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THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

VOL. III. No. 10.

TORONTO, ONT., APRIL, 1897.

25 CENTS PER YEAR

Do not hesitate to take this paper from the Post Office. If you have not paid for it in advance, some one else has done so for you, or it is sent you free.

ORGANIZATION.

From nearly every part of the Dominion comes news of preparation for the coming plebiscite campaign. It is evident that prohibitionists are not going to be caught unprepared.

The Quebec Branch of the Dominion Alliance is pushing organization in the different counties of the province. Mr. J. H. Carson, the energetic secretary, is superintending the work which is being taken hold of with much enthusiasm by the rank and file of the workers.

The Province of Ontario has the advantage of the experience gathered and the machinery brought into operation at the time of the Provincial plebiscite. Much of this will be available. A number of counties have preparation under way. The whole Province will pretty certainly be organized on municipal lines.

New Brunswick has a Provincial organization headed by Rev. Dr. McLeod of Fredericton. It was formed a year ago at a representative convention. The annual meeting for 1897 has not yet been announced. It will probably be held in time to constitute a rallying point for the commencement of the great struggle.

The different temperance Orders in Nova Scotia are doing excellent work. Here also there is the advantage of the drill of a recent provincial campaign. It is probable that a union of forces in some form will be constituted when the fight is fairly on.

In Prince Edward Island the capita] is already organized and arrangements are made for a Provincial Convention. The whole province being already under prohibition, and the general opinion of the people utterly opposed to anything in the shape of license legislation, a sweeping victory for the temperance cause is anticipated.

Manitoba has a branch of the Dominion Alliance which is already perfecting plans for the contest. The W.C.T.U., R.T. of T. and I.O.G.T., are also strong organizations and are all preparing to do their share.

Special organization has not yet been undertaken in the North West Territories and British Columbia. The W.C.T.U. and the various temperance organizations have a strong hold in the widely scattered population of these places. It will be difficult to get general central conventions. Already however, steps are being taken towards perfecting arrangements for local work which will probably result in some form of co-operative action between different localities.

LEGISLATION IN ONTARIO.

A STRONG FIGHT BEING MADE FOR EFFECTIVE MEASURES.

The month of March was one of stirring interest in temperance circles in the Province of Ontario. A bill for the amendment of the Provincial License Law had been introduced into the Ontario Legislature on Feb. 25th. This measure had been eagerly looked forward to by friends of the temperance cause who expected to be radical and effective. The Bill introduced fell very far short of what was anticipated and a perfect storm of protest broke out in every part of the province.

The Executive Committee of the Dominion Alliance called a conference to consider the situation. This meeting was held in the Guild Hall, Toronto on March 11th, and was attended by about five hundred men and women, nearly every part of the country being represented. The conference was presided over by R. J. Fleming, Mayor of Toronto, and resolutions were adopted expressing strong dissatisfaction with the proposed legislation and asking for measures more up to the public sentiment. In the afternoon a deputation waited upon the Provincial Government and presented a strong protest the principal points of which will be found in the Alliance circular printed on the first page of the **MARCH CAMP FIRE**.

The result of this action was good. The proposed bill was practically withdrawn and for it was submitted a measure much more advanced in its character, although still falling far short of what the friends of temperance desired.

If the bill as proposed becomes law, it will cut off about one hundred and fifty existing licenses and go a long way towards preventing any further increase. It prohibits the sale of liquor to persons under twenty-one years of age, imposes rigid restrictions upon the sale of liquor by druggists, prohibits clubs from supplying liquor to persons under twenty-one years of age, prohibits the issue of new licenses to take effect near churches or school-houses, and has some other slightly restrictive clauses. The most valuable feature of the bill however, is the provision authorizing Municipal Councils to limit the hours within which intoxicating liquor may be sold on licensed premises.

It would take many columns of space to even mention the vigorous protests that have reached the office of this journal in the form of resolutions adopted by churches, C. E. Societies, temperance organizations and other bodies, some of them couched in extremely strong terms, all expressing disapproval of the failure of the Government in the first place to meet the requests of the convention of last July by more effective legislation, and also urging the speedy enactment of effective restrictive legislation.

Many earnest workers have taken part in this campaign. We cannot give them the special publication that we would desire.

NOTES OF NEWS

Father Murphy of Gold Cure Fame, died at Montreal on Saturday April 2nd. He had established many institutions for the cure of drunkenness.

New Brunswick Grand Division Sons of Temperance, will be fifty years old in the coming fall. The Jubilee will be celebrated by a big campaign against the liquor traffic.

A number of temperance organizations in different parts of the world are planning for great temperance demonstrations in connection with Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

In March General Neal Dow, the father of the Maine Law, celebrated the Ninety-third Anniversary of his birth. He was deluged with congratulations from leading moral reformers in every part of the world. Many mass meetings were held in honor of the event.

