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"I HAVE DONE WITH TOBACCO."

What! after so long a servitude? Done with it, quite done, and you will never use it again? My friend, you have my warmest congratulations.

First, I congratulate your own person. You have done a capital thing for your personal cleanliness. No human being can be neat and tidy, and yet use tobacco. You can no more bring the two things together than you can the Northern and the Southern Poles. You have, I rejoice to hear, desired your wife and youngsters to put your snuff and tobacco boxes in the fire, and sent your pipes and cigars after them. I give you joy in your deliverance.

And you are a more fragrant member of the human family. You must take it kindly, my friend, but it has been the fact that your nearness to your friends has not been the most agreeable, from this cause. The sweet and balmy atmosphere has been troubled by your presence, and many a one, in conversation with you, has snuffed something more than a "welcome fragrance."

But I must hasten to congratulate your wife. My good woman, your husband has made a noble triumph. Do but think of it; he says he has done with tobacco! Will not all this take at least one of those wrinkles from your brow? You had better have a jubilee on this deliverance. You must give your good man one of the sweetest smiles for his victory that ever made loveliness more lovely, and keep up the sweetness of such smiles.

There will be more fragrance and wholesomeness in your pew in the church than there has been. The house of prayer will have one more section of it more purified than heretofore. That is a comfort.

Your purse, my dear friend, comes in for a share in this congratulation. You have stopped one very serious leak in it. It will now be more apt to become heavier, and be a greater pleasure to its owner. And perhaps the widow and the fatherless may get a crumb or two more of comfort for the stoppage of that waste-gate of your substance.

I congratulate the small fry of your family. If the father makes a funeral pile of the whole tobacco concern, the sons are less likely to give up themselves to the dominion of that undesirable narcotic. If you are a hearty reformer in this matter, you certainly will damp the aspirations of the lads for this form of human greatness. The little fellows, some of them at least, think that it is one of the most glorious testimonies and prerogatives and privileges

of manhood, and that they are themselves pretty considerably advanced toward that exalted condition of humanity if they can but snuff, smoke, or chew "as my father does." So, my dear sir, you have made it less likely than it was before your wise resolution, that the tobacco mania should have abettors from your fireside.

But I cannot add any more links now to

of delinquency. I make you welcome also to all the quietness of mind, calmness of nerves, cleanliness of person, household purity, and feminine smiles, which a thorough purgation from tobacco carries in its train. And I make you heartily welcome, with us, to as smashing a warfare as moral suasion will suffer us to carry on, against pipes, snuff, cigars, tobacco-boxes, and all the para-

clerks in the firm of Weatherby & Co., shipping agents, and had just left the office for lunch.

"By the by," says one, during a lull in the banter which has been passing between them for some little time, "I've been thinking about Johnson getting the second job. Now I don't want you to think me vain or jealous, but, I do think it's a shame on the gov'nor's part. He ought to have given it to me—I'm the oldest here. Don't you think so, 'Arry?"

"Well," returned the one appealed to, "I don't know exactly who ought to have had it. But I know this, Johnson has no right there, and ought to be kicked out. What do you say, Will?"

"Well," answered Will Adams, whose appearance, unlike that of the others, at once invited respect, "it doesn't seem altogether the thing, I admit. He has been with Weatherby a shorter time than any of us, and one would suppose seniority gave priority. But the governor seems to think otherwise, and he's a right to do as he likes. Certainly, Johnson is smart, and up to his work. He isn't what he was."

"No, you're right—he's not the chap he was," scoffed the first speaker. "One time he was sociable and didn't object to harmless fun. Now he won't even take a glass of beer with us, much less join in a game of billiards. I don't object to people being religious if they don't go and make utter fools of themselves. Why, I heard the other day that he actually goes preaching in the parks on Sundays. What's he want preaching? It's a disgrace on the office."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Will Adams, "you seem to take it to heart. For my part, I don't see any disgrace in that. Why, I go preaching—that is lecturing, though not in the parks. I hope you don't think I'm a disgrace?"

"Well, no, Will," replied Houghton, deferentially—Will's powers of reasoning were a little too much for him to defy them recklessly; he had more than once been argued "off his head," as some one expressed it, by them—"but then you, you see, take up a sensible subject. You are like Weatherby, half a Freethinker. You argue about things you know; but he goes and talks about heaven and angels, and fire and brimstone, as if he'd been to see such impossible things. If he's like some I've heard, I'd bet he'd tell what they're like." And he laughed incontinently at his prodigious wit.

"Upon my word, though," said Will, his handsome face wearing a very serious expression, "I begin to think after all that this Christianity is not all moonshine. It's



"GOOD-BYE TO MY PIPE AND TOBACCO-BOXES."

the chain of my congratulations, but will hasten to my conclusion, which is a most hearty welcome to the ranks of that portion of the human family who have either never defiled themselves with tobacco, or, having done so, have had the good sense and conscience to make a clear escape from that kind

phernalia usually generated by indulgence in the Indian weed.—*Band of Hope Review.*

A DEADLY TRIAL.

Three young men, well-dressed, were standing before the bar in one of the brilliantly-fitted taverns of the city. They were