

Temperance and Prohibition.

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

(The following are extracts from a remarkable article which appeared in the *Chambers' Journal* for January).

Almost every really heavy smoker of cigarettes will agree with me at once that no secret of mystery has been better preserved than that relating to the extraordinary increase, during the past decade, in the consumption in this country of the little rolls of paper filled with Virginia, or so-called Egyptian tobacco. The smoker addicted to this peculiar and deadly habit knows perfectly well why such an enormous increase has come about, and is not in the least degree surprised at it. Having regard to his own experiences, his only surprise is that it has not been even greater; but, for reasons best known to himself, he rarely mentions the secret even to those who are possessed of it. Thus it happens that the outside world has, for the most part, remained in complete ignorance; so much so, indeed, that when it is sprung upon us that the reason why one merchant, who ten years ago used to sell cigarettes to the value of only forty pounds in a given period, now disposes of one thousand pounds' worth in the same period, is simply that the consumer has contracted the curious habit of inhaling all the smoke he extracts from the cigarette down his bronchial tubes and into his lungs—well, we will discredit and even ridicule the idea.

THEY CANNOT STOP.

However, it is perfectly true; and there are many thousands of men in the country who wish it were not. It is no exaggeration to say that this new habit of inhaling the smoke of cigarettes—a habit which has only come into vogue in this country during the last few years, and which in the next few will inevitably tell a great tale upon the mental and bodily capacity of the nation—more quickly obtains a stronghold on those who give way to it than any other habit which has for its object the gratification of the senses in one way or another. Any man of ordinary will power, who is given to alcoholic excesses can abstain for a week or two with the expenditure of a very slight effort, and of course he can in many cases, with the same amount of effort, absolutely stop even the smallest indulgence forever; but some hundreds of men whom I have known to have contracted the habit of cigarette-smoke inhaling, I have only heard of two who have been successful in shaking it off, though in fully 90 per cent. of the cases an effort of a more or less determined character has been made. This may sound a little strange to those who are not in the secret; but there are much stranger disclosures to be made, and they are in many respects of quite a pitiable character.

EXTENT OF THE HABIT.

First, however, let us briefly notice the extent to which cigarette smoking has really increased in the past ten years or so. The figures I have just quoted as to the increase in the business of one merchant are actual figures, and the rate of increase

shown is not anything out of the ordinary. I have no doubt but that some of the great retail depots each, in all the principal streets of London, and in some of the larger cities outside of the metropolis, could show even more striking figures of the progress of the cigarette habit. I have been told of a single wholesale firm of cigarette manufacturers who used to make and sell only a quarter of a million of cigarettes a week, but who now dispose of five millions in the same period; and another wholesale firm, which at one time had practically no business at all in this article, is now manufacturing no fewer than thirty millions of cigarettes a week.

ITS FASCINATION.

It will be very difficult for the uninitiated reader to realize the exact nature of the practice and the sensations of mind and body which the habit produces; and I would give an earnest warning at the outset against allowing the curiosity to be so excited as to desire to go in for any practical experiments. I have known many cases of a man becoming a confirmed inhaler simply through indulging in a single trial, even though that trial made him ill and he had derived anything but enjoyment from it. A subtle and inexplicable fascination is developed almost instantaneously.

A SORROWFUL STORY.

I have a curious but pitiable story to tell, which I know to be absolutely true. There was a large family in which there were two or three grown-up sons, all cigarette-smoke inhalers, and a younger brother, only 9 years of age. The young men one day amused themselves, most thoughtlessly and reprehensibly, by giving the child cigarettes to smoke and teaching him the baneful practice of inhaling. It was none the less cruel, because they did not guess the result. This was that some time afterwards the child was found, at odd moments of the day, hidden away in a room where he thought he would be safe from discovery, inhaling, whilst in a state of semi-collapse, the fumes of a cigarette, which he had obtained surreptitiously. He is much older now, and the promise of the boyhood that he would be a tall, athletic fellow has not been fulfilled. He is an ash-faced and bent-backed weakling.

ITS RESULTS.

I was discussing the matter not long ago with one of the most famous men in the medical profession—a man, in fact who has the honor of attending upon royalty. He was telling me of these baneful effects, and I asked him why he did not initiate a crusade against the vice. He inhaled the cigarette smoke himself, and he added significantly, "What is the use? They wouldn't stop it."

