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THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

VOL. VII. No 7.

TORONTO, ONT. JANUARY, 1901.

25 CENTS PER YEAR

Every onewhoreceives this paper is respectfully requested to read every part of it carefully. It is a journal that no Canadian temperance worker can afford to be without. The subscription price is almost insignificant. In the great impending campaign for prohibition in Ontario it will be of intense interest and great value.

THE CURE OF INEBRIATES.

The city of Glasgow is leading the way in Great Britain in an important practical movement for the reformation of habitual inebriates. A country house has been acquired four miles from any town with a farm of fifty acres, and to this reformatory will be committed persons who have been repeatedly convicted for drunkenness. Female inmates will be employed in household and laundry work and light out-door employment. Male patients will be engaged in gardening, agricultural occupations and the exercise of trades. A full staff of superintendents and assistants is provided and a careful dietary arranged for. The institution is to be managed by a committee of eighteen representatives of the Glasgow City Council. The term of residence in this reformatory is to be such as will give the offender committed, an opportunity to recover from the evil influences which dominate him. Enforced total abstinence will of course be a part of the treatment.

A GROWING EVIL.

A table compiled from government returns by the New Voice, shows that the total number of retail and wholesale liquor selling establishments in the United States, including distilleries and breweries was in 1900, 240,293. The number for 1899 was 231,610, for 1898, 227,475, and for 1897, 222,900.

It will be seen from the foregoing statement that the number of liquor selling places has increased during four years by the enormous number of 17,313. The increase in licenses issued for 1900 over those issued in 1899 is 8,683. It is worthy of note that 165 is the total increase of government licenses issued in six prohibition States, while 8,518 is the increase in the remaining states that are under license law.

A GREAT MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance held last month, was one of the most interesting in the history of that great body. The Annual Alliance Convention usually takes place in October. This year it was deferred because of the general election. The question of most interest which the Council was called upon to consider, was

set out in a resolution proposed by Mr. T. P. Whittaker, in the following terms:—

That this Council heartily welcomes the Report of the Minority of the Royal Commission on Licensing, and pledges itself to give the recommendations of that Report a cordial yet discriminating support, whilst reiterating its declaration that no legislation can be adequate which does not confer upon the people of the United Kingdom power to veto the grant or renewal of licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquor in their respective localities.

This important resolution was adopted by the Alliance Council with very few dissenting votes. Commenting upon the proceedings the Alliance News has the following statement:—

Three things stood out in relief amid the events of the day.

First, the absolute and unquestioned loyalty of all our friends to the great principles of the Alliance, viz, Prohibition, and especially Local Prohibition by the Direct Vote of the people.

Second, the reverence, the loyalty, the personal devotion felt by every one of our friends for our great leader, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, an affection and confidence which found frequent expression, but never so strikingly as when at the close of the Council all rose to their feet and stood while Mr Aked endeavoured in throbbing sentences to voice feelings, in fact, too deep for words.

The third point is that the Alliance has broken silence and has spoken words of sympathy and welcome, which will find an echo in every Temperance circle in the kingdom.

Once and for all the lie has been given to that slander, which our enemies have been anxious to fasten upon our organization, that the Alliance is so blindly devoted to Local Prohibition as to have no thought for other workers or for other efforts. We are, indeed, devoted to Direct Veto, and grow yet more devoted as the days go on. But that very devotion makes us the more keen about every other scheme of sound Temperance reform, and more eager to render it our cordial, our energetic, our effective support.

Well Put.

The nation holds open the front door of the saloon while the devil tends the back door that leads to the gutter, the brothel, and hell.—War Cry.

Municipal Success.

The city of Glasgow has a municipal council of seventy-seven members. In the recent election forty-six of the men returned were favorable to temperance reform. Thirty-two are personal abstainers.

The Canteen Again.

The canteen question is before the United States Congress again. By a very large majority the House of Representatives have passed a bill prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor in all canteens. The Senate has adopted the measure with the addition of an amendment exempting beer from the proposed prohibition. It remains to be seen whether or not the House of Representatives will accept this practical nullification of the legislation proposed.

Insanity Through Drink.

An old country exchange informs us that the Annual Report of the Lunatic Asylum for the Scotch District of Glasgow, states that out of 211 persons admitted to the Asylum during the past year, 37 of them were admittedly rendered insane by drink. The report also stated that alcohol was the cause of twenty times as much insanity as is caused by worry and anxiety.

