



# THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

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## PROGRESS.

### GROWTH OF OUR CAUSE.

INTERESTING STATEMENTS FROM THE OLD LAND

The Very Rev. Dean Farrar is the writer of an interesting article in the *Homiletic Review* for February, in which is contained much information relating to the remarkable progress of temperance sentiment in Great Britain in recent years. Among the most striking paragraphs in this interesting article are the following:

#### PROGRESS IN THE ARMY.

Another decided sign of progress may be observed in all ranks of the Army. In olden days a drunken officer was very far from being a rare phenomenon; now it is almost unknown. An aged and distinguished general, who has won the *Victoria Cross*, told me that, when as a youth he joined his regiment, it was quite an ordinary thing for every officer to have his soldier-servant in attendance to conduct him home after dinner, since he was too often unable to walk without assistance! In those days the hero of the entertainment was the "three bottle," and even the four or five bottle man, who would sit in his chair when the rest of the company had collapsed under the table. Now such a scene would be regarded as an infamy, and we may positively affirm that it never occurs. Three incidents in our wars, in the earlier part of this century, will illustrate how fatally drunkenness was the besetting vice of our soldiers, and how seriously it has often imperilled the destinies of our country. In

#### THE BURMESE WAR,

on one occasion, the enemy made a surprise assault on the British camp. It was a moment of immense peril, for, as everything seemed to be quiet, multitudes of the soldiers were drunk. Sir Henry Havelock, however, then a young officer, was an abstainer, and a religious man. He used to gather his soldiers together in a Bible class—a thing in those days almost unheard of. A despairing message about the expected attack, and the state in which most of the soldiers were, was brought to the general in command. His reply was: "Send to Havelock; his men are never drunk, and he is always ready." And Havelock's sober soldiers repelled the assault, and saved the army from defeat and the nation from a catastrophe. Again,

#### IN THE INDIAN MUTINY,

the drunkenness of the soldiers on one occasion seriously imperilled our empire in India. They had fought and marched splendidly under Havelock. They had taken Delhi. The enemy had abandoned the city. But, alas! whether designedly or otherwise, they had left all the drink in the city when they retired with all their other possessions. The soldiers fell into the deadly trap laid for them that night; broadly speaking, the great mass of the men of our army were hopelessly drunk. Havelock was in an agony of mind. He felt that if the enemy, who had left the drink, had renewed the attack when intoxication had incapacitated our soldiers, the English army might have been hopelessly massacred. Fortunately the Sepoys were ignorant of the state of things. Next morning, by orders of the general, every cask of liquor in the city was staved, and the ruinous poison deluged the gutters.

#### IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.

Again, we read in Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War," that, when our soldiers first landed, nothing could exceed their kindness and good behaviour. "What," he asks, "was the reason?" The answer is, that there was "no drink, and therefore no crime." The drink came with the next batch of

transports, and the whole condition of the army was instantly changed for the worse. They forfeited no small measure of the golden opinions which they had won.

#### AMONGST THE GENERALS.

It is a sign of real advance in the Temperance cause that now there is not a regiment which does not number total abstainers among its men; that many of our leading generals—the Duke of Wellington, Sir C. Napier, Lord Wolseley, Sir Evelyn Wood, Lord Roberts and many others—have strongly urged upon soldiers the immense and varied advantages of abstinence; and that, at this moment, there are said to be nearly 20,000 total abstainers in our Indian army. It is another favourable sign that our brilliant campaign in the Sudan war was fought by soldiers who were carefully guarded from access to drink; and it may fairly be called a campaign won by the temperate and the abstinent.

#### PROGRESS AMONGST SAILORS.

Again, our sailors were once notorious for drunkenness. Now there are abstainers on board every ship in the line and on every merchant vessel. Grog is no longer indiscriminately served out, and—thanks to good workers like Miss Agnes Weston and the friends of the Seamen's Mission—sailors' homes are provided not only in England, but at many foreign ports, which save thousands of sailors from disgrace, ruin, and premature death.

#### TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

Further, there has been a very wide dissemination of Temperance literature, and this has borne good fruit. We cannot say accurately, how many adult total abstainers there are in Great Britain, but they amount unquestionably to several millions. Indeed, total abstinence is now so common that it attracts no notice whatever either at public or private banquets. Incontrovertible reasoning must sooner or later tell on the human mind, though it works but slowly. The testimony, however, and the evidence in favor of the arguments of the Temperance party are so overwhelmingly strong, and are every year acquiring such added cogency, that sooner or later they cannot but penetrate the almost impervious callosity of the national mind and conscience.

#### IRRESISTIBLE TESTIMONIES.

It is certainly a new fact in the history of the nineteenth century that nearly every judge on the bench has given repeated and emphatic testimony against drink as the cause of crime; that nearly every Prime Minister and leading Statesman—including men like Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Chamberlain—has warned the nation of the danger of continuing under this hideous yoke, that the great majority of our most eminent physicians have publicly asserted drink to be the main cause of accidents, disease, shortened lives, and sudden deaths; that not a few of them have declared strong drink to be not only needless but, in its measure, injurious to everyone who takes it; that the Archbishop of Canterbury, many bishops, and a large portion of the clergy are total abstainers and active workers in the Temperance cause; that our prison officials, and all who have the care of the insane, point to drink as the main cause of brutality and madness; that poets, like Lord Tennyson, and our most eminent literary men, like Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Ruskin, have warned the nation against drink in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn; that the Pope of Rome has pronounced a distinct and emphatic blessing on total abstinence from that which "hurries innumerable souls into perdition;" that our athletes—our champion soldiers, shooters, walkers, swimmers, cricket and football players—have recommended

entire abstinence from all forms of drink; that our chief trainers and the writers of all the most recent athletic manuals have declared that alcohol should be rigidly excluded from the dietary of all who aim at athletic excellence; that tropical travellers, like Mr. J. S. Buckingham and Dr. Livingstone, and Arctic voyagers, like Sir J. Ross and Nansen, have declared with equal emphasis and proved by personal experience that the use of drink is equally undesirable in the equatorial forest and in the zones of eternal snow; that every statistician who collects evidence from the returns of the Registrar-General, or of any public institution, points to drink as a cause which