The Manitoba Legislature has passed a bill amending the Liquor License Act. One clause provides that the right of a householder to petition for or against, or protest for or against a license, shall be vested in his wife in case he is absent from the municipality for more than thirty days before the time of signing.

A terrible accident occurred in the City of Montreal on April 5th, in which three men, employees in Dow's brewery, were asphyxiated by carbonic acid fumes in a beer vat which was being cleaned out.

A great national prohibition convention is to be held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, during the present month. It is the first large gathering of the kind ever held in the country. The programme is unusually extensive and full of interest, covering nearly every phase of temperance work and representing nearly every part of the civilized world.

Dr. Dawson Burns has published a carefully compiled estimate of the liquor bill of Great Britain and Ireland for 1896. He sets down the cost of liquors consumed as being £148,972,230. This represents an increase. The cost for 1895 was estimated at £142,414,812. The quantity of alcohol consumed is estimated at 2 13 gallons per head and the outlay as £3. 15s. 6d.

LET'S DOWN THE SALOON.

Nearly all the crime committed in this country is in some way connected with whiskey and the saloon. Not only do we have the crime itself, but we have the ruined characters of the criminals, the suffering of their innocent parents, wives and children, the cost of the courts and the prosecuting officers, of the jails and deputy sheriffs, and all other costs connected with the searching for and punishing those who commit crimes. And then we must remember, that for pay—for the license fees—we authorize a lot of saloon-keepers to breed all this crime and misery. By thus licensing them we throw the protection of the law over them, and, in fact, go into partnership with them and share their ill-gotten gain. How long are we going to be willing to be partners in this wretched, low-down business? We ought to be ashamed of ourselves.

—Michigan Independent.

A PICTURE.

In a recent *Ram's Horn* is a picture representing a home; in the front at the right a saloon-keeper, bloated and fierce, with horns growing from his head, is holding the limp form of a young boy under his arm; the boy has a beer mug in his hand; and a woman,

evidently the mother, with a face as pale as death, is making a desperate struggle to rescue her boy, but apparently with no more success than as if he were in the embrace of Satan himself. A man, evidently the father, sits in the back-ground leaning his head on his hand, but doing nothing more. He may be just as helpless as the mother, but it seems as if he might try to do something. What are we to think of men who boast of their political and patriotic honor, yet who do nothing to help mothers to rescue their boys from the awful grasp of the saloon?

—Wesleyan Methodist.

ONE YEAR IN ONE CITY.

During the year, 5,807 men and 2,395 women found themselves in the Belfast police court. Of these 85 per cent. were brought into trouble through drinking. Mr. J. Coulter, the missionary in constant attendance at the courts, secured 1,500 signatures to the pledge. Mr. A. Leech reported a total of 2,500 men and 1,300 women brought up before the Cork police court for drunkenness or offences arising therefrom. Thus in two cities drink brought to the dock 12,225 persons, the aggregate fines on whom amounted to £4000.

DESTROYED BY HIS WIFE.

Mrs. Chapin, one of the W.C.T.U. workers, was once entertained in Mississippi at the home of a young married couple, and the wife said to her:—"Now, Mrs. Chapin, I'm willing to entertain you, but I don't want you to talk temperance, for if you should convert my husband, then I'd have to banish wine from our table, and all my friends would call me a crank."

Mrs. Chapin spoke at the public meeting, and then made her way through the audience trying to get signers to the pledge. She begged the young husband to sign, and he was reaching for the pencil to do so, when his wife objected, and, with a smile, he shook his head and said: "No."

Six years afterward, Mrs. Chapin passed through the same place. She was the guest this time of another family, but after her address was over a weeping woman and a gibbering drunken man came up to greet her. It was the same couple who had entertained her six years before. "Oh," said the wife, "try to get my husband to sign the pledge." "No," he cried, "I wanted to be saved once, but you wouldn't let me. Now no one can save me, not even God in heaven."—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

A HELPING HAND

A cabman signed the pledge for Rev. Charles Garrett, but soon after broke it. Conscience-stricken and ashamed, he tried to keep out of the way of his friend, but Mr. Garrett was not to be put off.

One day he found the poor, miserable man, and taking hold of his hand, he said:

"John, when the road is slippery and your cab horse falls down, what do you do with him?"

"I help him up again," replied John. "Well, I have come to do the same," said Mr. Garrett affectionately; "the road was slippery, I know, John, and you fell, but there's my hand to help you up again."

The cabman's heart was thrilled. He caught his friend's hand in a vice-like grip, and said:

"God bless you, sir! you'll never have cause to regret this. I'll never fall again."

And to this day he has kept his word.—*National Temperance Advocate*.

The Camp Fire.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

Edited by F. S. SPENCE

ADDRESS - TORONTO, ONT.

Subscription, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS a Year.

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

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

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

TORONTO, APRIL, 1897.

