

classes of the Latin School, one-half the pupils use tobacco. In the English High School there is comparatively little smoking. East Boston placed the per cent. of tobacco users from 10 to 30.

Roxbury had been fighting the evil since 1866, but the number of smokers had doubled. All these schools "prohibit" the use of tobacco, but indifference, and bad example on the part of the parents, render it impossible to control the boys.

In New York and Brooklyn the evil has become so great that petitions are being circulated, asking for a law by the State to prohibit the sale of tobacco to minors. Such a law ought to exist and be enforced in every State.—*Outlook.*

A Child's Question.

"Papa, what is a Prohibitionist?"

"A person who tries to make the people drink more whisky."

"How do Prohibitionists make men drink more whisky?"

"By passing a senseless law against making and selling intoxicating drinks."

"How does this law lead men to drink?"

"Because they will not obey it, my son."

"Is it good to drink intoxicating liquors, papa?"

"No my son. I hope you will never drink them."

"What do men make them for?"

"Well, chiefly for drinking."

"If it is bad to drink them is it right to make them?"

"My son, you do not understand these things."

"No, I do not. But papa, would not good people obey the law?"

"Oh! yes, but there are very many bad people."

"Do the bad people obey any law?"

"Well, no; I am afraid they do not willingly."

"Is there a law against stealing?"

"Certainly, my son."

"Does it make them steal?"

"My son, I think it is time for you to go to bed."—*Ex.*

Wipe Out the Evil.

Our murderers whence come they? Come they not, generally, on account of strong drink? Who does? Some whisky makers and some whisky venders. But what are the facts in the case? Sorrowing wives, desolate mothers and

orphaned children, if allowed to speak, could tell a wonderful story on this subject. The morning papers say, he was killed last night at a certain saloon, he took his own life—had been on a spree, etc.

What was the cause of his death?

Whisky. What caused that noble young man to fall, and throw a stigma upon the name of his family? Whisky; whisky did it. What causes our prisons to multiply and our taxes to increase annually? Whisky is at the bottom of it.

What causes such squalid poverty in many of our large cities to-day? Whisky is the one powerful underlying cause. The bloated faces, red eyes, and pimpled noses, whence come they? There can be but one answer—strong drink. Do our people know these facts? Certainly they do. Why, then, is the evil tolerated? Because of the money there is in it. Thereby many live easy, though the earnings are often snatched away from the innocent and helpless. Christian people, touch not, except in wiping out this evil.—*Set.*

Why all Smokers do not Die of Tobacco Poisoning.

It is often objected that while chemistry and scientific experiments seem to prove that tobacco is a powerful poison, the experience of thousands of persons disproves the theory of its poisonous character, since if it were so intense a poison as described, cases of death from tobacco poisoning would be much more frequent.

To this objection we answer:—

1. One reason why so few persons are reputed to die of nicotine, or tobacco poisoning, is the wonderful faculty the system possesses of accommodating itself to circumstances. Through this means the worst poisons may by degrees be tolerated, until enormous doses can be taken without immediately fatal effects. Corrosive sublimate, strychnis, belladonna, and many other poisons, may thus be tolerated.

2. In our opinion the majority of tobacco users do die of tobacco poisoning. Death as surely results, ultimately, from chronic as from acute poisoning, though the full effects are delayed, it may be for years. A man who dies five or ten years sooner than he should, in consequence of tobacco-using, is killed by the poison just as truly as though he died instantly from an overdose.—*Good Health.*

Come and Help Us.

Hear the bells whose hurried measures Fall upon the startled ear, Every clanging note of warning, Tells of sudden danger near. 'Tis the Fire Fiend, see him raging Like a strong, relentless, foe, Darting flaming tongues of hate As he rushes to and fro.

See amid the blazing ruin Victims struggling in despair; Who will lend a hand to save them, Who to rescue them will dare? Men of courage, men of valor! Could you stand unheeding by And with calm indifference leave them, Thus to suffer, thus to die?

No! with pulses roused to action, Souls responsive to the call, You would venture e'en where danger. Might the stoutest heart appall; And with eager hands outreaching Full of courage strong and brave, Snatch them from the dreadful peril Save them from a fiery grave.

Just outside the sheltering harbor, Within the reach of friendly hail See that vessel tossing wildly At the mercy of the gale, Long has she withstood the tempest, All dismantled, decks unmanned, Human power can't avail her She will never reach the land.

To her timbers helpless beings Cling in wretched hopelessness, Hear their shrieks and prayers for succor, See their signals of distress, Men of courage, could you listen To that supplicating cry And with calm indifference leave them, There to perish, there to die?

No! mid shouts of cheer arising From the crowd, along the beach, You with life boat, through the breakers Would essay that wreck to reach, And your eager hands outreaching Full of courage, strong and brave, Snatch them from their dreadful peril, Save them from a watery grave.

Hear the booming of the cannons And the steady tramp of feet Tramping, tramping to the measure, Of the drums resounding beat, 'Tis a foreign foe advancing, See the gleaming from afar Of their bayonets in the sunlight, All the dread array of war.

Would you turn away unheeding, In your country's darkest hour, Leave her flag, to fall dishonored In the proud usurper's power? No! with rallying cry, for freedom, Roused to arms, in her defence, You with shot and shell, would bravely, Drive the bold intruder hence.

Lo! a great gigantic monster, Walks untrammelled throughout our land, Stalking in his footsteps, grimly. Sin and death go hand in hand, Myriad hests are following after, Victims of his diabolical will. Would you know this thing of evil? 'Tis the demon of the still.

Worse than flaming conflagration Is his pestiferous breath; Like unholy incense rising

From the Charnel House of Death, Worse than war, than storm or tempest Is this slayer of mankind For he kills the soul immortal. Clouds the intellect divine.

Yet this foul insatiate monster Is empowered to walk our earth, Enter homes, a guest unwelcome, Sit beside us at our hearth, Shatter fondest hopes, we cherish, Poison our domestic joys; With his wanton smiles alluring Rob us of our noble boys.

Mark the tears of desolation Shed beside their early graves, Hear the moan and supplications, Of the ones he still enslaves. Men of courage can you listen To their agonizing cry And with calm indifference leave them Thus to perish, thus to die?

You who love your country's banner, Fought to save its starry folds, Will you see it stained, and sullied, With the blood of human souls? Trample down this dread destroyer, Now in this decisive hour With your voices, with your ballots Help us crush the Tyrant's power.

In the distance shining softly Like a beacon light from home See the star of Prohibition, Beckoning to us through the gloom, We will neither faint nor falter, God is just, and right is right, We will conquer, we must conquer, In this glorious Temperance fight.

—*Mr. M. E. Thompson.*

Sudden Changes of Weather are productive of Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, &c. There is no more effectual relief in these diseases to be found than the use of Brown's Bronchial Troches. Price 25 cts.

The silence of the soul speaks to God.—*Bossuet.*

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Bear the cross! Far heavier is self.—*Fenelon.*

"Durability is better than sham." Durability of health is worth more than the wealth of a Vanderbilt, Kidney-Wort is man's co-laborer in maintaining health. With healthy liver, bowels and kidneys, men and women will always be in good health. If the bowels are torpid, if piles torment, if the back is full of pain, get a package of Kidney-Wort and be cured without more suffering.

What I most value, next to Eternity is Time.—*Madame Swetchine.*

\*All ladies who may be troubled with nervous prostration, who suffer from organic displacement; who have a sense of weariness and a feeling of lassitude; who are languid in the morning; in whom the appetite for food is capricious and sleep at proper hours uncertain, should have recourse to Mrs Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.