"Has overthrown and drowned  
Far greater numbers on dry ground,  
(Of wretched mankind, one by one,  
Than e'en before the flood had done."  
In the long run, surely—unless men hopelessly blind their eyes and harden their hearts—such evidence cannot but influence not only every true Christian, but also every sensible patriot and every earnest-minded man. This country has witnessed the foundation of

#### MANY TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

They were formed in 1829 in Ireland and Scotland. The year 1831 witnessed the birth of the British and Foreign Temperance Society. The Bradford Temperance Society was formed in 1850. The seven men of Preston had founded a total abstinence society in 1835, in which year began the British Association for the Promotion of Temperance. In 1837 was founded the National Total Abstinence Society. The year 1838 witnessed the beginning of the marvellous Temperance apostolate of Father Mathew in Ireland and England, followed by that of Dr. Guthrie in Scotland. The New Templars were introduced in America in 1868. Cardinal Manning was an ardent supporter of the Catholic Temperance Association. The Church of England Temperance Society began in 1862, and was stimulated by a powerful and most instructive report of a committee of convocation, presided over by Archdeacon Sandford in 1868. Almost every religious body in England has now started a Temperance association—even the small Society of Friends. All the workers in the Salvation Army are pledged to total abstinence. The last Sunday in November is widely observed as a Temperance Sunday. The Blue Ribbon Army was founded in 1876. Lastly, the London Temperance Hospital, founded in 1871, has conclusively proved that there is no form of illness which cannot be cured without any resort to alcohol, though it was once so universally and erroneously regarded as a necessary therapeutic agent.

#### WORK AMONG THE YOUNG

is of transcendent importance, and the first juvenile association was formed at Preston in 1832. The various Bands of Hope in the United Kingdom now number perhaps 2,000,000 children. The title "United Kingdom Band of Hope Union" was first adopted in 1863; and the Young Abstainers' Union, for children of the upper and middle classes, in 1879. This work would be a priceless benefit for the future were it not that there is a very large leakage from abstaining children to drinking men and women. Means ought to be taken to prevent this by continuing the care of the boys and girls after they are confirmed.

#### MANITOBA R. T. GRAND COUNCIL.

Manitoba Grand Council R. T. of 11 held its 17th session at Winnipeg last month, presided over by Bro. G. H. Healy, of Virden. Most of the business transacted related to the work of the Order. There was a good deal of satisfaction expressed at the promise made by the Provincial Government. Most of the officers were re-elected.

## THE POST

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drop us a post card and we will explain how you can obtain it, and at the same time do some very useful work for the temperance cause, with no trouble to yourself.

#### A CALAMITY.

It is a calamity, almost criminal in its nature and effects, that there are not such unity and liberality upon the part of the pulpit against the natural and deadly foe of the pulpit, the saloon. The liquor traffic fights its battles with ranks all closed; pulpits fire sometimes at the saloon, and sometimes, alas, at each other. The saloon is fortified with millions of money, upon which it may draw at will in any emergency; the pulpit has no funds for a crusade against the liquor traffic. The plain truth is, and we may as well face the facts, the saloon exists because the preachers and churches and other friends of temperance will not come together and stay together and give and fight together. If God is not omnipotent he is not God, and if he is omnipotent—and he is—he will speedily give victory to the virtuous cause of temperance, if we will bury our differences and do our duty. *Cumberland Presbyterian.*

#### SECRET OF THE LIQUOR POWER WITH POLITICIANS.

It has long been a problem with some men why a comparatively few liquor voters could have such power with the government, while the petitions of many times their number of temperance loving people are ignored. The following from the *National Advocate* may enlighten some of these: "Because the liquor people say to the politicians: 'Give us legislation that protects our business, or we will turn you down;' while Christian voters say: 'We would like you to give us some legislation that will tend to remove from us the evils of intemperance, but if you don't do so we will vote for you anyhow.' The beautiful resolution presented to the President by the Methodist committee, of which Dr. James M. Buckley was chairman, seems to be quite in line with this last expression, with the notable exception that the committee in question did not say what the people wanted, but instead unequivocally endorsed the administration of the President."—*Free Baptist.*

# 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 his 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, 1900

## A BAD BILL.

Mr. W. M. German, M.P.P., for Welland, has introduced into the Ontario Legislature a Bill to permit the sale of liquor on Sundays to *bona fide* travellers, and on the days on which municipal bye-elections are held. It is not likely that this proposal will become law. Public sentiment in Ontario has been so strongly expressed in favor of prohibition that it is strange to find anyone audacious enough to propose a further extension of the liquor traffic. Ontario friends of our cause will however, act wisely in writing to their representatives in the local legislature urging strong opposition against this iniquitous proposal.

## THE 100,000 PLEDGE.

Every day brings to the office of this journal lists of voters who have signed the 100,000 Voters' Pledge. As the life of the present Parliament is drawing to a close it is specially desirable that these lists should be complete as soon as possible. We therefore earnestly request our friends in every part of the Dominion to secure a completion of their pledge lists and forward them to this office without any further delay. Those who are working on this line express surprise and gratification at the success with which their efforts are meeting.