BEER AS FOOD.

To the Editor: It is frequently claimed by brewers that they are furnishing a temperance drink which is harmless and nourishing. They point to their customers who are fleshy as compared with the abstainer. What is the expert medical opinion on beer drinking?—H. A. Lewis, Sacramento, Cal.

This has been one of the questions, which has led to no little discussion, pro and con. In its relation to the army canteen, drinking army surgeons have rushed to defend beer and light wines as helpful to the service, while temperance army surgeons have been ready, though not so eager, to oppose these drinks, especially in view of President McKinley's decided preference to them. Yet even these bold public leaders have not ventured to claim that it was advisable for men to drink, simply asserting that they wished the government to provide these drink to the soldiers, rather than outside parties. One physician, D. H. Mann, who has made a study of the subject, calls attention to the fact that the first result of beer drinking is to abnormally enlarge the stomach. He then continues:

"The next damaging effects are upon the kidneys and liver, so often followed by Bright's disease, or enlargement and softening of the kidneys or an equally alarming change in the liver, by enlargement, fatty deposit or dotted with little hardened points like nail-heads, which is called the hob-nailed or drunkard's liver, and in addition to these a long line of other diseased viscera are developed from beer drinking.

Physicians and surgeons all agree that a beer drinker is a hard subject for a favorable prognosis under medical or surgical treatment for an injury or malady. Tell any physician that his patient is an habitual beer drinker, and he will shrug his shoulders and draw a deep sigh, wishing the patient had not fallen into his hands for treatment. It is difficult to find any vital organ in a beer drinker doing its work as nature designed it should. That is the reason beer drinkers are so often snapped off suddenly.

"It is not to be supposed that there are no damaging results because we cannot always trace them. One writer says: 'The idea that because you stop before you stagger the system takes no note of the damaging material you put into it, is a ruinous delusion.' Abnormal changes cannot long be endured by the human system, but damaging results are sure to follow, such as impaired nutrition, weakening of nervous system, debility of the vascular organism deranging the heart's action and the circulation of the vital fluid. Thus the beer drinker does not stand an equal chance with his abstemious neighbour for recovery from any disease or injury."

If such are the results of beer drinking, and no expert will deny the facts as stated, it would appear a suicidal policy for the government to encourage such excesses on the part of American soldiers—Ram's Horn.

A LECTURE IN BRIEF.

There are two points of great importance to us. (1) That water is so essential to the welfare of the body, that out of a total of 14½ ozs., over 5 lbs. must be water, alcohol not being a necessity at all. (2) That alcohol does harm in the following ways:—(a) By hardening food, (b) by precipitating pepsin, (c) by inflaming the stomach and intestines, and (d) by retarding the process of absorption. Simple food, out-of-door exercise, plenty of fresh air, and water as our beverage, will ensure a good digestion and consequent freedom from many ills.—League Journal.

A BIG PROGRAMME.

At its recent annual meeting, which was of unusual interest, the United Kingdom Alliance, without at all receding from the strong position it has taken in regard to prohibition, declared in favor of co-operation with action to secure the passage of laws embodying part of the proposals made by the Royal Commission for further limiting the liquor traffic. Among the most important of the proposed restrictions are the following:

1. The limitation of licenses to one for every 750 inhabitants in towns, and one to every 400 in the country, with sweeping authority to refuse renewals and cancel existing licenses.
2. A reduction in the number of hours public houses may remain open during the day.
3. A reduction of the hours of sale on Sunday, by half.
4. Closing the public houses on election days.
5. The abolition of grocers' licenses.
6. The prohibition of the sale of drinks to children.
7. The prohibition of music and dancing licenses to public houses.
8. A radical increase in literary charges.
9. The abolition of the back door and side entrances and screens.
10. The prevention of persons interested in the liquor trade becoming directly or remotely connected with the licensing authority.
11. Clothing the police with power to arrest for simple drunkenness instead of limiting arrest to disorderly conduct.
12. Stricter regulations in club licenses.
13. Provisions for the enactment of local option in districts at the expiration of several years from the passage of the new law.