A leading tobacconist in the city of London told me that in the space of five years he had seen regular frequenters of his shop completely broken down in mind and body, through having contracted the inhaling habit; moreover, that some of them were in the cemetery, who, he was convinced, would not have been there if they had stuck to their pipes and cigars.

Of course, the medical certificate did not give tobacco smoke as the cause; very likely it said consumption; but I can quite believe, and so can any other confirmed inhaler, that it was the cigarette that was the cause of it all.

A STORY OF TWO DOLLARS.

A story has been going the rounds for a good while of a two dollar bill now in circulation, on which a drunkard, in his last extremity, had written a few pathetic facts concerning himself, and a word of warning to all other drinking men. The veritable bill seems to have found its way into Topeka, or at least one similar to it. W. B. Kirkpatrick, President of the Knights and Ladies of Security, brought to the office of the *State Temperance Union*, the other day, a two dollar bill, on which are written in red ink the following words:

"Wife, children, and \$40,000 all gone. I alone am responsible. All have gone down my throat. When I was twenty-one I had a fortune. I am now thirty-five years old. I have killed my beautiful wife, who died of a broken heart; have murdered my children with neglect. When this bill is gone, I do not know how I am to get my next meal. I shall die a drunken pauper. 'Tis my last money, and my history. If this bill comes into the hands of any man who drinks, let him take warning from my ruin."

The bill containing this sad story is of the series of 1899. It was received by Mr. Tincher quite recently in trade.

Many a piece of money might appropriately tell a similar sorrowful story. Frequently a bill or a coin passes through the hands of a happy, well-to-do man or woman, or a laughing, care-free boy or girl, which but a little time before left the trembling hands of a disconsolate wreck of manhood, degraded and impoverished by drink.

The deplorable tale of the two dollar bill may fittingly cause serious reflection to people whose eyes see things about them, and who have brains enough to think of what they see.—*National Advocate*.

THE RUMSELLER'S SONS.

BY MRS. S. M. READ.

Some years ago we knew a man who had formerly been a rumseller. Were he living at the present time in any thriving town which maintains license he would carry on business in an elegant saloon. But times were different in the early part of the past century, he sold intoxicants at that time from his store. He paid the town for his legal right to the business.

He was strong in body and mind, with unusual business capacity and dignity. He was eminent in the town and in the church. When we knew him he no longer sold ardent spirits. He had five sons. Those who had lived beside the family for years said that the boys were very bright in their childhood, and when we knew several of them, in young manhood, they gave promise of working their way to prominent positions. It seemed pardonable that their father looked upon them with pride and anticipation.

The father regarded himself as an example of integrity, and this principle of honesty led him to abandon the sale of liquor as soon as law prohibited.

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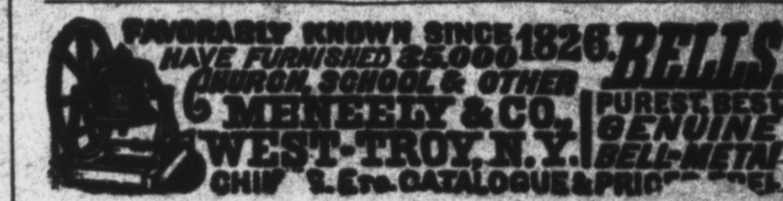
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He was not a man of pity for the poor, He had never been so. While his boys were playing about the village he was making many a home wretched through its father, or other supporter. One poor woman went to him, and even on her knees begged that he would call no more rum to her husband. She told him how her husband was abusive to her and her children when drunk. Then this man, who prided himself on his strict honesty, told her that he would sell so long as he could secure a license. Her reply was, "You will reap bitter fruit from this business." He did so in his old age. One by one his sons became drunkards. Four of them died in abject misery because of drink. The youngest was for years a shame to his parents, but was reclaimed and converted.

Prohibition had not only benefitted the town by staying the rumseller's hand, but it was his own greatest earthly blessing in saving, as from shipwreck, one son to care for him in his declining years and to lay him in the grave, Still River, Mass.

A Christianity which does not begin with the proclamation of forgiveness is impotent. Again, a Christianity which does not base forgiveness on Christ's sacrifice is impotent also. The history of the church shows that preachers, teachers and churches that do not know what to say when a poor soul comes to them and asks, "What must I do to be saved?" are of no use, or next to none.—*Dr. Alex. MacLaren*.