THE PLEBISCITE.

The Dominion Parliament met on March 25th. The speech from the throne contained the following:—

It is desirable that the mind of the people of Canada should be clearly ascertained on the subject of prohibition and a measure enabling the electors to vote upon the question will be submitted for your approval.

That little statement is an official announcement that the Government will, within a few days, invite the friends of the liquor traffic and the representatives of the Christian sentiment of Canada to enter the electoral arena in a test of numerical strength, with a pledge that the prize of legislative recognition and support will be awarded to the winner in the contest.

The situation thus brought about is one of intense interest. The people of Canada have now an opportunity to rid themselves of the terrible curse of the legalized traffic in intoxicating beverages. We have claimed that public sentiment is in favor of prohibition. We are called upon to-day to demonstrate the soundness of that claim, with a pledge that if we can do so we may have the legislation for which we have so long worked and prayed.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

The contest ahead of us will be one of terrible intensity. Nothing like it has ever taken place before in the history of our cause.

The liquor traffic realizes the situation and will fight as it never fought before. The very life of this hourly institution with all its multiplied agencies and powers for evil, is at stake.

On the other hand there will be arrayed against the traffic the Christian sentiment of the community, the Christian churches of the land fighting for all which they exist to promote and which the liquor traffic threatens and assails, the philanthropic sentiment of the age seeking to elevate and raise down-trodden humanity, the growing intelligence of the community which has only recently learned the full powers and functions of organized society, and the awakening commercial appreciation of the injury that this curse inflicts upon all legitimate business interests.

The result of the conflict will depend entirely upon the energy, wisdom and skill with which the forces named in the last paragraph are marshalled and operated. It will be a struggle between cupidity and benevolence, between selfishness and philanthropy, between mammon and religion, and upon the fidelity of those who have arrayed themselves under the banner of the cross will rest the responsibility for the result.

THE ENEMY.

Against the prohibition proposition will be arrayed in the first place, the enormous amount of wealth invested in the liquor traffic. The Dominion census of 1891 gives the following as the figures of the capital invested in liquor manufacturing in Canada.

Distilleries	...	\$7,051,000
Breweries	8,311,453
Malt Houses		223,500

Total . . . \$15,588,953

In addition to this, there is the capital invested in the liquor-importing business, and in the different phases of wholesale and retail liquor-selling. Then there are other supplementary industries, such as the manufacturing of packages and other appliances and furnishings used in carrying on the liquor business. The total amount of money thus employed is very great.

Another opposing force is to be found in the relationship of men connected with the liquor business to other financial enterprises. Banks, loan societies, business corporations of every kind have among their directors and managers, men who are also interested in the liquor traffic. Through these men, through the institutions they control, and through the officers of those institutions, the liquor traffic touches nearly every man who has any dealings with banks or other financial institutions. Few people have any idea of the extent of the enormous influence thus exercised, and the grip that the liquor traffic has got upon the commercial life of the community.

A consideration that must not be lost sight of in this connection is the often-mentioned fact of the soulless character of business corporations. It is the duty of the officers of such institutions to act as the servants of an entity that is practically only a combination of capital for the purpose of increasing its strength. It is assumed that it is the duty of these officers to devote to the promotion of this object their time and talents; that they have no right to let their personal sympathies or charitable inclinations interfere with this business duty, as may a private individual. Like the physician who is bound to promote his good or bad patron's health, and the lawyer who is paid to win his good or bad client's right or wrong case, the corporation servant is expected to obey the conscienceless money power behind him. This tremendous economical fact gives the enormous wealth of the liquor traffic a power that it could not exercise under any other conditions.

The interests of those active members of the community who make money out of the vices and crimes of their fellow beings, are arrayed on the side of the liquor traffic because that traffic is the principal cause of the conditions on which they thrive. These selfish, heartless, unprincipled creatures are vigilant and energetic in the carrying out of their nefarious plans and take a front place in the great army of the forces with which we have to contend.

THE OPPOSITION ALLIES.

Many and mighty as are the forces directly interested in sustaining, defending and strengthening the liquor traffic, they would have little prospect of success were it not for the number and strength of the allies upon whose assistance they can confidently rely. They have the advantage of possession. The liquor traffic is entrenched. The prohibitionists are the assailing party. All the mighty mass of social inertia has to be overcome before the enemy can be effectively dealt with. In the coming campaign those that are not with us will be against us. They are many.

Opposition will come from the easy-going people who do not want to be disturbed. They would rather be allowed to rest in their indifference or move along in well-worn grooves. They resent the annoyance of having the claims of humanity forced upon their attention. They side with our enemies.

Another class is prejudiced in favor of old customs, or familiarized with the evils of the liquor traffic till they seem comparatively small, or pessimistic as to any possibility of effective reform. They are against us and will be found more active than those who simply do not care.