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SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
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Edited by F. S. SPENCE

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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, JANUARY, 1901

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

We have already referred to the wonderful progress made by the temperance cause during the century that has lately closed, and have also ventured to express hopes of what the new century may be expected to bring. The past, however, is gone by and the future is unknown. We have the present on our hands to deal with. If we faithfully discharge the responsibilities which it imposes we may confidently leave the future to the overruling wisdom that will recognize our earnest efforts and will certainly make all things work together for good.

One of the greatest dangers that confront the temperance reformer is the liability to overlook the dual character of the evil he contends with and the dual nature of the effort he must make. Local or temporary conditions may induce him to give such prominence to the moral or the political side of his work as may lead to neglect of the other complementary and equally essential side of it. Moral suasion and political action must go together. Public sentiment is ineffective unless embodied in law. Law will fail unless public opinion is behind it.

It is impossible to overestimate the value of educative work. There is too little temperance teaching in Sabbath schools, religious papers and pulpit ministrations. Sufficient attention is not paid the holding of public meetings and the inculcation of the sound doctrine of total abstinence.

On the other hand there are social reformers who feel the awkwardness of opposition everywhere given to prohibition effort by a large and influential section of the community. Prohibition advocates are looked upon as disturbers. Effective prohibition, which must and will come when the people realize their duty, is considered by many as the dream of enthusiasts. There is a growing tendency to charge aggressive prohibitionists with being too radical and with neglecting the line of effort that has brought public opinion up to its present standpoint.

We want no falling off in the moral suasion agitation. We need to have the advocacy of total abstinence carried on more earnestly and continuously on the broadest and most comprehensive lines. We must at the same time stand by the righteous principle of legal suppression of the iniquitous traffic in strong drink. It is our duty to persistently seek for more rigid legislation and for better en-

forcement of the anti-liquor laws that already exist. Above all we want to cease finding fault with those who are doing their best on either line. Our duty is to encourage them as far as we can and strive by our additional effort to keep up the needful agitation on other lines, to the importance of which we think our co-workers are not fully alive.

A FIGHTING PROHIBITIONIST.

A good deal of excitement has been stirred up in Kansas over an attack made upon the premises of an illicit liquor seller in Wichita, by Mrs. Carrie Nation, President of the W.C.T.U.

It is stated that liquor selling in Wichita has been open and flagrant, in defiance of the prohibitory law. Mrs. Nation, who is reported to be a highly respectable lady sixty years of age, is President of Barber County W.C.T.U., and has much sympathy from her co-workers. She and her husband had made a number of unsuccessful attempts to secure the co-operation of officials in suppressing the illegal liquor selling. Finally on Wednesday, December 26th, she visited nine of the principal law violating joints, called the attention of the occupants to the fact that they were violating the law, and told them that she would make a personal attack if they continued. The following day the joints being in full operation, Mrs. Nation entered one of them, a saloon owned by Mahan Bros, smashed some mirrors, decanters and other property. For this attack she is arrested and is now in jail awaiting trial.

BAD BEER.

Great Britain has had a huge scare over widespread sickness and death directly traceable to the free consumption of beer discovered to be poisonous. In most cases the poisonous beer had been manufactured from glucose and was found to contain quantities of arsenic. In some cases the fatality has been great.

In fear that their trade will be badly damaged, leading brewing companies are scattering broadcast certificates from eminent analysts stating that samples of beer examined have been found to be free from poisonous ingredients. Posters have been put up in many places containing the same declaration. Of course it is easy to secure such certificates of samples of beer supplied, but the public have before them the appalling fact that immense evil has resulted from the consumption of their favorite beverage.

No doubt the beer in which the arsenic has been discovered is specially bad. Arsenic is a dangerous drug, and its general consumption must do tremendous mischief. The harm done by arsenic, however, is almost insignificant to the harm done by alcohol, and beer has produced more mischief by far from the alcohol it contains than from all the adulteration that has been carried on in its manufacture.

Total abstainers of course have escaped the danger to which their drinking associates were subject, and the universal practice of total abstinence would of course be the surest, safest guard against the danger of poisonous beer. It remains to be seen whether or not the beer drinking Britons will be wise enough to learn this important lesson from the severe lesson which they have just received.

ENFORCEMENT IN MAINE.

