

reasons it is desirable that our rising generation should be abstainers from tobacco.

14. Q.—Will cigarette smokers make strong, well-developed, and handsome men?

A.—No. On the contrary they will be stunted in growth, weak in muscles, and minds, and hardly the fit companions for women.

15. Q.—What is the condition of a boy who smokes cigarettes?

A.—It is truly one to be pitied, and we can hardly contemplate it without a feeling of horror.

16. Q.—What reliable record does Dr. H. V. Miller, of Syracuse, N.Y., furnish?

A.—A French physician investigated the effect of tobacco smoking upon thirty-eight boys between the ages of 9 and 15, who had formed this habit.

The result was, 19 showed marked symptoms of nicotine poisoning, serious derangement of the intellectual faculties, and a strong desire for alcoholic drinks; 3 had heart disease; 8 the blood was poor; 12 had frequent nose-bleed; 10 disturbed sleep; and 4 ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth.

17. Q.—Are there many persons engaged in the manufacture of cigarettes?

A.—Great manufactories employing thousands of men, boys, and women are yearly turning out millions of those death-dealing, drugged, and terribly destructive cigarettes.

Boys who have been honest in every other particular have been known to steal cigars or the money to buy them with, if a chance offered.

The Balham's Party.

'Mother, don't you think the Balhams are very nice people?'

Irene put this question anxiously, looking in her mother's face the while to see if she might discover her thoughts from her looks even before she answered.

Mrs. Wilson hesitated. 'Why do you ask?' she inquired.

'Oh, because—because they are going to have a party, and I know they'll ask me, and I'm afraid you won't let me go!'

'I don't wish to disappoint you, my dear, but that is the case. I should not wish you to become too intimate with the Balhams. Neither your father nor I care for them.'

'There,' cried Irene crossly, 'I knew you would say that! Fathers and mothers never do what people want!'

'If by people you mean yourself,' her mother replied quietly, 'it would be better for you not to set your heart on things you know your father and mother will not approve of. I am sorry you are put out, but I can't let you go to any party at the Balham's, and that is an end of it.'

Irene knew when her mother spoke in that tone there was no more to be said, so she marched sulkily out of the room, banging the door behind her. She was a nice girl in many ways, but taking a disappointment cheerfully was not one of her virtues. She chose to feel herself very badly treated, though she had already been to six parties since the beginning of the holidays, and shed many angry tears when the invitation came and was duly declined by her mother. The Balhams had only recently come to the village, but Dr. Wilson had had occasion to visit Mrs. Balham, who was said to be very delicate, frequently since their arrival. It was probable he had good reasons for his opinion of the new-comers, but Irene, who had struck up a violent friendship with Meta Balham at school, did not consider that. It was horrid of father not to let her go, she thought.

'It says in the Bible, "Judge not that ye be not judged." It's very uncharitable of him to talk so about the Balhams,' she reflected, and though she did not quite dare to air her sentiments, her disagreeable looks and manners the day of the party sufficiently showed what she was thinking.

That evening about nine o'clock she stole out by the back door and slipped down the lane to a spot from which she could catch a glimpse of the Balhams' windows. They were brilliantly lighted, and as she looked the shadows of the dancers within came and went across the blinds. Irene almost choked with her sense of hardship and injustice. All at once, as she gazed, a loud explosion broke on the night air, immediately followed by screams and groans. Terrified, Irene flew home to find as she got in by the back door her father hurriedly throwing on his coat, while her mother was handing him the things he wanted out of the surgery.

'That must do,' he said. 'Send the rest after me. I suppose it is that poor wretched woman again.'

'Oh, what has happened?' cried Irene trembling.

'A gas explosion at Heatherdale, and the man says ever so many people are hurt,' answered her mother, as the doctor hastened off.

'Oh, Mother!' cried Irene, bursting into tears.

'Go to bed, Irene, and be thankful you weren't there,' said Mrs. Wilson. 'Tomorrow I will ask your father to tell you why we would not allow you to go. Everybody will know, I fear.'

When morning came Irene heard what she never forgot. Mrs. Balham was of most intemperate habits, the cause of her supposed delicacy being that alone, and the night before in the midst of the gaiety she had got out of bed, where she was supposed to be lying ill, blown out the gas, and gone into another room. Some hours later a servant found her, and, taking her back, essayed to light the gas, with the result that an explosion followed, shattering the furniture, terribly wounding Mrs. Balham and the maid, and causing slighter injuries to several other persons who happened to be near the room.

It was not possible for your father to explain why we did not wish you to visit at Heatherdale,' concluded her mother. 'Doctors must keep the secrets of their patients, but the family are not such in their habits as we care for, and I think you might have trusted us, Irene.'

Girls, believe fathers and mothers know best.—'Adviser.'