Some are actually ignorant of the terrible evils that surround them. They have not been brought into direct contact with the awful results of intemperance. They see no need for the effort we are making and oppose a movement that they consider unnecessary.

Many are patrons of the liquor traffic, indulging in intoxicants. They do not desire to have their personal pleasures interfered with, nor their lulled consciences stirred into annoying activity. They want their liquor and dispute our right to criticise their habits or interfere with the business they thus patronize.

Some theorists think that the legislation we seek is an improper invasion of private rights. They argue themselves into the belief that prohibition is unjust, and conscientiously oppose it.

Some patriotic men fear that the results of a change would be injurious to our political system. They dwell on such questions as loss of revenue, constitutionality, and law enforcement.

Some have come to look upon the liquor traffic as having some rights because of our past and present toleration of it, and object to legislation that does not directly provide compensation for what they call the destruction of vested rights.

Some timid souls fear to face the battle that must follow legislation. They dread a contest with a business known to be law defying and aggressive. They see difficulties in enforcement and are much afraid of smugglers.

Some politicians oppose us in fear that our movement may hurt their political party, or that they may lose support by being compelled to take one side or the other in the contest.

Some people are personal friends of those engaged in the liquor business and oppose it for their friends' sake.

There are many who naturally take the side of wealth and power and display.

Many sell their support to the highest bidder and are easily bought to fight against us.

Some persons are depending upon the bounty of those interested in the liquor business and side against us with their benefactors.

Some people are actually bribed by the benevolence of those engaged in the liquor traffic who are liberal to charities in which such good people are personally interested.

These different groups make up a mighty array difficult to win over, difficult to overcome, the auxiliaries of the enemy whose evil power we are fighting.

FOR THE RIGHT.

Some of the enemies with which we have to contend have just been named. The forces that from varied motives will fight hard for the maintenance of the liquor traffic are many.

Against them will be arrayed the forces that work for the up-building of society, that are loyal to right, that make for good. The keenest discernment, the fullest knowledge, the

grandest courage and the highest principal will be on the prohibition side. The men and women who first and forever base their plans and practices on loyalty to God and the golden rule, these are the active body of the prohibition forces. Character, conscience and philanthropy carry our banner in the fight.

Our allies are those who are open to argument, who can be convinced by sound logic and won by earnest appeal. We have no bounty or prize for those who enlist in our holy cause. We appeal to all that is best and noblest in human nature, and we believe that our appeal will not be in vain.

The temperance reform offers nothing to selfishness or ambition. It rallies around it those who are loyal to truth and willing to make sacrifice for the welfare of others. Its strength to-day is in the Christian churches. Those who are earnestly seeking to work out the gospel plan of social life must resist an agency that is at enmity to and destructive of that plan and its results.

The temperance reform is but one phase of this Gospel plan. It makes self-sacrifice for humanity's sake, and organizes resistance against an aggressive evil. The struggle is the old one between good and evil, between right and wrong, between light and darkness.

The final outcome of this struggle is absolutely certain. We may have some doubt as to the immediate result of the present effort. Ultimately, however, evil shall be overcome by good. To-day we are striving to win for the right the mighty aid of legal enactment. Notwithstanding the strength of the allied forces that oppose us we have faith in the Christianity of the Canadian people. If they realize the nature of the issue and do their duty towards God and humanity we shall win a speedy and glorious victory.

OUR WEAPONS.

The pulpit, the platform, personal persuasion and literature circulation are, roughly speaking, the lines of effort on which the coming battle will be fought. The prohibitionists are likely to have a monopoly of the first named two. On the other two the liquor traffic will also conduct its campaign.

At present we refer briefly to the last mentioned. We must have an abundant supply of the very best literature available. This literature must be varied for the different kinds of work to be done. Campaigners will need volumes of statistics, full statements of facts, extensive works of arguments, from which to draw materials for pulpit, platform and personal work. Tracts and leaflets containing pithy statements and cogent appeals must be made to fairly cover the country. One of the most potent forms of literature, because of its popularity, is the periodical. Men read newspapers who read nothing else. What these papers contain has a freshness that makes it peculiarly acceptable. The prohibition literature that comes in periodical form will be probably the most useful in the contest.

The organized prohibitionists of every locality should systematically plan for the presentation of their views through the secular press. We may rely upon the religious journals of Canada to do their full share of the fighting. The special prohibition press will be a power for good. Above and beyond all these we need some plan of placing fresh prohibition literature periodically in the hands of all the electors, many of whom do not subscribe for the religious and secular journals that are doing the most for our cause.

The CAMP FIRE meets this necessity. It will contain just the matter needed by our workers. It will be attractive, reliable, effective, making votes wherever it goes. The terms on which it will be supplied to local workers, for free distribution, will be so low that all can avail themselves of its help. Now is the time to make preparations, to lay plans, to send orders.

Selections.

AIM FOR PROHIBITION.