## THE COMING ELECTION.

It is now almost certain that a general Dominion election will be held during the present year. Prohibitionists will therefore do wisely in being prepared in good time for that event. In the Plebiscite of 1898, prohibition majorities were recorded in the constituencies of 120 members of the House of Commons, out of a total of 213. Outside the Province of Quebec there are 121 Members out of a total of 148 whose constituencies voted for prohibition by average majorities of over 1,000. It ought to be easy for the friends of temperance to unite in these constituencies in such action as would secure the nomination and return of a representative in harmony with the public opinion thus strongly expressed. Again we urge upon our workers to lose no time. Let county conventions be speedily held. Let politicians of both parties understand that they must nominate prohibitionists or lose the support of those who voted against the liquor traffic. Wise and energetic action on this line may now ensure us a Parliament that will give us the legislation for which we voted.

## DOMINION R. T. OF T.

The Dominion Council Royal Templars of Temperance held its Twelfth Session at Hamilton, commencing on March 20th with a large attendance of delegates from different parts of the Dominion, Bro. Geo. H. Lees, Dominion Councillor presiding.

The address of the Dominion Councillor was full of interesting information and valuable suggestion regarding the work of the year, and contained also wise and forcible references to the present position of the prohibition reform, and a cordial endorsement of the Alliance movement to secure 100,000 pledged voters and to make prohibition a political issue. Manitoba was congratulated upon the advance step taken by her Government.

The most important business transacted by the Council was the deciding upon an increase in the insurance rates of the Order. Hitherto the Royal Templar Order has been remarkable for its cheap insurance, hereafter its insurance is expected to be not only lower than that of other fraternal organizations, but as safe as insurance in old line companies. We cordially congratulate the R. T. of T. on the great success that has been achieved and wish them a hearty God-speed in their future undertakings.

## MANITOBA.

The Manitoba Legislature is in session and friends of our cause are eagerly waiting for the introduction of the promised prohibitory legislation. The speech from the throne at the opening of the session, contained the following paragraph:

"The people of Manitoba having, on two occasions, declared themselves by their votes, in favor of the prohibition of the liquor traffic, my Government has decided to give effect to their views in so far as the powers of the Provincial Legislature will permit them to do so, and a bill dealing with this important subject will be submitted to you at the present session."

Whatever course is taken by the Manitoba Legislature must be followed by the Legislatures of Ontario and the Maritime Provinces. We congratulate our friends in the west and wish them the fullest and best success in the splendid fight they are making for God and home and Canada.

## IN PARLIAMENT.

The resolution in favor of prohibition still stands on the order paper of the House of Commons, which body seems very slow in taking up this important question.

Parliamentary usages and methods may be the cause of the delay. Prohibitionists however, believe that a question with which the Government was anxious to deal, would not have stood so long without consideration.

We sincerely hope that Mr. Flint who has charge of this resolution will see that no indifference or opposition prevents its receiving fair play. The friends of the temperance cause want to have the matter discussed and a division taken in the House of Commons so that they may know who are with and who are against the voice of the people as recorded in the Plebiscite of 1898.

## A VICTORY IN PARLIAMENT.

The temperance cause won a notable victory in the British House of Commons on March 9th. In the orders of the day was a bill introduced by Mr. Robinson Souttar, providing for prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors to children

under eighteen years of age. It was not generally expected that the bill would be reached, but some other business was unexpectedly gotten rid of and the temperance measure was reached early in the day. On behalf of the Government Mr. Goschen moved the adjournment of the House on the grounds that the discussion of the bill was not anticipated. The proposal raised a storm of opposition so vigorous that the motion was withdrawn and the discussion proceeded. An opponent of the measure endeavored to secure an adjournment of the debate, but the Speaker ruled him out of order as the House had unanimously agreed to go on by permitting the motion for adjournment to be withdrawn. The bill was read a second time without a division, and now stands for consideration by the Committee of the Whole. English Temperance Journals are jubilant over this victory, and the organs of the liquor traffic are unusually excited over the prospect of its becoming law.

## TEMPERANCE AND LIFE INSURANCE.

Another evidence of the value of total abstinence is furnished in the report for 1899 of the Sceptre Life Association of Great Britain. This insurance organization has a special temperance section in which only abstainers are classified. The growing popularity of the temperance section is shown in the fact that of 579 policies issued during the year, 492 were on the lives of abstainers.

During the year, according to mortality tables, the expected deaths in the general section of the insured by this society, were 140, the actual deaths were 86, giving a percentage of about 61. The expected deaths in the temperance section were 94, the actual deaths were 47, giving a percentage of 50.

The experience of this society for the preceding fifteen years is set out in the following table, showing the actual and expected deaths in the general and temperance sections respectively.

GENERAL SECTION.			
Years.	Expected.	Actual.	Percentage.
1884-88	466	368	70.00
1889-93	564	466	82.62
1894-98	628	498	79.30
Total	1,658	1,332	80.34
TEMPERANCE SECTION.			
Years.	Expected.	Actual.	Percentage.
1884-88	195	110	56.41
1889-93	312	181	58.07
1894-98	419	228	54.42
Total	926	522	56.37

## THE NEW ZEALAND VOTE.

As our readers have already learned, a vote was taken upon the license question in New Zealand at the recent general election. A three fifths majority is necessary to carry prohibition in any district. The returns of the votes polled showed that had a bare majority been sufficient, prohibition would have been made the law in a number of places that are still under license. The following is a list of some of the places in which there was a majority for prohibition, but not enough to give the temperance party complete success.

