

CIGARETTES.

DO you care to know how they are made? I can enlighten you. An Italian boy only eight years old was brought before a justice in New-York City as a vagrant, or, in other words, a young tramp. But with what did the officer charge him? Only with picking up cigar-stumps from the streets and gutters. To prove this he showed the boy's basket, full of stumps, water-soaked and covered with mud.

"What do you do with them?" asked his honor. What do you think was his answer? "I sell them to a man for ten cents a pound, to be used in making cigarettes." Not a particularly agreeable piece of information, is it, my boys?

In our large cities there are a great many cigar-butt grubbers, as they are called. It certainly is not a pretty name, though very appropriate; for it is applied to boys and girls who scour the streets in search of half-burnt cigars and stumps, which are dried and then sold to be used in making cigarettes.

But this isn't all, nor even the worst of it. These cigarettes have been analyzed, and physicians and chemists were surprised to find how much opium is put into them.

A tobacconist himself says that "the extent to which drugs are used in cigarettes is appalling." "Havana flavoring," for this same purpose, is sold everywhere by the thousand barrels. This flavoring is made from the tonka-bean, which contains a deadly poison. The wrappers, warranted to be rice paper, are sometimes made of common paper, and sometimes of filthy scrapings of rapickers, bleached white with arsenic. What a cheat to be practiced on people!

Think of it, boys; the next time you take up a cigarette, drop it as you would a coal of fire. The latter would simply burn your fingers; but this burns up good health, good resolutions, good manners, good memories, good faculties, and often honesty and truthfulness as well.

A bright boy of thirteen came under the spell of cigarettes. He grew stupid and subject to nervous twitchings, till finally he was obliged to give up his studies. When asked why he didn't throw away his miserable cigarettes, the poor boy replied with tears, that he had often tried to do so, but could not.

Another boy of eleven was made crazy by cigarette smoking, and was taken to an insane asylum in Orange County, New-York. He was regarded as a violent and dangerous maniac, exhibiting some of the symptoms peculiar to hydrophobia.

The white spots on the tongue and inside

the cheeks, called smoker's patches, are thought by Sir Morell Mackenzie to be more common with users of cigarettes than with other smokers.

"Does cigarette smoking injure the lungs?" asked some one of a leading New-York physician. For his answer the doctor lighted a cigarette, and inhaling a mouthful of smoke, blew it through the corner of his handkerchief which he held tightly over his mouth. A dark brown stain was distinctly visible. "Just such a stain," said the doctor, "is left upon the lungs." If you ever smoke another cigarette think of the stains you are making.
—*Christian at Work.*

A WORD FOR THE BOYS.

If we are to have drunkards in the future some of them are to come from the boys who will read this. Well, here is a plan that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow. It never failed, it never will fail, and it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. This is the plan, and it is worth putting into practice. You don't drink now, and it seems as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it will probably come in this way:

You will find yourself some time with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will think it a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milksop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Will you say, "No, no; none of that stuff for me!" or will you take the glass, with your common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draft bitter, and then go off with a hot head and skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so all its life? Boys, do not become drunkards.

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