

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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THE TOBACCO NUISANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

NOTHING that we know of, unless it be the still worse drink habit, makes a man so selfish, so disregarding of the rights and comfort of others as the tobacco habit. When I journey from home my life is often made a burden to me by reason of this almost universal habit. At home one can keep himself and person clear of the foul weed and its noxious emanations, but when travelling he is everywhere exposed to its poisonous fumes. Even in the elegant sleeping coach of the Canadian Pacific Railway which was my moving home for some days, upholstered as it was with all conceivable luxury, the most conspicuous article of furniture in each seat-section is an odious spittoon—"cuspidor" is, I believe, the polite word—with its hideous suggestions and associations. We have seen them even in pulpits in the South, and notwithstanding the presence of refined and delicate ladies, these abominations are in frequent use. Then, in each car the compartment commanding the best view of the magnificent scenery is dedicated to the smokers, and is furnished with more "cuspidors." From this den gentlemen emerge reeking with tobacco smoke, and sit down beside me to discuss politics, philosophy, religion, with tobacco-poisoned breath.

In Europe it frequently happens that attached to the very window out of which one looks on a lovely landscape, is a receptacle for cigar ashes, whose stale contents almost makes one sick with disgust.

In the ordinary passenger cars matters are still worse. In these there are no "cuspidors," and the filthy condition of the floor, after a three or four days' ride, can be more easily imagined than described.

In the emigrant car the condition of things is worst of all. Here unlimited smoking is permitted. To the reek of the foul tobacco and attendant nastiness of its own occupants, is added that contributed by passengers of the other cars, who come here to indulge

their odious habit. And this, although the car is the travelling home, often for day after day, of women and children, sometimes wayworn and sick with a long sea voyage, for whom there is no way of escape from these discomforts. Is it not then un-

at a country station, stood outside half frozen with the cold, rather than encounter the nastiness of the waiting room crowded with smokers; and the worst of it is that the sensibilities of smokers become so blunted that they are unconscious of the nuisance they

and holy God, and when you come to man's estate do not have to say in a very literal sense, "I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell among a people of unclean lips." I covet for my native land deliverance from this ugly habit. I rejoice that in the last three years over 80,000 of the young people of our Sunday-schools have signed a pledge against the twin evils of liquor and tobacco. I hope that every scholar will sign that pledge, and that soon we shall have a generation of men free from the thralldom of this vile habit.

Christmas Greeting.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

Come from near and come from far,
Come from all the lauds that are;

Come from lonely realms of snow,
Where no winds of summer blow.

Come from golden Palestine,
Vine-clad Alps and Appennine,
Fabled shore and pilgrim shrine.

Come from Asia's central sweep,
Africa's sand and jungle deep;
Come from Western prairies' sweep.

Come from islands of the sea,
Says the Christ-child, unto Me.
Every child is bidden free.

Come in. Come in.



MRS. LARSEN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

It was Christmas morning. The day was a bright one, and the boy had had more presents, especially of money, than ever before; nevertheless, as Harold lounged up and down the road, he was not wholly happy.

"It isn't exactly fair," he was saying to himself, "and yet I don't see how to help it. Wish I could think of some way."

This young worry-pate was a stout-shouldered, open-faced lad of fourteen, and as he turned upon his heel at the end of the short path his eye took in a complete circle of mountains white with snow from base to summit.

Looking down the valley toward the right, he could trace the road for about a mile, until it disappeared behind a headland of granite, turning the sharp corner on a shelf the outer edge of which bordered upon the very brink of a precipice.

"Somebody'll pitch off there one o' these days," he said to himself, "if anything ever breaks loose on the car."

To the left the gulch sloped steeply to where, four or five miles distant, a vast pyramid of snow and rocks cut off the view, except that over its shoulder Harold could count the tips of half a dozen lofty peaks, shining like white marble against the intensely blue sky.

This was a silver-mining gulch far up among the summits of Wassatch Mountains. One of the richest mines was under the management of Harold's

manly, is it not brutal to inflict them? I write thus strongly as I sweep along in just such a train as I describe amid the grand scenery of the north shore of Lake Superior.

This is not pleasant reading I admit; but the reality is far worse. I have often, while waiting for the train

create. Have I and other non-smokers, especially women and children, not the right of protection from this nuisance?

I write on this unsavory topic to urge boys never to acquire this odious habit. Keep your bodies clean and pure, and fit for the service of a pure