	Votes for License.	Votes for No License.
Waiaapu	2,417	2,558
Franklin	1,727	1,746
Maasterton	1,861	1,988
Kaipoi	1,715	2,235
Ashburton	1,901	2,021
Wakatipu	2,664	2,359
Bruce	1,519	1,967
Taiari	1,551	1,576
Invercargill	2,228	2,300
Thames	2,064	2,369
Oamaru	1,770	1,975
Wellington Suburbs	1,939	2,120

## IMPORTANT.

TORONTO, 1900.

DEAR FRIEND,—

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

The victory won last year was only the opening of a campaign in which the liquor traffic will do its utmost to block, delay, and if possible prevent our securing the enactment and enforcement of prohibitory law. We have plenty of hard fighting ahead of us. We must keep posted and equipped, knowing all that is being done by our friends and foes, and sophistry and misrepresentation that will be advanced.

**The Camp Fire** will be one of the best aids you can have in the struggle. It will contain nothing but what you need. Every number ought to be preserved. You cannot afford to be without it, and the subscription price is only nominal, **Twenty-five cents per year.**

While a necessity to every prohibition worker the **The Camp Fire** will also be of special value for distribution. Literature won the plebiscite victory. We must keep up the educating work. Printed matter tells. It does its work continuously, silently, fearlessly and no form of literature is so generally read and so potential as the up-to-date periodical. It comes with the force and interest of newness and life. For this reason the form of a monthly journal has been selected.

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

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

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

Your help is asked in this great work. *Every society* should subscribe for and distribute hundreds of copies. This is the easiest and surest plan of making prohibition votes. Look at the terms:

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

On no other plan can a small investment be made to produce so much of educative results. 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. **AND. WILL YOU HELP US?**

Address,

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

## Selections.

## WAIT TILL WE ARE MEN.

Some say teetotalers go too far,  
And ne'er will gain their end,  
Although they labor hard and long.  
Much time and money spend.  
'Tis folly e'er to hope to see  
A day in this land when  
The liquor shops shall all be closed—  
But wait till we are men.

With drunkenness our land is filled,  
Our homes with grief and pain,  
The only free are those who from  
All poison drinks abstain.  
The wise and good are praying for  
That glorious season when  
The demon drink shall be overthrown—  
But wait till we are men.

The founders of our glorious cause  
Were earnest, true, and brave,  
And labored hard midst many foes,  
The slaves of drink to save.  
Our noble leaders boldly dare  
Propose to close each den  
Where drink is sold: we'll be as brave—  
Just wait till we are men.

A noble army, brave and strong,  
Increasing every day,  
Is now in training for the fight,  
Make ready—clear the way!  
Boldly defying all the powers  
Of alcohol, sir, then  
We'll show the world what we can do—  
Just wait till we are men!  
Your loving, UNCLE JIM.

## PUT IT THROUGH.

Come, freemen of the land,  
Come, meet the last demand;  
Here's a piece of work in hand;  
Put it through!

Here's a log across the way,  
We have stumbled on all day;  
Here's a ploughshare in the clay;  
Put it through!

Here's a country that's half free,  
And it waits for you and me,  
To say what its fate shall be;  
Put it through!

While one traitor thought remains,  
While one spot its banner stains  
One link of all its chains;  
Put it through!

Hear our brothers in the field,  
Steel your swords as theirs are steeled,  
Learn to wield the arms they wield;  
Put it through!

For the birthrights yet unsold,  
For the history yet untold,  
For the future yet unrolled,  
Put it through!

Lest our children point with shame,  
On the father's dastard fame,  
Who gave up a nation's name;  
Put it through!

Here's a work of God half done,  
Here's the Kingdom of His Son,  
With its triumphs just begun:  
Put it through!

'Tis to you the trust is given!  
'Tis by you the bolt is driven  
By the very God of heaven,  
Drive it through!

## THE TOAST.

Pop! went the gay cork flying,  
Sparkled the gay champagne;  
By the light of a day that was dying  
He filled up their goblets again.  
"Let the last, best toast be 'Woman—  
Woman, dear woman,'" said he:  
"Empty your glass, my darling,  
When you drink to your sex with me."

But she caught his strong brown fingers,  
And held him tight as in fear,  
And through the gathering twilight  
Her voice fell on his ear:  
"Nay, ere you drink, I implore you,  
By all that you hold divine,  
Pledge a woman in tear-drops  
Rather by far than in wine!"

"By the woes of the drunkard's mother,  
By his children who beg for bread,  
By the fate of her whose beloved one  
Looks on the wine when 'tis red.  
By the kisses changed to curses,  
By the tears more bitter than brine,  
By many a fond heart broken—  
Pledge no woman in wine."

"What has wine brought to woman?  
Nothing but tears and pain.  
It has torn her from her lover,  
And proven her prayers in vain;  
And her household goods, all scattered,  
Lie tangled up in vine.  
Oh! I prithee, pledge no woman  
In the curse of so many—wine!"  
—Mary Kyle Dallas.

## TIM CONNER'S CONVERSION.

"Stand aside, you drunken bum, and make room for these gentlemen who want to be waited on," growled the saloon keeper, as old Tim Conner moved farther down the bar.

"Give me some more drink to cool this burning thirst, and I will leave your house forever," answered the old man.

"Not another drop do you get in this house unless you pay for it; and, what is more, if you don't get out and quit annoying me, I will call the police and have you run in. Now, get. I have no room for loafers and bums who are in my way and have no money to spend."

