

School says that in nine cases out of ten the unsatisfactory boy is a smoker, and at Marlborough College the authorities absolutely prohibit it.

Dr. McClure, of Mill Hill School, says, 'If I knew a boy here to be a smoker he would either cease smoking or leave the school.'

An Edinburgh physician recently said that smoking by boys 'checks their growth, blunts their mental faculties, and ruins their morals. The cheap cigarettes they use are simply rank poison, and instances are known of death having been directly caused by their use.'—'Temperance Record.'

Cigarettes in Chicago.

Some Chicago boys of the street engaged after ten o'clock at night in 'shooting craps' and smoking cigarettes were recently asked where they attended school. 'We don't go.' 'Why don't you go?' was asked. 'It don't do us any good to go to school, we just bum when we do go.' 'What do you mean by bum?' 'We play hookey because we have to smoke all de time.' 'Why, how often do you smoke?' 'About every five minutes,' was the reply. 'But where do you get your money to smoke so much?' 'Was the next question. 'We smokes de butts all around the streets. But, lady, we wants ter stop if we only could do it. Give us some medicine so we can stop,' was the pitiful appeal. A few moments talk with these boys showed all three to be in a very serious condition and suffering intensely with heart and lung trouble. One of the three drops down on the street or anywhere; another 'gets crazy,' while the third told of the dazed condition which cigarette smoking induces. Special attention has been given these boys but little can be done for them with the temptation on every hand.

Tens of thousands of boys in Chicago are becoming hopelessly addicted to the habit. Many of them are doomed, but others can be rescued if help comes soon. A boy with the cigarette habit is in a more desperate condition than a boy who is drowning or one with the smallpox.—'Christian Outlook.'

Wine in France.

Bonfort's 'Wine and Spirit Circular' does the temperance cause service in publishing statistics to show that the consumption of wine in France is not upon the decrease, as has been claimed, but, on the contrary, is rapidly increasing. The amount consumed in 1898 is shown to be more than 8,000,000 hectolitres more than that consumed in 1888. That is to say that the appalling increase in the consumption of the stronger alcoholic liquors, which has terrified the public men of France and causes the leading newspapers of that country to charge that the French nation is rapidly becoming a nation of drunkards, takes place, not because the French people have abandoned the use of wine and taken up the use of brandy, but because their long continued use of wine has borne its legitimate result in creating the demand for additional stronger and more destructive liquors. The logic of the facts is very strong argument against the theory of those so-called temperance reformers who are forever assuring us that the way to bring about temperance in America is to promote the use of wine and 'lighter' drinks to prevent the use of whiskey and brandy.—'The New Voice.'

Grocers' Licenses.

No reform in the drink problem is more to be desired than the abolition of grocers' licenses, and there are few that would command the intelligent assent of the community more thoroughly. The amount of private drinking to which this form of license has, directly and indirectly, given rise can never be fully known, for by the nature of the case the statistics are impossible to arrive at. Many families have been ruined, many fair lives been wrecked, and many more have been crippled in all that makes for holiness and self-control, through the undue facilities which it has afforded women to obtain intoxicants without detection. It is probably responsible for more female drunkenness than any other forms of licence; and, as the evil is rapidly on the increase, it is high time it should be dealt with, and that with a firm hand.—'The Christian.'

Correspondence

Fitch Bay, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have taken your paper ever since Christmas, and think it is a very nice paper. I have three sisters and one brother. I go to school every day, and Vincent Davis is my teacher. I am twelve and will be thirteen next March. I guess I will close, sending my love to all who take this paper.
JENNIE P. D.

Oak River, Man.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. We have taken it for about five years. I like reading the letters on the last page. I live on a farm, near Oak River, and go to school every day. I am in the third book. We have only a small school with about twelve going to it. We are having holidays now. Our teacher's mother is sick and she had to go home. I have a friend from Galt, Ont., visiting at a neighbor's, she often comes down and plays with me and I often go up. She goes to school with me every day.

A LITTLE FRIEND.

Ralphton, Man.