Liquor sellers in Portland, Me., are badly stirred over the election of Sheriff Pearson, who has declared his determina-

tion to enforce the prohibitory law. Mr. Pearson has appointed a lot of thorough-going deputies, to whom he has issued most explicit instructions with regard to their duties. He has informed these deputies that any of them who does not practice abstinence will be expected to resign his position at once, that the issue on which the sheriff was elected was the enforcement of prohibition, and that his subordinates would be expected to carry out the law to the fullest extent. Already there have been a number of raids on illegal joints and seizures of quantities of liquor.

In other parts of the state similar action has been taken by newly appointed officers, and at present there is better prospect than there has been for many years of a thorough enforcement of prohibition in those parts of the State of Maine where the enforcement of the law has been most defective.

It is stated that a plan is already being devised to secure the enactment by the Legislature of a law taking away from county sheriffs their right to enforce prohibition and giving this duty over to town and city officials. Such a bare-faced attempt to thwart the opinion which elected Sheriff Pearson is not, however, likely to be successful.

A GREAT CAMPAIGN.

The National Temperance League of Great Britain, under the leadership of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in co-operation with the Church of England Temperance Society, the Temperance Alliance of Free Churches, the United Kingdom Alliance, and the W.C.T.U., has planned a vigorous effort to secure a revival of interest in the temperance cause. A part of the new movement is a systematic canvass from house to house throughout Great Britain and the holding of mass meetings in an effort to secure during the present year one million pledges of total abstinence.

A DRINK BILL.

New South Wales, it is calculated, spent last year on strong drink £4,403,913, or £3 5s 5d per head of the population. This represents an increase of 1s. 3d. per head on the figures for 1898, and 2s. 10d on those for 1897. The expenditure on drink is equal to about one-fourth of the total amount spent on food and non-intoxicants. A few years ago about £1,000,000 more was spent on drink than on animal food; now the meat bill exceeds the drink bill by about £1,000,000. New South Wales is more extravagant in drink than the United States, New Zealand or Canada, but more economical than the United Kingdom, which, according to Dr. Dawson Burns, last year spent £3 19s. 11d. a head. Since 1881 New South Wales has reduced its outlay on intoxicants from £5 4s. 5d. per head.—The Temperance Witness.

A DRUNKARD'S WILL.

A dying drunkard in Oswego, New York, left the following as his "last will and testament":

"I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example and a memory that will soon rot. I leave to my parents as much sorrow as they can, in their feeble state, bear. I leave to brothers and sisters as much shame and mortification as I can bring on them. I leave to my wife a broken heart and a life of shame. I leave to each of my children poverty, ignorance, a long character and a remembrance that their father filled a drunkard's grave."

Ye patrons of the saloon, is this the "will and testament" you are writing out each day for your wife and children? Shame upon you to leave them such a disgraceful inheritance! Where is your manhood? Where is your love for your family? Where is your honor and nobility? Are you selling it to the saloon-keeper!—California Christian Advocate.

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 in the plebiscite 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 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:

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Selections.

THE SILVER PIECES.

The silver pieces were surely hot
In the traitor's burning hand;
But oh! the agony they had wrought,
Can we ever understand?
The rabbits look on their dupe's remorse
With a Gallo's listless mood,
And judge unmeet for the sacred purse,
That fearful price of blood.

There are pieces of silver, small and great,
With a traitor's record still,
Transferred to the Church collection plate
From the drunkard's miser's till.
Are the modern rabbits all too blind,
In their cringing gratitude,
The rust of a cankering curse to find
On the price of human blood?

Not all the art of a sophist plea
Can hallow the harvest gain
From the field of a drunkard's destiny,
Where his offsprings glean in vain;
'Tis judged in the all-discerning light;
'Tis weighed in the scales of God:
Who claims to stand in his Maker's sight
With the reeking price of blood?

And what though the liquor magnate raise
A church in the city square,
And his name 'mid a flattering halo blaze
On a gorgeous table there:
Yet a stifled groan in its every stone
Would challenge the pious fraud:
And the pealing bell in its throbbings tell
A story of tears and blood.

A Judas-Memorial burying place,
Or a vault inscribed to Cain,
Had surely come with a fitter grace
From the ruin of soul and brain!
When the sand-based towers shall totter
and sink

In the dread o'erwhelming flood,
Woe! woe! to the fabric reared in drink
With its horded price of blood!