"What will you have, young gentlemen?" he asked, turning to the two well-dressed young men who were standing at the bar. The young men had ordered their drinks; but before they had tasted their liquor, the old man walked up to where they stood, and, addressing the bar-keeper, said: "True, I have no money. True, as you say, I am nothing but a drunken bum. I came into this town three days ago in a box car and for three days have begged cold morsels from kitchen doors. My manhood is gone, and I am nothing but the physical and moral wreck you see me. But it was not always thus. The time once was when I could have bought a dozen establishments like this. I was a happy and prosperous business man, with a happy little family, but drink has been my ruin. I am alone in the world now; no one to love, and none to care for me; but I will soon be out of the way. I am going now; but, before I go, I want to say to you, young gentlemen, look at me and take warning. I was once as respectable as you, but see me now! Ah! for heaven's sake, let the accursed stuff alone, for it will bring you to the same condition."

With that the old man slowly left the room, and the young men looked at each other a moment, when one said: "Charley, you can drink if you want to, but I am done." With that he poured the contents of his glass upon the floor. "Here's to you, Joe," and the other followed his companion's example; "if you will quit, so will I; but it remains to be seen who holds out the longest."

With this they both left the saloon, while the barkeeper bitterly cursed the old man for interfering with his trade, and called the young men fools for listening to such an old fogey.

After leaving the saloon old Tim wandered aimlessly about the street, passing a large and handsome church, into which great crowds were pouring. "This is no place for me," he muttered; but, just as he passed, the organ pealed forth and the choir began singing—

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly.

It had been a long time since old Tim had heard that song, so he paused and listened. It seemed that he had never heard such rapturous music in all his life. As the song proceeded he felt drawn to the place, and, turning slowly back, he stole around to the rear of the church and seated himself on the steps leading into the pastor's study that he might hear more of it. By the time the song was ended the audience had gathered in the church, and he sat and listened, as song after song was sung, and the minister had prayed a fervent prayer, in which God's mercy and pity had been invoked upon those who were wandering in sin. There was something in that prayer, as well as the songs, that touched him, and the poor old man sat and wept as a flood of memory came rushing upon him. His mind went back to a happy home, in the long ago, when he had heard a happy young wife singing those same songs. The minister began his sermon, but old Tim heard in not, for he was dreaming of the past. He saw the bloom of health and happiness fade from a fair young face as the demon of drink slowly won a husband from his wife. He saw the peace and happiness of a home slipping away as the husband plunged deeper and deeper into ruin.

He saw the elegant home and its elegant furnishings all go to satisfy a demon's craze for drink. He saw a sad-faced little woman slowly pine away as she toiled day after day over the washtub to earn a scant living for herself, her baby boy and a drunken husband. He heard her prayers and saw her tears full unheeded, and at last saw her laid away in a plain pine box in the potter's field, and her child given into the fostering care of an orphan asylum. He saw a drunken, depraved man, wandering for more than twenty years, a drunken tramp, begging from door to door, while manhood, health, self-respect and respect for his fellow man had all slipped away.

"O God, why didn't I die before she did?" he moaned. "What have I to live for? I am not fit to live among decent people, and God knows I am not fit to die."

The services in the church were over, and he heard the minister announce that the evening services would begin at 7:30; so slowly the old moved away before the well-dressed throng should see him.

The hands of the great clock in the tower of the neighboring City Hall had just passed the hour of seven, and old Tim was again seated on the steps of the pastor's study.

"I must hear more of that sweet music, if nothing more," mused the old man, "and I want to be here in time to hear it all."

He had fully determined to move on after the long service; but before it began a sweet little girl of twelve years came running up the steps, and thinking he was the janitor, said: "Won't you please open the study door for me, Mr. Johnson? I want to get a book for papa before the services begin."

I beg your pardon, miss, said old Tim, rising and lifting his battered hat. "I am not Mr. Johnson, but—"

"Oh, excuse me, sir, I thought you were the janitor."

"I only stopped to listen to the singing," said the old man, apologetically, as he prepared to move on.

"Oh, won't you come inside where you can get a good seat, and you can hear it so much better? They will begin in a few moments," said the little girl.

"No, I am not fit to go into such a nice place as that," replied the old man; "besides, they would not want such as I in there."

"Oh, yes, they do, sir," said the little girl. "My papa is the pastor, and he always likes to have the old people come to hear him."

"It is not because I am old, but because I am not fit to be with such nice people. I am ragged and dirty, and I am afraid I am not a good man."

As the old man uttered these words the child saw tears trickling down his withered cheeks and, going up to him, she laid her little hand in his while she looked up into his face and said:

"Jesus loves you, and 's able to make you a good man, just like my papa, if you will let him. Do come with me, and you shall hear all the sweet songs and hear papa preach, and I know it will do you good."

Like one in a dream he suffered himself to be led around and into the church, where he seated himself far back and shrank from all who entered. The house was soon crowded, and the choir arose to sing. Never had he heard such music; and the prayers that followed were so earnest, so tender, so loving, that it seemed that each one was offered in his behalf.

The minister arose and read his text: "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him."

Then the preacher portrayed the love of God for lost sinners, and his wonderful mercy and goodness, in such a way as old Tim had never heard it before. He drew a picture of the wretchedness of the prodigal, his yearnings for home, his final resolve, and how that resolve was put into execution. When the preacher reached the climax, in which he pictured the prodigal clasped in his loving father's embrace, there was scarcely a dry eye in the house.

"Thus," said the minister, "our loving heavenly Father stands ready to wel-

come the wanderer to himself. He stands with outstretched arms to-night, ready to receive the most sinful and give them the kiss of pardon, and place upon them the robe of righteousness, if they will only come to him."

With an earnest appeal he closed his exhortation, and the choir began singing. Numbers of men and women went forward to confess their faith in Christ; and as old Tim looked up, through his tears, he saw the two young men whom he had seen in the saloon give the preacher their hands. They, too, had gone forward to confess the Saviour.