Aim for prohibition;
Ask for nothing less;
Labour for its triumph,
Pray for its success.

Put it in your school-books;
Teach it to the young;
Let it be the keynote
Of the nation's song.

Sound it from the pulpit,
Through the public press;
Speed it on its mission,
Every home to bless.

Let its holy incense
Perfume every breeze
From Arctic Ocean waters
To the Southern Seas.

Waft it on the zephyrs
Over every land;
Until every nation
Sees its triumph grand.

--Selected.

A RUM RUINED HOME.

If there's anything sad
On this beautiful earth
That ought to resound
With the music of mirth,
If there's anything touched,
Under heaven's high dome,
With a sorrowful blight,
'Tis a rum ruined home.

For the father is bent
Upon being a sot,
And the mother is bowed
By her terrible lot,
And the children are crushed
Like the martyred of Rome,
While their prattle is hushed
In a rum ruined home.

And the darkness of night,
Like a funeral pall,
With a desolate gloom
Settles down upon all;
And the river of life,
That should sparkle and foam,
Is a river of death
In a rum ruined home.

O, if ever an arm
Should be bared for the fight,
And if ever a Christian
Should stand for the right,
It is now, in the heat
Of a crisis so great,
With rum-ruin sanctioned
By city and state.

--Forward.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

These children are very impressible. A friend of mine, seeking for objects of charity, reached the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder passed through a hole in the ceiling. Thinking perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's-eye in the place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them lay a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Hush, don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"What are you doing here?"

"Hush, please don't tell anybody, sir; I'm a hiding."

"What are you hiding for?"

"Don't tell anybody, please, sir!"

"Where's your mother?"

"Please, sir, mother's dead."

"Where's your father?"

"Hush don't tell him. But look here!" He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw the boy's flesh was terribly bruised and his skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir."

"What did he beat you for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir; I was a street thief once."

"And why won't you steal any more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God and of heaven and of Jesus, and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again, if my father kills me for it. But please don't tell him."

"My boy, you musn't stay here. You'll die. Now, you wait patiently here for a little time. I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?"

"Yes," was the answer, "I will hear you sing your little hymn."

The boy raised himself on his elbow and then sang:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

"Fain would I to Thee be brought—
Gracious Lord, forbid it not,
In the kingdom of thy grace
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir. Good-bye."

The gentleman hurried away for restoratives and help, came back in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, there were the shavings, and there was the little motherless boy, with one hand by his side and the other tucked in his bosom—dead. Oh, I thank God that He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," did not say "respectable children," or "well-educated children." No, He sends his angel into the homes of poverty and sin and crime, where you do not like to go, and they are as stars in the crown of rejoicing to those who have been instrumental in enlightening their darkness. —*J. B. Gough.*

A DRUNKEN WILLIAM TELL.

"Ben, whose boy 're you?" The voice was thick and husky.

"You're, pop."

"An' who's the best shot in these parts, Ben? Tell these fellers."

The man's dull eyes fixed themselves on the boy. The little fellow's face lightened up, and he answered, looking round defiantly:

"My pop's the best shot in Montanny."

A silence fell over the crowd, and something of pride gleamed from the whiskey-dimmed eyes of old Billman. Then he said, handing the boy an apple:

"These fellows 'low I'm no good, Ben, an' I'm just goin' to do our Willyum Tell act, and show 'em that Jim Billman kin draw as fine a head now as ever he could."

Billman patted his son's head with a trembling hand, and the boy drew himself up proudly as he took the apple from his father.

"Go over to that tree, Ben," commanded Billman, at last, and the boy walked with a fearless step to the place indicated, turned his back to the tree, removed his hat balanced the apple on his head, then placed his hands behind him. There was not a quiver in his face, not a shadow of fear. His father, whom he loved, and who loved him, was the marksman.

Old Billman raised his gun to his shoulder. The weapon shook in his nerveless hands like a reed. Uttering an imprecation, he lowered the gun and brushed his sleeve across his eyes. He tried again but still without success.

"I know what's the matter," he muttered, and took a drink from a bottle in his pocket. "Now, then; all right, Ben?"

"All right, pop."

A short moment the gun trembled in Billman's hands and then—
Spring!

It was a strange, dull sound, not like the crash of a bullet through oak, but more like—

Alas! the smoke had cleared away, and the boy was lying in a lifeless heap upon the ground—killed by his drunken father! a cry as of a wild beast, a rush, and old Billman had the bloody form in his arms.

"Kill me?" shrieked the old man, rocking to and fro, "Kill me?" but the miners passed silently away one by one, and left the old man alone with his grief and his dead. —*Detroit Free Press.*

WHY I AM A PROHIBITIONIST.

You ask me to tell you "Why I am a Prohibitionist." The reasons are so many, and so cogent, and so obvious, that I do not see how it is possible for any intelligent man who loves and fears God, his country, and his fellow men, to be otherwise.