O when shall this cruel barter cease
Of the bodies and souls of men;
And the welcome year of a glad release
To the captives come; O when—
Each man to his brother proving true
In the faith and fear of God,
And a love that grows in the nearer view
Of the Saviour's priceless blood?

—W. Maxwell in *Irish League Journal*.

BILLY'S SEA SECRET.

BY ISABEL MAUDE HAMILI.

"How's the child, 'Liza?"

"I don't see as he's any better; the doctor don't say much except keep him warm and give him plenty of nourishment."

The man who had asked the question sat down with a gloomy look on his face and stared into the fire. The room was comfortless; what furniture remained had evidently seen better days, and there was an absence of care and an untidiness about the place which betokened systematic neglect on the part of the housewife.

"It's the sea as he wants, but he'll never get it; same as th'other one as died in th'ospital. Childer all dies as lives in this Greenwood's Court."

"Who says as Billy won't get to the sea? It 'ud look better of you, 'Liza, if you said less and did a bit more," and as he spoke William Jennings gave a comprehensive glance at the general aspect of the desolate, dirty room. It was enough; the woman turned on him like a fury, arms akimbo, as she faced him, her eyes gleaming dangerously.

"You dare say one word to me, Bill! you as drinks th' money as ought to buy Billy the things as he needs, you as comes home so drunk as Billy ludes hisself away from you; you as has made me what I am! Was any house cleaner than ours when we was first married? If Billy dies, its you, his father, as has killed him."

A faint cry of pain was heard from the adjoining room, at which the expression on both angry faces altered in a moment to one of tenderness, and the woman's voice ceased.

"Hold your tongue, and get out th' way; I'll see what th' little chap wants," said the man roughly, but not unkindly.

It was a pathetic sight that met the father's eye when he gently opened the door of the room in which his only child lay. On an old sofa, which did duty for a bed, propped up by pillows, was a boy of six or seven years of age. His little thin hands were lying idly on the counterpane, on which was a wooden horse,

and one or two other broken toys. But, oh! how beautiful, in spite of illness, he was. Eyes of a blue that painters love to paint: fair hair that caught the gleams of sunlight in its curls, and a smile that those who saw never forgot.

"Oh! Father! I'm glad you've come; I've had such a nasty dream," and the fair head nestled confidently against the workman's rough, corduroy coat.

"Have you, Billy? Tell me, you ain't afraid of me, are you, kiddy?" And there was an anxiety in the tone the child was quick to detect. He looked up smilingly and answered:

"No, dad, I'm never afraid of you, I loves you so big, only—only,"—and the childish voice sank to a whisper, "I like to be in bed, or under the table, when you've been at those nasty Red Lions and Black Bears, 'cause then Billy thinks father's a bit ashamed, and he'd rather not see Billy till he's his dear old self, that's all. I ain't afraid of you, I runs away 'cause I thinks you'd rather I did, don't you see?" with some anxiety in his tone.

Dear child! The innocent subterfuge of trying to make himself believe that he was not afraid of his own father, and explaining the reasons of what might be thought fear, brought a lump into the big man's throat, and there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes as he looked at his boy. No, Billy was not afraid of him now, only when—"Curse it," he muttered, under his breath.

"Billy, would you like to go to the sea?"

The child, weak as he was, almost jumped out of bed, and exclaimed, "And see the big, white horses rushing up to the people and then rushing back, and sobbing like and m-o-o-ing," and he made a low sort of mournful noise. "Oh, father! it would be like heaven, wouldn't it?"

"I don't know about that, exactly; gettin' on, I daresay."

Silence for a moment or two, during which time William Jennings made a great and holy resolve. He never could tell, when speaking of it afterwards, whether he prayed or not; he only knew that a great sweeping desire passed over him to give up the drink, and that in some unconscious way he cried, "Oh, God, I will!" and God heard that faint, far off cry.

"Every pain and every fear, every doubt, is a cry after God. What mother refuses to go to her child because he is only crying, not calling her by name!"

says one of God's present day saints. George Macdonald.

"Billy, should we have a secret?"

"Oh, yes, father, do let's; just you and me."

"What shall it be about—the sea?"

The child clapped his hands in glee.

"Ye-, the sea! the sea!"

"That I'll put a bit of money under your mattress every Saturday, and in a few week's time we'll look if there's enough to take you to the sea."