At the sight of them the poor old man's head dropped forward, and he sobbed like a child. Perhaps his words of warning had helped to save them, even if he himself was beyond control.

As he wept aloud, he felt a soft hand upon his shoulder. Looking up, he saw the minister's little daughter standing beside him, and as he looked into her face he thought it shone like an angel's.

"Won't you come and give your heart to Jesus?" the sweet voice said.

"Oh, I can't," he sobbed. "I am too far gone. I am a miserable, wretched sinner, and there is no hope for me."

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow," quoted the child. "Jesus can save to the uttermost. Do come, and he will help you. Only trust him, and he will make you whole."

It must have caused a flutter of excitement as the audience looked upon a scene the like of which they had never seen before; and as little Mary, the preacher's daughter, led an old, grey-haired man to the front and placed his hand in that of her father, and loud "Amen" was heard from different parts of the house.

Tremblingly the old man took the seat pointed out to him, drawing himself as far away from the others as possible, lest he should defile them. One by one they arose and confessed their faith in the Saviour; and when the preacher came to Tim and extended his hand to him, the old man said:

"Sir, I am not fit to be a Christian. I am wretched and undone. I thought there was no hope for me, but you said God was willing to save, even to the uttermost. I must tell you my history; then you must decide if there is any hope for me. Let me stay when the people are gone, and I will tell you all."

Assuring him of God's mercy and willingness to forgive, the preacher told him to remain; and when the audience was dismissed the two went into the study, where the old man told the preacher the history of his life.

As he concluded his sad story, the preacher's cheeks were bathed in tears, and, trembling with emotion, he asked the old man's name.

"My name is Conner—Tim Conner—but I am best known as 'Old Tim, the drunkard.'"

"Father, father, my long lost father!" exclaimed the preacher, as he gathered the old man in his arms.

"Father, I am your own Willie, the boy you left at the orphan asylum. God has been gracious to me in sparing me to be the means of bringing my own dear father back to the fold. For long years I have hunted for you, but had given you up as dead."

The father then learned how his boy had been taken from the orphanage, reared and educated in a Christian family, and had made the great preacher he was.

It was a beautiful sight the people witnessed the next night, as the grey-haired father was led down into the baptismal pool and buried beneath the yielding wave by the hand of his son. And when, on emerging, a pair of little arms were thrown around his neck, and a sweet voice said: "Grandpa, this is the happiest hour of my life," the good pastor responded with a hearty "amen," and that whole congregation joined with earnestness in singing—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

"Old Tim, the drunkard," is known no more, but, "Father Conner," as he is familiarly known, is loved and respected by all. He no longer begs for a cold morsel at the kitchen door, but every Sunday may be seen, a neatly dressed old man, led by a sweet-faced little maiden, as they happily walk to the church, and Pastor Conner has no more attentive listeners, nor has that church two more devoted workers, than grandpa and little Mary.—*W. B. Carnes, in the N. T. Advocate.*

NOTES OF NEWS.

ABOUT THE WAR AGAINST THE RUM TRAFFIC.

The Montreal Witness of April 6th, reports a brutal murder committed by a drunken man upon his wife whom he choked to death in a fit of passion.

On Wednesday, March 25th, two men in the London, Ont., Aged Peoples' Home procured a quantity of liquor and drank of it to excess, one of them died the same evening and the other on the following morning.

A sad catastrophe took place at the New Fort in Toronto on March 22nd. A young man, highly connected, who had held good positions, and who was then serving with the Royal Canadian Dragoons deliberately shot himself after a prolonged spree. His death was instantaneous.

A Gratifying Improvement.

The net result of the voting on local option in New Zealand in December last is that the liquor party increased their vote since the election of three years before, by about 4,000 and the prohibitionists increased their vote by about 22,000.

Cost of the Plebiscite.

Inquiries are sometimes made about the cost of the Dominion Plebiscite. On June 23rd of last year the Premier stated in the House of Commons that the total expenditure up to date in connection with the matter had been \$192,541 and that about \$1,000 more would be needed to meet outstanding liabilities.

Legislation Promised.

The Ontario Government has announced that the Provincial Liquor Law is to be consolidated. This ought to result in the removal from the Act of a number of absurdities and contradictions. It will also give the Government an opportunity, if they so desire, to show their friendship for the temperance cause by improving the Act in some respects in which it is sadly defective and unduly favorable to the liquor traffic.

A Victory for Law.

A very important decision has been given by the Imperial Privy Council, reversing the judgment of a Quebec Court regarding the Dunkin Act. A druggist in Richmond was convicted for thirty-two violations of the Act. On appeal Judge Lemieux quashed all the convictions but one, on the ground that the penalties might be as great as imprisonment for life in default of payment of fines, which would be oppressive. The Privy Council reversed the judgment and sustained the convictions.

Prohibition Works.

An article in The Rum's Horn, gives an interesting history of the growth of the city of Fargo, N.D., where the Mayor J. A. Johnston, has insisted upon thorough enforcement of the prohibitory law during the six years that he has held office. Fargo is compared with Moorehead, Minn., a town of about the same size and similarly situated. Moorehead has forty-five saloons, each paying \$500 license. The assessment increase for 1899 was \$1,457 in Moorehead and \$514,964 in Fargo. Fargo's increase of population was six times that of Moorehead. Predictions were made when the saloons were suppressed, that the result would be disastrous to the prosperity of the city. The reverse has been the case. More than \$1,000,000 has been expended in buildings in Fargo during the past three years, and there is not a desirable vacant house or store in the city. The tax rate despite large civic improvements, has been reduced twenty-five per cent during the past four years.

WHAT WILL THE GOVERNMENT DO?