But all these reasons are resolved into this one; that the liquor traffic is absolutely inconsistent with the general welfare. It wages deadly, unceasing war upon every interest of the nation, State, and people in which there is no truce for a day, an hour, a moment. Night and day, without intermission, it is working with pick,

shovel, and dynamite to undermine and overthrow our institutions, changing good citizens, good fathers, good husbands, good brothers, good sons, into bad ones; peaceful, prosperous, thrifty, happy homes into abodes of poverty, misery, discord, and wretchedness; in short, into hells upon earth.

The liquor traffic changes the loving husband into a drunken devil, who, with blows and kicks and blood, repays a devoted wife and mother for all her labor and self-sacrifice in the endeavor to provide for her family the necessities of life to which the husband contributes nothing, because all his earnings go into the till of the rum-seller in payment for the poison which converts him into a demon.

The children in the meantime are pinched with hunger and cold, and suffer in a thousand ways from the influence of the saloon over the father. They have no other companionship than that of the miserables like themselves who swarm in the gutters, and no education but that gathered up in the slums.

Is not all this, and a great deal more, true of the liquor traffic? Is there a word of it exaggerated or overstrained? Then why can it be that any intelligent man, especially a Christian, will pass this by without a thought and lend his influence of whatever kind to a system which upholds this devilish trade, protecting it by law, giving it full and free permission to blast the homes of the people?

Why is it that good men should consent to a system which converts peaceful, industrious citizens into tramps, beggars, vagabonds, thieves, burglars, robbers, incendiaries, men of violence and men of blood, and condemns children to a way of life which fits them for nothing but to swell the ranks of the dangerous classes?

Have I set down a word here which is not true of the liquor traffic? Not a tithe of its horrors are even alluded to. Then why is it that so many good men should stand aloof from the endeavor to change all that, and advocate a policy which creates and perpetuates all this evil, involving at the same time the sin, shame, and crime of making nation, State, and municipality active partners in the rum trade, putting into the public treasury the largest part of its profits? —*Neal Dow.*

MURDERING THE INNOCENTS.

The most tragic pages of human history will not be written until the agonies inflicted by the saloon upon the mothers, wives, sisters and children of drunkards have been portrayed. That can never be fully done.

The saloon curse rests with crushing force upon women. The horrors to which the saloon exposes them are worse than those of slavery. The sufferings of the wives and daughters of drinking men are more acute and dreadful than any others experienced in this world. The saloon turns men into wild beasts, and then lets them loose upon their families.

A living man chained to a putrescent corpse is not more terribly situated than the wives of drunkards. Unable to escape the close relationships of wifehood, they are constantly exposed to brutalities so revolting and heart-rending that their very existence is a prolonged tragedy. Children born with an inherited appetite for drink, of refined, pure mothers, tell a story of the beastliness of drunken fathers and of marital misery that we shudder to think of and dare not describe. Hell itself cannot be worse than the lives of such wives with such husbands.

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

HURRY!

A contemporary gives us an account of the last interview of a convicted murderer with his mother. His words sound like a wail from the lost: "I didn't want to kill him. I was crazed with drink. The saloon did it. Tell the temperance people to be in a hurry."

Another wail is heard from the prison dungeon, by a lady who visits a criminal in his dreary confinement: "It was whiskey that did it?"

Perhaps some one will say in reply to this, drunkenness is a crime. If these men had kept away from saloons and let drink alone, they would not

have become criminals. That drunkenness is a crime, cannot be denied. But what shall be said of the man who, knowing that the only influence of the saloon is to make drunkards and criminals, deliberately engages in the traffic for the money he may make out of the destruction of his neighbors?

Yet behind this fiendish work are the people who contravene the statutes of Jehovah by making it legal to put a bottle to the "neighbor's lips, and make him drunken also." —*Minneapolis Review.*

A TEETOTAL VILLAGE.

GOOD EFFECTS OF NO RUM IN AN ENGLISH MINING TOWN.

Some interesting facts have recently been published respecting the teetotal colliery village of Roe Green in Lancashire. Five and twenty years ago the houses of the village belonged almost exclusively to the Bridgewater trustees, who employ most of the men. Today, out of 110 houses, 81 are inhabited by their owners. The Rechabite Tent has a membership of 270, the Band of Hope 286. There is a co-operative store, the property of the village, yielding a profit of 3 shillings in a pound. The chapel and Sunday school have been built by the workmen themselves at a cost of £2,700, and, while, in the United Kingdom as a whole, one in four persons over 60 years of age receives parish pay at least for a part of the year, in Roe Green there is not a single one over this age receiving pauper relief. Clearly there is something to be said for the teetotal village. —*Westminster Gazette.*

THE SALOON IN POLITICS.

