

enough to make him become such. Wherever he goes, wherever he looks—in the papers, in the magazines, in the street cars, in the shops, on the poster-boards, against the sky line in giant letters of flame by night, even in our churches, are compelling reminders of, and appeals to the habit. Our boys must be saved from this curse! The future manhood of Canada is in peril!

And not only is our young manhood in peril, but our young womanhood as well. The growth of the cigarette habit among girls and young women has already reached the dangerous stage. Among prostitutes, dance-hall and cabaret habitues in Montreal, the use of the cigarette has been common for years, but now it is becoming no strange sight to see girls and young women lounging about our first-class hotels, at teas, bridge-parties and musicales, puffing away with all the abandon of veterans. This very day, in the early afternoon, in passing through the tea-room of the Windsor Hotel, I saw three girls—one with her feet stretched out on the top of a chair—enjoying their cigarettes in company with a couple of young men. To one side was a table with empty wine glasses. What kind of mothers will such girls make? What kind of a race will spring from such a stock? And yet, these girls, if they were rebuked for the habit, would hotly and pertinently reply that they had as much right to smoke cigarettes as their brothers.

So alive to the evils of the cigarette habit have many in the United States become, that now even business firms look upon it as an enemy to good business. In Detroit sixty-nine