A sad and startling disclosure has been made by a Parisian scientist, yet it is one that will hardly astonish either Christian or scientist, since both necessarily believe that the sins of the fathers may be and often are visited upon the children. Dr. Paul Garnier, of Paris, who has been making a special study of the children of habitual drunkards, comes to this conclusion: 'There is a flaw in the very nature of these young wretches that the psychologist sees clearly and notes with apprehension—the absence of affectionate emotion; and when they do not become lunatics they show insensibility and pitilessness.' Here is a temperance lesson of unusual power for all to ponder.

Correspondence

Lower Jordan Bay, Aug. 7th, 1899.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time that I have written to the 'Northern Messenger,' and I hope that I will succeed in getting my letter printed in the 'Correspondence.' I take the 'Messenger' and enjoy reading the letters in the 'Correspondence' and also I like the 'Young Folks' page. I have to walk about a mile to school, but I do not mind as there are a great many scholars in the school, and a great many go up with me. I am in the seventh grade. I do not know who our teacher will be for the coming term. I live near the sea-shore, and see a number of ships and steamers in the summer. GLADYS F. (aged 10.)

Heathcote, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old. I live in the country. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I enjoy reading the 'Correspondence' in the 'Messenger' very much. I have one sister, and three brothers. Our school will soon be starting again. Our teacher's name is Mr. Petch. I wish some little girls to correspond with me. LILLY CONN.

Somerville, N. J.

Dear Editor,—I read so many letters from little girls in your paper, that I thought I would write to you. I go to school and was promoted to the 5th grade in June. We have a little dog, and he barks very much at night, and his name is Frisp. Our Sunday School is going on an excursion to-morrow, to Ocean Grove. This is the first time I have ever written to you. I will be ten years old Saturday. I have a little brother six years old, named Le Roy, and a big brother named Frank. Yours truly, EDNA BELLE S.

St. Louis De Gonzague.

Dear Editor,—A kind friend, sends us, the 'Messenger' which we all love. A Mr.

Sutherland was here, and he gave us, a lecture, on 'What I saw in England, Ireland and Scotland.' It was very interesting. The story he told, which I liked best, was, about Jane Wilson, and her younger sister. People tried to persuade them to become Episcopalians; and when nothing could persuade them, they were taken to the river, and the elder was placed in the water. As it rose about her she strengthened her younger sister's faith by passages from the Bible. And then as the younger was put in she died trusting in her Saviour. And now the Scotch folk of Stirling have erected a monument, to the two sisters which represents them sitting together; the 'Book of Life' upon their knees, and a little lamb at their feet. A great three-cornered covering protects it from the elements. Sometime I may write again and tell you about the zoo, and beautiful Ireland. Yours truly

LOIS—McC.

P.S.—Has anyone got my name?

Avonton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen many letters from this part, so I thought I would write one. I live with my uncle in Downie, and I think it is a lovely place. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School, and like it very well. I go to school, and am in the 4th book. The drillers are at our place drilling a well. Your reader, J. C.

Meaford, Grey County.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm near the town of Meaford. I have two sisters and four brothers, but one sister is dead. I went to bed on November, the 19th, and I am in bed yet and cannot help myself. My father was fishing nine summers. I have taken the 'Messenger' since the New Year, and I like it very much. Yours truly,

WM. HOWARD D. (aged 15.)

Strathburn, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the 'Messenger,' especially the 'Correspondence.' I have never seen a letter that came from anyone I knew. I have a sister seven years old, and a brother one year old. My sister and I go to school; she is in the second book, and I am in the fourth book. We have a large brick school, with a veranda across the front. There are evergreens along two sides of the yard. It is a very lovely place. Our church is quite near the school. We attend Sunday-school, and get the 'Messenger' there. ANNIE C. (aged 10.)

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have been getting the 'Messenger' for two years, and I enjoy reading it very much. The school here have been closed for the holidays since 1st July, but will open again on Sept. 1st. Our only pet is a large black Newfoundland dog, but as I have four brothers and four sisters for play-mates, I do not need many pets. We had a black cat but while we were moving to another house we lost her, but the next day my brother found her at the house we had left, and brought her home in a bag, but as soon as she got home she jumped out of the bag and went back to her old home. I should like to correspond with some of the girls of my own age, who get the 'Messenger.' FLOSSIE D. (aged 13.)

Calgary, Alta.

Dear Editor,—I have been thinking for a long time about writing you a letter. We get the 'Northern Messenger' in Sunday School, and read the children's letters, but I have never seen any from Calgary, and I would like my Aunts and Uncle in Ontario to read mine. This is a very nice city, we have lived here over six years, and like it very much. A great many Indians come to the city on holidays or to trade their ponies or buffalo-horns or head-work. They are the Black-foot Indians, and Sarcess, and sometimes the Stoneys come. They are dressed in bright-colored blankets and bare headed, and have a good deal of paint on their faces. I have a little King-Charles-Spaniel; we call him 'Venus' and brought him from the east with us. He plays hide and seek with me. I would like to tell you something about Banff, our National Park, and the Buffalo, and the fun we have bathing in the hot sulphur water, and they quantities of wild flowers that grow everywhere; but I'm afraid my letter is already too long. Your little friend, LETHA T. (aged 10.)