The liquor power must be totally eliminated from politics if we respect the institution of American democracy and desire their permanency. The aims of the saloon are selfish; its methods are slimy and criminal. It thrives by despoiling men of their reason and firing their passions. Its fruits are the moral and physical wrecks of humanity which crowd our jails and poor houses. To be able to prosecute with fuller freedom its dire work it seeks the control of politics, which it reduces to its own level, and, if successful, it chains in slavery to its chariot-wheels the degraded commonwealth which allowed its triumph. —*Archbishop Ireland.*

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THE SALOON TO CHOOSE FOR A BOY.

Not a place on a fashionable street,
All furnished and burnished within,
Where the gay and the hail-fellows
meet,
With glamour the gosling to win.

But rather a tumble-down den
Surrounded by marshes and bogs,
Where the jingle of glasses by men
Shall blend with the croaking of
frogs.

The shanty I'd plaster all o'er
With pictures and posters to suit;
Hobgoblins I'd hang on the door,
And monsters of human and brute.

Here murder shall bear her red arm
And flourish her pistol and blade;
There tremens and demons alarm
And publish the fruits of the trade.

The sign of this chosen saloon
Should say in sleek letters to fit
Of serpent-coils hung in festoon,
"Lead to the bottomless pit."

No; pardon my humor, my son;
I alter the pitch of my tune;
No drinking-place wanted, not one;
No high-up nor low-down saloon.

The highest is still very low —
All, all are but links in the chain,
You begin at the top and you go
Toboggan-like down a steep plain;

Go downward from laughter and light,
With a swiftness that stifles the
breath,
With a reel and a plunge in your flight
To regions of darkness and death;

To regions of shame and remorse
With serpent-crowned furies to dwell,
Where the wine and wassail of earth
Give place to the horrors of hell.

Then flee, my boy, flee the saloon;
Alike do the glamour and glare
And the serpent-coils hung in festoon,
Mark stages to death and despair.
—Joel Swartz.

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GIVE US A TRIAL.

CANADA'S DRINK BILL.

The majority report of the Royal Commission estimates the average consumption and cost of intoxicating liquors in Canada for the five years 1889 to 1893. The total average yearly quantity was 21,076,749 gallons. This would amount to a little less than four and one-fifth gallons per head of our population.

The figures show that there has for a number of years been a steady falling off in the quantity of spirits and wines consumed, and a steady increase in the consumption of malt liquors. If, however, we calculate simply the amount of alcohol contained in all these liquors there will be found to be a steady diminution, the average quantity of alcohol consumed per year in the Dominion for each one thousand persons, being as follows:

10 years ending 1890	600 gallons
5 years ending 1890	622 "
3 years ending 1893	597 "

The report goes on to estimate the price paid for liquor when sold in quantities, and also when sold to the consumer, in the following terms:

"Taking Canadian spirits at \$2.10 per gallon, and imported at the entered value, plus duty; Canadian malt liquors at 30 cents per gallon, and imported at the entered value, plus the duty, and wine at the entered value, plus duty, the following total is reached:

Spirits, 3,800,506 gals	\$8,723,563 00
Malt liquors, 17,355,487 gals.	8,368,145 00
Wine, 511,026 gals.	933,356 00

Total \$18,030,064 00

"There has to be added to the entered price of the imported liquors the freight across the Atlantic, insurance and charges. These would probably amount to \$165,000.

"Of the additions made to the quantities manufactured and imported, before the different descriptions of liquors are disposed of by retail, it is, of course, impracticable to obtain any account.

"Taking an average of the quantities of wine, spirits and malt liquors entered for consumption in the five years ending 1893, but excluding cider and native wines, and taking an average of the retail prices, the calculation shows the sum of \$39,879,854, to be paid for liquor by the consumers. As more than one-half of this amount is paid for spirits to which it is well understood a large addition of water is made before they are vended to the public, the total amount paid is probably considerably in excess of the sum just mentioned."

PROGRESS.

It will be seen from the figures just quoted that the consumption of strong drink in Canada is small as compared with that of other countries. It is very encouraging to note that this small quantity is steadily decreasing.

The decrease is doubtless owing to the steady growth of temperance sentiment, and the extending application of the prohibition principle. In every part of the Dominion, large areas are now free from the licensed liquor traffic. Nova Scotia has only two counties in which liquor may be legally sold. Prince Edward Island is entirely under the Scott Act. The greater part of New Brunswick is in the same position. Quebec has many municipalities under local option prohibitory laws. In Ontario the number of licenses is only about one-half of what it was fifteen years ago. Three-fourths of Manitoba and the greater part of the North-west Territories are under prohibition.

The yearly consumption of liquor varies largely with the extent of territory under the operation of prohibition. This fact is strikingly shown by the following table compiled from the Royal Commission Report, showing the average yearly consumption of intoxicating liquor in the different Provinces per 1,000 of the population.