While Great Britain is prompt to provide trade privileges for its citizens, as is well known, it has also a regard for the interests of those with whom they deal which may well be followed by other countries, our own included. In view of the fatal effect of the use of strong drink and of firearms among the people of the Pacific Islands, her traders are forbidden to carry the one for traffic. Dr. Paton, the apostle of the New Hebrides, is now in this country endeavoring to have our Government impose like restrictions. He should succeed. It will be a shame to have islands that have been largely redeemed from barbarism and cannibalism by self-sacrificing missionaries debauched and devastated by the drink demon, set on by our own citizens under the forms of commerce and trade.—North and West.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Personal abstinence lies at the foundation of our great reform.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

For thirty years I have been a temperance man, and I am too old to change.—Abraham Lincoln.

Total abstinence is the surest way, all other things being equal, of attaining the highest physical, mental moral, and every other kind of health.—Norman Kerr, M.D.

We esteem worthy of all commendation the noble resolve of your pious associations, by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink.—Pope Leo XIII.

Let there be an entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks throughout this country during the period of a single generation, and a mob would be as impossible as combustion without oxygen.—Hon. Horace Mann.

Oh that we could get them sober, and perhaps we might make better men of them. You cannot do much with these fellows, unless you can enlist them in the cold stream guards.—Charles H. Spurgeon, D.D.

Total abstinence we seek through voluntary action for the promotion of individual virtue and of the general good. Legal prohibition we seek for as means of guarding our rights. Let the law cease to appeal to us by taxing us for the support of pauperism and crime caused by the selling of intoxicating drinks, and we will cease to appeal to the law.—Mark Hopkins, D.D.

"ITS A PITY TO FIND THEE HERE."

A tall, rough-looking man, holding a child by the hand, entered the bar-room of a much frequented saloon. Ordering a glass of beer, he sat down and joined in conversation with those around him; another and another glass was ordered, and soon all thought of his child, who stood near the doorway, vanished from his mind.

"Hallo, youngster!" cried the landlord, who had been too busy to notice the child before, "whose son are ye, an' where do ye come from?"

"I'm my daddy's son," whimpered the child, as his large blue eyes met the gaze of the stern, stout landlord.

"Oh—ah—ahem!" stammered the landlord, as he recognized the man to be one of his best customers.

"Thou'rt a bonnie bairn, to be sure; but, after all, it's a pity to find thee here," he said, apparently in deep thought, and scarcely knowing what he said.

"Landlord!" cried the father, as he threw down the glass he had held in his hand, "them are the very words you said to my father when I first came in here with him thirty years ago.

"Landlord!" he cried again, bringing his hand heavily on the counter, "my lad nor I shall never come in here again. I see it all now. My father died a drunkard; I, too, shall do so unless I am quickly rescued. And this lad—what will he do? I am going home to ask God to keep me from this accursed drink. I shall ask Him to help me to train up my boy in the way He'd have him go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. I thank you for them words of yours. Good night!"—The Inland.

A GREAT OFFER.

READ CAREFULLY.

You need this paper. You will need it more and more as the prohibition fight gets hotter and hotter, and the 100,000 voters begin to get in their work. Read carefully what is said about it in column headed "Important" on page 2.

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

We have secured a line of interesting and attractive books which we propose to present to both old and new subscribers on the plan below set out. Those who are already on our list and send money to take advantage of this offer, may either have another paper sent them or have their present subscription extended one year.

Each of the books named is among the very best of its class, the matter being selected with much care. Each contains 64 large double-column pages, and is neatly bound in attractive paper covers. We will send a copy of any one of these books by itself on receipt of ten cents.

A list of these books is given below. For Twenty-five cents we will send THE CAMP FIRE for one year and any one book selected from the list.

NOTE CAREFULLY.—This offer stands good only a short time. Those who are wise will avail themselves of it at once. Address,

THE CAMP FIRE, 52 Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

THE MODEL Book of Dialogues.



A large and valuable collection of Dialogues, both dramatic and comic, for School Exhibitions and Public and Private Entertainments. Among the contents are "The Beautiful Man," "The Ruling Passion," "The Jew's Lodgers," "Generally Useful," "Terry O'Toole and His Master," "There's None Like Pretty Sally," "The Fashionable Wife," "The Factory Girl," "The Rival Editors," "The Masonic Lodge," "The Wrong Box," "The Absent Man," etc. All young people who do not participate in dialogues will find this book exactly what they need. Each dialogue is bright and lively, and the variety is so great as to provide something for every occasion. The book contains 64 large, double-column pages, bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

A CART-LOAD OF FUN.



This is a new book, just published, and contains one hundred and sixty-six funny stories, anecdotes and jokes by such famous humorists as Mark Twain, Max Adeler, Josh Billings, Bill Nye, Ben Burdette, and many others. It is full of fun and nonsense from cover to cover, and a sure cure for "the blues." All the best jokes, anecdotes and stories of recent years have been carefully selected and are included in this large and splendid collection, which will be richly enjoyed by all who love genuine humor and fun. Among the titles of the anecdotes and stories contained in "A CART-LOAD OF FUN" are the following: "A Man with a Liver," "Punkin Pie," "Potts and the Lightning-Rod Man," "How to Go a-Courting," "Baumgartner's Dog," "Stove's Elephant Story," "Marriage a la Mode," "The Facts About Sam Snyder," "Dinner at Tenderloin Discusses Dudes," "The Sad Case of Filly du Ind," "The Dead Gulch Christmas Tree," "A Primal Scrap," "Martyr Became Reconciled," "Uncle Ephraim's Wisdom," "A One-Horse Hotel," "He Concluded not to Commit Suicide," "Querly Married," "Hannah was Aroused," "How the Third Patient Man had his Feelings Upset," "Why the Tree-Man Departed," "Jones's Baby," "Breaking up a Cat Concert," and 143 others. "A CART-LOAD OF FUN" is a book of 64 large, double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive colored paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

Fifteen Complete Novelettes BY FAMOUS AUTHORS.