Dear Editor,—This is my third letter to your valuable paper. My father is a farmer. I have three pets: a dog and two cats. The dog is just a pup. His name is Bob. We have four horses, nine cattle, 36 hens and seven pigs. There are eight of a family, two sisters are married and one brother, and one gone to South Africa in the police force. We are sixteen miles from town but we are expecting a new railway, and the town will be on my sister's place. I have four miles from Sunday-school. We have taken the 'Messenger' about seven years, and think it is getting better all the time. I like reading the Correspondence. I wonder if any little boy's or girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, Aug. 14. Wishing you every success.
ELROY G. (Aged 12).

Starbuck.

Dear Editor,—I have a cat, we call her Kitty. She has a little kitten, it is gray. We have four horses, their names are Mag, Nellie, Frank, and Bill, and a little colt. We have two cows. One got her leg broke. We have about twenty turkeys. One is white; and we have lots of chickens. We have a dog, its name is Puppy. We had a big black dog. My father sold him; we used to hitch him up to a sleigh in winter and go for a ride. I have a big doll. I make its clothes. We live one mile from school. There are ten scholars. I have four sisters and three brothers.
E. H. (Aged 10).

Golden Grove, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We live in the country and have eleven cows, seven horses, a number of sheep, two dogs and a cat. I have three sisters, four brothers and a mother and father. I go to day school and Sunday-school. I have no brother nor sister to go to day school with me, but the teacher boards at our house, so I do not have to go to school alone. We had a Sunday-school picnic this summer and we had races and prizes for those who won the races. We had lots of baskets full of good things to eat at supper, also apples, candy and ice-cream. There were a number of people there and they all enjoyed it. We played all the games we knew. My birthday is on Dec. 26. I am eleven years old.
EDITH McF.

Dear Editor,—I have only written once before, and then I did not see my letter in print, so I thought I would write again. I have nine pets, a cat and seven kittens and a dog. I go to school and I am in the fourth reader. I go to the Methodist Sunday-school. One man here had over seven thousand bushels of wheat. We have ten horses and about eighteen cattle. My school is three miles away and, so, of course, I drive. I have one sister, her name is Gladys, and two brothers.
M. D. (Aged 12).

Hoards Station, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am sitting by the window trying to write, but the temptation to look outside every few moments is almost too much for me. On all sides, there are pretty little woods and the trees are looking their brightest and best in their autumn garb of crimson and russet brown. Then, too, the orchard is near, and I see, in fancy, the red-cheeked apples, inviting pickers. The melon patch also is only a stone's throw from the window and melons always have a great attraction for me. Isn't autumn a delightful time of year? I think October is the pleasantest of all the months and I am glad my birthday comes in that month. I wonder if any other little girl rejoices with me.

But I did not intend to write a letter about autumn, I wished to tell you about a little picnic we had, to bid farewell to summer. We had had a very warm week, but thought it could not last long, so on Saturday afternoon, we planned a little supper in the woods by the Trent River. We had a slight difficulty in getting off, for our little dog, Jack, (that I wrote to you about, a few years ago) followed us, and when we called at a house for reinforcements to our party, the dog stayed outside and yelped at the top of his voice. He is getting old and is almost blind, but his voice and lungs are strong as ever. As he was alarming the neighborhood, besides working himself into hysterics, I had to go and carry him in my arms all the way to grandpa's house. I think a great deal of the little pet, but just then other feelings than love, were uppermost in my mind, and my expression probably was not as pleasant as that which, of course, my face usually wears. However, I took him in the house and left him to charm grandma with his dog music.

And we really got started after that and camped in a charming little nook down by the water. The river, there, had a nice flat rock bottom and we could not resist the temptation to go in wading. The water was warm and just deep enough, so we enjoyed ourselves immensely. As it was a little late when we started, it soon came time for supper. We had carried a pail of water from a house near the wood, but found that a passing cow had refreshed herself at our expense. So another girl and I went for water while the rest set the table. The supper did taste good, too. Just as we were finishing, the sky grew dark, and a big wind-storm came up. The weather, in almost an instant, changed cold. It seemed such a fitting ending to our 'farewell to summer' picnic.

As we walked home we enjoyed the refreshing breeze and planned our next excursion, which we intend shall be a nutting party to welcome in the autumn months. Perhaps I will write again and tell you what success we have. Your friend,

ISOBEL.

[What a nice letter you can write. Let us hear about the nutting party by all means. Ed.]

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John Dougallson