christian, a successful minister of the Gospel, and one of the most effective advocates of prohibition and other moral reforms.

Mr. Hector is a full-blooded negro of superb physique and great natural abilities, to which, despite all difficulties, he has added a self-education which must compel admiration. As an orator he is a phenomenon, carrying his audience along with him by a tornado of eloquence, humor and pathos that is fairly irresistible. His originality, wit, readiness of repartee and intense earnestness, quickly open the way for the shafts of truth which he hurls with consummate tact and telling force.

Everywhere he goes he captures the hearts of the people, rouses their sympathies, appeals to their best nature and purest motives, and does them good. Everybody should hear as many as possible of his wonderful sermons and lectures.

Subjoined are a few specimen press notes of his work:

PRESS OPINIONS.**A FEW OF MANY SIMILAR NOTICES.**

"His remarks were gems of wit, humor, logic and eloquence."—*Troy Daily News.*

"The most original and acceptable colored temperance speaker of the day."—*New York Herald.*

"Held his audience spell-bound, while he painted in vivid colors the battle-fields that he had witnessed."—*Williamsport Gazette.*

"Rev. J. H. Hector, the colored orator of the South, made a powerful impression. The gifted speaker told the story of his life in a most delightful manner, and fairly convulsed his audience with his sallies of wit, and instructed them with his words of wisdom."—*Victoria (B.C.) Colonist.*

"For an hour and a half he held his hearers spell-bound, now eliciting bursts of laughter, and again bringing them almost to tears with his pathetic incidents. He is full of fun and wit and his portrayal of ludicrous scenes was so real that one could almost imagine being present with the narrator."—*Valley Echo.*

"The rev. gentleman is as full of wit, humor and sound logic as an egg is full of meat. It is certainly a rare treat to listen to such a speaker. His lecture of nearly two hours duration

seemed but a few minutes."—*Elmvale Chronicle.*

"His speech was irresistible in its eloquence and pathos."—*Toronto Globe.*

"The speaker's power and logic were unanswerable, and at times his flights of eloquence were beyond the power of pen to describe. In our opinion Mr. Hector has but a few equals as a convincing orator. Besides all the praise we have for him, we know him to be a grand christian gentleman of the highest type."—*Rogersford Bulletin.*

"It is safe to say that the Tabernacle never held a more delighted audience than the one that last evening heard the colored orator, Rev. J. H. Hector. Mr. H. possesses that ready wit and humor that always please. The incidents of his life were presented in a manner that led his audience from one round of laughter to another until, as one gentleman said, his sides fairly ached."—*Portland Oregonian.*

"Seldom has so large a congregation—somewhere about two thousand—attended a morning service in St. James' Church as yesterday greeted the Rev. J. H. Hector, the Black Knight. The sermon was an extraordinary pulpit effort and greatly affected the large assemblage which listened, was inspired, amused, thrilled and almost caused to weep in unison."—*Montreal Witness.*

"The lecture delivered yesterday afternoon by Rev. J. H. Hector, the celebrated colored prohibition orator from California, was a masterly, eloquent and convincing arraignment of the liquor traffic. The audience, the largest of the season, were at one time thrilled by the flow of language which fell from the lips of the speaker, and at others convulsed with laughter by his epigrams, sallies and witticisms. He is a splendid specimen of the race to which he belongs, being powerfully built and showing to great advantage a cultured mien and deportment while thundering forth invective against what he terms worse slavery than that which prevailed in the South."—*Toronto Mail.*

Rev. Mr. Hector, popularly known as the "Black Knight," is open for engagements during the coming fall and winter. His time is already filling up fast, applications should be made at once. For terms, dates &c., address

F. S. SPENCE,

51 Confederation Life Buildings,
Toronto.

"THE BLACK KNIGHT."

BY C. A. INGRAHAM.

He followed where the roisters go,
And felt the avenging rod,
And heard his curse from Heaven pronounced
As blindly on he trod;

But God leaned down from His great throne
And to the Negro spoke,
And Hector heard his tender voice,
And into light awoke.

"Take from me now this maddening thirst
And I will serve Thee well;
Cut loose the chain of appetite
That drags me down to hell."

He prayed and with the Lord prevailed,
And in His favor grew,
Fulfilled the promise made to Him,
And went His herald true.

Then rang his voice o'er all the land,
And thousands felt the spell
Of ardent words that sparkled wit,
And melted, where they fell,

The stony heart's indifference
To mirth and mingled tear,
That glittering in Love's coronet
As precious gems appear.

That soul were cold that heard his voice,
And felt not God was there,
In majesty beside the black,
And with His arm made bare;

Plead on, great Hector, noble knight—
Your skin is black indeed,
But white your sympathetic heart
And quick to throb and bleed.

In sorrow for the multitude
Sunk deep in sin's disgrace,
Speak ever 'gainst accursed rum
And save our suffering race.

—*The Pioneer.*