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The Tobacco Vice.

ONE of the incidental evils of tobacco using is its tendency to deaden the finer moral sense, and to make one oblivious to the rights and to the preferences of others. The more attractive aroma of the best tobacco is secured by the smoker himself at the time of his smoking. The more offensive odours from it are puffed out from his mouth and nostrils after he has absorbed the better portions; and vilest of all is the stench of the residuum

smoke while doing business at those desks. So, also, there are similar notices posted in other places of business frequented by gentlemen. Yet these notices are often disregarded, not wilfully, but through the sodden indifference to the feelings of others which comes of the semi-stupor of the finer senses in tobacco using.

And there is never a day when in the lines of passengers at the ticket-windows, or at the gateways of our principal railway stations, there are

not to be denied; but it is a sore tax on a man—a tax which most smokers are unwilling to submit to.

Live for Something.

Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? None were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went



THREE MEMBERS OF THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

which clings to his beard and clothing, or which is left in the hangings of the room where he has been enjoying his tobacco-smoking. Ladies are continually making protests of the disregard of their comfort by smokers on the decks of ocean steamers. Many a steamboat state-room, or a room in a first-class hotel, is found to be almost unbearable for a person whose sense of smell is undefiled, because of the stench of stale tobacco remaining in it.

It has actually become necessary for some of the larger city banks to post a notice at the desks of the paying or receiving tellers, requesting gentlemen to abstain from puffing out their tobacco-

not to be seen those who would resent the idea that they are not gentlemen, puffing tobacco-smoke in the faces of ladies and gentlemen who are unable to protect themselves from this annoyance.

A termagant woman was recently arrested in Philadelphia for throwing dirty water from her window upon some of her inoffensive neighbours. Yet her misdemeanour was less objectionable than that of the man who puffs his offensive tobaccosmoke in the face of an inoffensive neighbour at a railway station, or in a place of business.

That it is possible to retain the habits of a gentleman while in the habit of tobacco using is

out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? O, man immortal, live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can nev r destroy.

Write your name by kindness, love and merey on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening.

Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars in heaven.—Dr. Chalmers