This book contains Fifteen Complete Novelettes by fifteen of the most famous authors of America and Europe, as follows: "The Mystery at Beechdale," by CHARLOTTE E. BRADEN; "The Little Woman in Black," by MISS M. E. BRADDON; "The Fatal Secret," by MRS. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH; "The Wreck of the Copeland," by H. RIDER HAGGARD; "The Ghost of Lemon Lane," by MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING; "The Phantom Detective," by EMERSON BENNETT; "The Mystery of Sasassa Valley," by A. CONAN DOYLE; "Judith's Sailor," by SYLVIA COLE, JR.; "The Mystery of the Wreck," by MARY KYLE DALLAN; "Miss Jones's Quilling," by "JOSHUA ALLEN'S WIFE"; "John Beckwith's Reverses," by HORATIO ALGER, JR.; "The Uncle from India," by OLIVER OPTIC; "The Last Plank," by NED BURNETT; "The Phantom Train," by PAUL PARSONS; and "Sam Jack's Cove," by TOM J. CORAN. Each one of the above novelettes is extremely interesting, though they are diversified in style; some being of the domestic or home order, some are humorous, and others of the dramatic and exciting kind. Never before was so grand a collection of complete novelettes by so many famous authors published in a single volume. Each novelette is published complete and unabridged. The book contains 64 large, double-column pages, bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

FAMOUS DIALECT RECITATIONS.



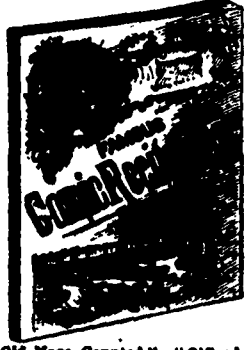
This book contains a large and careful selection of the most popular recitations in the Yankee, Negro, German, Irish and other dialects, as recited by the leading elocutionists of the day. The contents embrace humorous, dramatic and pathetic selections, both in prose and verse, some of which are the following: "The Stolen Watermelon," "The Spelling Book at Anzele's," "Caleb's Courtship," "Dewey Jim," "The Feclosure of the Mortgage," "The Bartender's Story," "The Husky Bee," "Grandpa's Courtship," "The Cowboy's Christmas Ball," "Teatime," "The Like's Confession," "The Surprise Party in Dutchman's," "Old Daddy Turner," "Paddy's Courting," "Sambo's Dilemma," "Davy and Gollar," "The Harkey Household," "Little Johnnie's Christmas," "Joe's Wife," "Uncle Anderson on Prosperity," "The Irishman's Panorama," "Ridd's Trouble," etc. The contents of this book have been selected with great care, the aim being to include only the best, hence it contains the cream of fifty of the ordinary recitation books, and is without doubt the best collection of dialect recitations and readings ever published. A book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers. It will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

Modern Entertainments.



"Modern Entertainments" is the title of a new book by Mrs. Effie W. Merriman, describing numerous forms of entertainment for evening companions which have been successfully given by versatile hostesses in all parts of the country. "How can we entertain without dancing or cards?" is the ever-recurring question of that large class who consider such amusements harmful, and this book has been written to meet this precise need. Its possession will enable any hostess to entertain her friends and acquaintances in a manner thoroughly enjoyable, and so numerous and varied are the entertainments described that it will furnish all the material needed in this line for many successive seasons. The following are the titles of the entertainments described: "Entertainment as an Art," "An Initial Entertainment," "The Modern Sewing Bee," "The Five Senses," "An Enjoyable Musical," "The Round Table," "A Valentine Party," "The Bohemians," "A Book Party," "A Geography Party," "A Charade Party," "A Kindergarten for Adults," "An Evening with the Occult," "The Artists at Play," "A Spinning Party," "A Drawing Attraction," "A Halloween Party," "A New Year Party," "Out Door Entertainments," "Breakfasts," "Luncheons," "Teas," "Dinners," "Wedding Anniversaries," "A Meeting of Celebrities," "Entertainments for Children," "An Old-Fashioned Party," "A French and Judy Party," "A Modern Battle," "A Mystic Circle," "A Shooting Match," "A Peanut Party," "A Christmas Entertainment," "A Hurdy Hurdy," "Modern Entertainments." A book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers. It will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.

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This is an entirely new book just published, and it contains one hundred and ten of the very best humorous recitations, as recited by the most famous elocutionists of the day. These embrace recitations in the Negro, Yankee, Irish and Dutch dialects, both in prose and verse, as well as humorous compositions of every kind and character. Among its contents are: "The Skiff Faith," "The Dutchman's Mistake," "The Courtin'," "Mygel Snyder's Party," "De Cake Walk," "Uncle Ike's Recorders," "The Frickled Faced Girl," "Paddy's Dream," "The Dutchman's Serenade," "How Moss Counted," "O'Grady's Goat," "The Tale of Ralston's Cove," "Farson Jingling's Surprise," "Rice's Courtin'," "Yonker," "Born Nuptial" and the "Society." "The Countryman at the Store," "Intensely Ugly," "Taking Toll," "How Sockery Got a Hon.," "Tim Murphy's Irish Show," "Schneider's Tomatoes," "What Trapped the Nigger," and 35 others. The contents of this book have been selected with great care, the aim being to include only the best, hence it contains the cream of fifty of the ordinary recitation books, and is without doubt the best collection of comic recitations and readings ever published. A book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers. It will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only Ten Cents.