"Oh, father! but where will the money come from?" and the little pinched face looked woefully anxious.

"Daddy'll see; don't you fret."

The boy put his arms around the man's neck, and whispered, but what Billy whispered is another secret.

From that day there was a change in William Jennings. At first his wife thought he must be ill, and could not understand it, but when at the end of the week he gave her twenty-five shillings in-tead of the ten or twelve, as he frequently did, she burst into tears.

"Nay, lass, you maun't do that, better days is in store for you and th' kid, I'm hoping."

At hearing the unusual kindly tone of voice, Eliza's tears flowed faster, and she murmured through them,

"Then Billy'll get to th' sea, and—live Oh, Bill! it seems as if we was in a new country. I'm so happy."

Poor woman! The relief from the long pent-up agony about her child, the fear lest she should see him die before her eyes, as two before him had done, seemed too much, and she could hardly restrain her emotion.

Billy's eyes danced with joy when the first half crown was stowed away in a little black bag under the old mattress.

"Dad's and my 'sea secret'; we are proud, ain't we, dad," he said, "and you'll go right on now, and never stop saving till there's enough for us all three to go, 'cause I shouldn't enjoy it if you and mother wasn't there too."

Whenever William Jennings felt the

terrible craving for beer, and the temptation to have a glass proved well nigh overwhelming, he heard the voice of his child saying, "You'll go right on now and never stop," and the poor fellow would struggle against the evil, and in his way ask God to help him.

It was a red letter day in Greenwood's Court when William Jennings took his wife and boy to the sea-side. The neighbors could hardly believe their eyes as they watched the three sally forth, Billy (in an invalid chair) laughing and saying he'd be walking when he came back, Eliza in a new bonnet and jacket, happiness beaming in every line of her face; and, lastly, William, in a new bowler and brown tweed coat and trousers. True, the cut was not the newest, and a critical observer might have said they were too large, but William, and Eliza, who had been with him the night before to buy them, had pronounced them "fine, a bit of real good stuff"; therefore it mattered nothing to anybody else.

A happier trio never spent a week at the sea, and Billy gained strength rapidly. It was a proud day for him when he walked slowly from his chair up the garden walk, and the father and mother, seeing the good the salt breezes were doing him, talked over a little plan which they propounded to Billy with some trepidation, namely, that he should stay on alone for another three weeks at a home for delicate children. At first he demurred strongly to being left, but after a visit to the place he consented.

"Father would have been dreadful disappointed if you hadn't, Billy, 'cause he's going to save all the money he used to spend in that horrid beer for you to stay here a bit, so as to get quite strong and well," his mother told him on the day they were leaving.

If Greenwood's Court had rejoiced when Billy went away, it rejoiced far more the day he returned walking, his cheeks rosy as an apple, and his blue eyes bright with health and joy. The fact is, Mrs. Jennings, of No. 3 Greenwood's Court, held an impromptu "At Home," and if the guests came in somewhat soiled dresses, and hair not dressed in the latest fashion, what mattered it? They all rejoiced over Billy's recovery, and that was enough for the happy mother. Billy, rejoicing in the newly found use of his limbs, was sent to the nearest confectioner's for a quarter of tea and some cakes. Whilst the kettle was boiling Mrs. Jennings took the opportunity of telling her friends "as how it was all the money Bill had saved from drink, and she hoped as his example would be a help to 'em all. We're so happy ourselves," she continued, "we want to help everyone else on to the same road."

Subdued murmurs of applause from the company, and, as Billy just then returned laden with the cakes and tea, and the kettle boiled, Mrs. Jennings left her words to simmer. It was a grand "At Home," at which each one drank out of her own cup (Eliza Jennings' supply of crockery not being equal to the occasion), and Billy handed the cakes round with the grace of a courtier, and on taking their departure each guest declared "it were a deal sight better nor sitting in a pub. drinking your senses away."

Billy never looked back after his month at the sea, and, better still, his father never looked back in a spiritual and moral sense, and though his son is now a young man of nineteen or twenty, whenever either father or son want to save anything towards some special object, they always laugh and say, "We must have a sea secret.—Alliance News.

OUR YOUNG SOLDIERS.

Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, lately addressed the boys of the Duke of York's school. After impressing on them to join the service with a strict determination to adhere to temperance principles, he said: "Personally, I should prefer that you should become total abstainers. The curse of our army and our race is drink, and those who are teetotallers have a great advantage over those who are not." Such advice as this coming from the commander-in-chief, when publicly addressing a number of lads, who will one day hold responsible positions in her majesty's army, should have weight with our civilian population, justly proud of the courage and patience displayed in the protracted campaign in South Africa.—Royal Temperance.

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His speech was irresistible in its earnestness and pathos.—Toronto Globe.

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A veritable outburst of true spirited, natural eloquence, born of a devoted patriotism.—Charlottetown Guardian.

Succeeded without any apparent difficulty in keeping his audience in roars of laughter.—Toronto World.

The large assemblage was inspired, amused, thrilled and caused to weep in almost unison.—Montreal Witness.

ENGLISH.

The embodiment of all that is best in his race—humorous, solemn, eloquent and pathetic.—South Wales Argus.

His inimitable drollery, mixed with the truest wisdom, completely took the gathering by storm.—Christian World.

Such an amount of hearty, healthy, wit-provoked laughter we have never heard before in one and a half hours. Methodist Times.

A sparkling speaker, full of fire and dramatic action, and carries his audience along in a very tornado of eloquence.—Templar Watchword.

UNTIL IT IS SETTLED RIGHT.

However the battle is ended,
Though proudly the victor comes
With fluttering flags and prancing drags,
And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims this motto—
In letters of living light—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor
May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voices of fame, with one acclaim,
May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warning,
And keep this motto in sight—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage;
Though the enemy seems to have won,
Tho' his ranks are strong, if he be in the
wrong,
The battle is not yet done.
For sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of the night,
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

O man bowed down with labour,
O woman, young, yet old;
O heart oppressed in the toiler's breast,
And crushed by the power of gold;
Keep on with your weary battle
Against triumphant might—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

—Ellis Wheeler Wilcox.

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

"No. 25!"
"Bring in No. 25!"
"The court is waiting for No. 25!"
There is a lit'le hanging back on the
part of the usually prompt official, but
in a moment more a tall, fine looking
woman was brought in and waited the
usual questioning.

There was something so piteously des-
perate in the prisoner's appearance, and
her great haunted eyes had such a look
of anguish that the judge, accustomed to
all sad sights and sounds, hesitated
before asking with unwonted gentleness:

"What is your name, my woman, and
where were you born?"

"My name is Aileen Burne, yer honor,
and I were born in Aberdeen, off the
Scottish coast land."

"And you are charged with striking a
man."

"I am, yer honor."

"An' you meant to?"

"I did, indeed, yer honor. He's kilt
me, yer honor."

"The woman spoke with a low, im-
passioned wail which caused respectful
attention.

"McGinnis testifies that he never laid
a hand on you," returned the judge.

"He stabbed me to the heart, yer
honor."

"Stabbed you! Suppose you tell me
about it."

"I will. Ye might no ken wha' it is,
yer honor, to hev one bonnie laddie, an'
yer' else. I let the gude father o' my
lad a sleeping in the kirkyard, when I
brought my wee bairnie to this land
For many a year I toiled in sun and
shade for my winsome Robbie. He
grewed so fine an' tall that he were ta'en
to a gentleman's store to help. Then
this man McGinnis set his evil eye on
the lad. I was forced to pass his den on
my way to an' fra' the bread store, an'
he minded 'twas mesel' hated the un-
canny look o' the place. An' one morn',
as I passed by, he said I needn't be so
grand about my boy; he were no above
ta'en a sup o' the liquor wi' the rest. I
begged my chiel for the love of God to
let the stool alone. Me Robbie promised
to bide me wishes; but the man Mc-
Ginnis wach't o' the nights when 'twere
cauld and stormin' and gave the lad
many a cup o' his dreadful drinks, to
warm him, he would say. I got on my
knees to the barn and prayed him pass
the place no more, but to gang to hame
by some other road. Then I went mesel'
to the mon, an' prays ye ken, yer honor,
how a mither wud beg an' pray for the
bone o' her bone an' the flesh o' her
flesh; but he laughed in me face. Last
night, yer honor, the noise at me door
frightened me; I runned wi' all me
might to see wha' were the trouble, an'
me Robbie swayed into the room an' fell
at me feet—he were drunk, yer honor!
Then McGinnis poket his face in at the
door and asked: 'What think ye now,
Mistress Burne!' Did I mean to strike

the mon, yer honor? Ye'd better keep
me wi' lock an' key till me gloom dies
out: but, oh, judge, judge, I wish mesel'
an' me lad were in the kirkyard aside
the gude father! They tell me if I
could prove the mon sold liquor to the
barn under age, the law could stop him.
I tell ye, judge, there's naught but God's
vengeance can stop his ilk. It's well
enough to arrest the mither as strikes
the mon as ruins her bairn, but wait ye
till the Lord Almighty strikes—aye—
wait ye for that!"