British Columbia	1,262 gals.
Quebec	672 "
Manitoba	671 "
Ontario	654 "
New Brunswick	362 "
Nova Scotia	305 "
Prince Edw'd Island	153 "

These statistics are remarkably encouraging to the advocates of total abstinence and total prohibition.

They make it clear that legislative restriction and the diminution of the amount of liquor consumed go hand in hand, either having the relation of cause and effect, or being the result of a common cause.

LOSE NO TIME.

In a few months the prohibition campaign will be over. Before long it will be too late to do anything further to help in the present great contest. Now is the time for work.

Wherever organization has not been effected there should be immediate attention to this essential duty. No one should wait for another. Plans must be made at once for united, effective effort.

In a contest in which so much is at stake we cannot afford to miss the help of any friend, no matter how small that help may seem to be. The battle will be won by the united efforts of hundreds of thousands each of whom could do comparatively little alone. There is not a moment to spare. Organization ought to be everywhere pushed to completion now.

If any reader of this article needs any information regarding plan of organization or methods of work, a letter from him will be cordially welcomed by the Secretary of the Dominion Alliance who will cheerfully furnish any information or assistance in his power.

THE DEMAND FOR PROHIBITION.

To sum up the whole matter, it may be said that the two reasons which alone demand the continuance of the traffic—appetite and greed—are overwhelmingly outweighed by the considerations which urge its suppression.

From every side come voices demanding that the most pernicious business remaining extant in a world that has abolished negro slavery and Russian serfdom shall be placed under the ban of law. Civilization demands it in the interest of human progress. Science approves it as being the correct and logical result of the exposure it has made of the world's great error concerning the nature of intoxicants. Philanthropy cries out for it in the name of suffering millions. Political economy insists upon it in order that the nation may be saved from bankruptcy. Christianity prays for it in behalf of the thousands of youths that are constantly being lured to ruin, and the multitudes now in the toils of the destroyer who may be rescued from perdition if the tempter be kept from haunting their path. Patriotism desires it that the country may be delivered from a curse more terrible than war, or famine, or pestilence. Statesmanship argues for it that the greatest good to the greatest number may be realized. Wifehood and childhood from thousands of stricken homes stretch forth imploring hands asking to be delivered from the unspeakable woes they endure because of drink. Drunkards too, from out their helpless slavery, beseech their sober fellows to save them from their bondage to appetite in the words the Great Master taught them, "Lead us not into temptation."—*The Alliance News.*

A CURIOUS LAW.

The police in Denmark have a curious way of dealing with the drunk and incapable found in the streets. They summon a cab and place the patient inside it, then drive to the station, where he gets sober, then home, where he arrives sober and sad. The agents never leave him till they have seen him safe in the family bosom. Then the cabman makes his charge, and the police surgeon makes his, and the agents make their own claim for special duty, and this bill is presented to the host of the establishment where the culprit took his last overpowering glass.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

THE LAST GLASS.

"No, thank you, not any to-night, boys, for me.
I have drunk my last glass, I have had my last spree.
You may laugh in my face, you may sneer if you will,
But I've taken the pledge, and I'll keep it until
I am laid in the church-yard and sleep 'neath the grass;
And your sneers cannot move me, I've drunk my last glass.

"Just look at my face, I am thirty to-day,
It is wrinkled and hollow, my hair is turned gray,
And the light of my eye that once brilliantly shone,
And the bloom of my cheek, both are vanished and gone:
I am young, but the furrows of sorrow and care
Are stamped on a brow once with innocence fair.

"Ere manhood its seal on my forehead had set—
And I think of the past with undying regret—
I was honoured and loved by the good and the true,
Nor sorrow, nor shame, no dishonour I knew,
But the tempter approached—I yielded and fell,
And drank of the dark, damning poison of hell.

"Since then I have trod in the pathway of sin,
And bartered my soul to the demon of gin;
Have squandered my manhood in riotous glee,
While my parents, heart-broken, abandoned by me,
Have gone to the grave filled with sorrow and shame,
With a sigh for the wretch, who dishonoured their name.

"There's a curse in the glass! never more shall my lip
Of the fatal and soul-burning beverage sip;
Too long has the fiend in my bosom held sway,
Henceforth and forever I spurn him away;
And never again shall the death-dealing draught
By me, from this hour, with God's blessing, be quaffed.

"So good night, boys; I thank you, no liquor for me;
I have drunk my last glass, I have had my last spree;
You may laugh in my face, you may sneer if you will,
But I've taken the pledge, and I'll keep it until
I am laid in the church-yard and sleep 'neath the grass;
Your sneers cannot move me, I've drunk my last glass.—*Selected.*

WISE WORDS.

The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out the vitals and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will not only prove abortive, but will aggravate the evil. No, there must be no more attempt to regulate the cancer; it must be eradicated. Not a root must be left behind, for until this is done all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink.

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