"Does the reporter tell no more?" our
readers will demand. "Surely the ma-
gistrate discharged the woman." Yes,
she was pronounced discharged. But
does that meet all the claims of justice?
The civil government owes that widow
and all the mothers of the land protec-
tion from this heartless enemy which for
gain seduces and ruins their children.
When shall their importunate cry be re-
garded? We read concerning the im-
portunate widow that at last the unjust
judge said, "I will avenge her, lest by
her continual coming she weary me."—
Presbyterian Banner.

THE CHILDREN'S GAME.

"Why did I give up my public house busi-
ness? Well, boys, I'll tell you. Two years
ago we decided to take the 'Polar Bear,'
reckoning to make it pay, for my wife
was handsome and smart. The neigh-
bourhood was thick with pubs., but it was
a poor district, where children ran bare-
footed and women with towzled hair an'
unwashed faces gossiped at their doors
till bedtime, and that sort of district is
always a paying one for the drink seller.

We did even better than we had anti-
cipated, but Lou came to me one evening,
and her eyes had tears in them as she
said, 'Jim, I wish the men wouldn't come
here so often. It makes me sad to see
them wasting their money, while wives
and bairns go hungry.'

I did not answer, for I had relied before-
hand on her pretty face and bright ways
to attract them.

"One day, when we were out, our child-
ren crept into the bar, and that evening
I, listening as they played, realized they
were rehearsing something they had seen.

Robin was shouting at Ethel, who, with
her doll in her arms, was weeping and
crying, 'Tum home! tum home!'

"Then—oh, you that are fathers, think
of it!—I heard a word from the little
chap's lips that made me shudder, as he
struck at the doll. Ethel screamed and
fell, while Robin kicked her as she lay,
shouting, 'Turse oo! What do I care if
I've tilled the brat?'

"I learned from the barmaid that just
such a scene had occurred during my ab-
sence. And that's why I gave up the
public-house."—Alliance News

THE TALE OF ONE BOTTLE OF LIQUOR.

Some time ago when travelling in the
northwest of Canada, the following inci-
dent happened, illustrating in a striking
way how the drink traffic works evil. In
Prince Albert, N.W.T., Canada, there is a
barracks of the mounted police, a body of
men who patrol the country for miles
around to keep peace among the Indians.

It was their duty to arrest one for some
petty offence and he was placed in the
barracks, not closely confined, as an
armed guard stood day and night at the
entrance and no one could pass without
his notice. It was Private Coleman's ght
watch, and he had brought from town a
bottle of liquor. Constant pulls at it put
him to sleep, and the foxy Indian crept
up, stole his revolver and made off.

A sergeant whose name I now forget
was returning home at a late hour, saw
the Indian escaping, and must have tried
to arrest him. A revolver shot woke the
police and disclosed the awful fact that
the sergeant was dead.

The Indian made good his escape, and
a reward was offered for him. For months
the police hunted him, but only to lose
their lives in the effort to take him. He
had friends who were with him; how many
is not known. The militia was called out
and the place surrounded and stormed
where they were known to be. After a
time the two hundred volunteers made a
rush and found the poor old Indian and
his followers dead. Six lives had been
sacrificed, one man disgraced, and a large
sum of money expended, all for one bottle
of liquor.—Ensign F. McKenie in
Youth's Companion.

A GREAT OFFER.
READ CAREFULLY.

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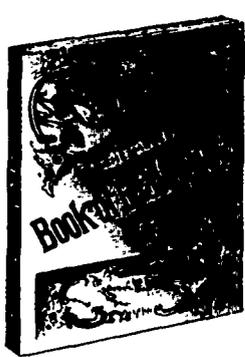
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Riff," "The Dead Gulch Christmas Tree," "A Primal
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