

Correspondence

An hour later, Mr. Wilson was back again. 'Well, my friend,' he said, coming into the shop this time, 'you've painted the letters well enough; it stands out finely, "This house and grounds to let," but how about that word separate, in "Separate stabling if required?" Did I spell it s-e-p-e-r-a-t-e?'

'You don't mean to say I've put that,' said Fred Barnard.

'But I do. Go up and look at it yourself.'

Fred went that very afternoon, still hoping there was some mistake. But Mr. Wilson was quite right—there stood the word with its faulty 'e' standing out conspicuously.

In great disgust, Mr. Barnard turned away again, and went home by way of a plot of land for which he had just painted a board announcing it for sale. When he reached it, he gazed at the board still more dismayed. It ran:—'This Plot of Land for sale, etc.'

Mr. Barnard went back to his work-shop, shut the door and tried to think the matter out.

'That work of mine was done last week—what made me do it in that fashion?'

The quick, clever workman could not understand it.

'I was well enough,' he thought, 'and I don't remember anything special hindering me when I was about it. I didn't do anything in particular except, perhaps, have a glass or two more than usual at the Prince of Wales in honor of Jim's victory. It couldn't have been that.'

The problem was still unsettled when Fred went home, and it was still bothering him when he went to the club in the evening to see the papers.

'What's interesting you?' asked a friend as he came up to the table.

'Why,' answered Mr. Barnard, 'something that one of those big doctors has been saying about the drink. He gave a lecture at the London Institution the other day, that's where all those scientific men hold forth, and he says that even a small amount of alcohol, just what most people take at meal-times, affects the muscles and the brain and makes us do our work badly. It's a queer thing if it's true, isn't it? I was always brought up to believe that a man who worked required a glass of beer.'

'Yes,' said his friend, 'if he don't take too much, and no one ever saw you worse for it, I'm sure.'

'No,' answered Fred, 'that's true enough, perhaps, but this chap, this Professor Victor Horsley, says you are always worse for it, however little you may take, and now I come to think of it, I don't know but what he's right.'

'Stuff,' said his friend.

'Well, look here,' persisted Mr. Barnard. 'You remember last Friday, how we stayed an hour in the Prince of Wales in the middle of the day. I don't know what I took, not very much as things go, and I went back to the shop and worked as hard as I know how all the afternoon. I found out the quality of that work this afternoon, and it was nothing to boast of, I can tell you. Something must have made me stupid-like before I could have done it that way, that I know, and what was it, if it wasn't beer?'

'Oh, come,' said his friend, 'we all make mistakes at times.'

'Oh, yes, I know,' answered Fred Barnard decidedly. 'But I don't mean to make any more like that, so no more beer for me in working hours, anyway. I'll try the experiment and prove it for myself.—'Temperance Record.'

By a war, which for a time threatened the existence of the British Empire, 39,785 lives were lost in eleven months. This would give 43,372 for a year, supposing that the struggle lasted so long and continued so fierce. We are amazed at the figures, ponder them with sad hearts; and yet every year drink slays 120,000 men and women in the United Kingdom. By the war 118 lives were lost daily, by the drink 327 lives are lost daily.—'Irish Temperance League Journal.'

It is very unfair, as well as unwise, to administer whiskey to children for every ailment. Many parents do this because they are ignorant of the serious consequences that may follow this introduction of alcohol into a child's system.—'War Cry.'

Campbellford,

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time, and I hardly think I could get along without it. I like reading the letters, too, and would so much like to see one from me there. I have been on a visit for a month and had a very pleasant time. I went away back to the north of Hastings, to a little country post-office called Hogan. As I have always lived in a town, it seemed strange to me to find myself back among woods, and rocks. It is very picturesque indeed; but just at first, I was afraid of being chased by wolves or eaten by wildcats, if I ventured to go far from the house. But I soon got used to my surroundings and found them very enjoyable. It seemed nice to run wild for a little while, and I found some nice little girls there to play with me. We would take our dolls and a piece of bread and butter and sugar and run away to spend a long, happy day picking flowers in the woods. We would come home tired out and covered with big mosquito bites, but we soon forgot such little troubles, and after lots of supper and butter-milk, were ready for more fun till bedtime. It seemed so strange to us at first to go to bed with the music of the 'pied frogs' orchestra' ringing in our ears; but we soon got used to it, and would have felt lonely without it. I was so sorry when it was time to go home, for the people were all so kind, and it seemed hard to come home where little girls have to behave so properly. But perhaps I may go again some time, and have just as good a time. I forgot to mention that I have one sister, Lizzie, and a brother, Jimmie, and a dog, Jack, and they are all anxious to write a letter, too; so if mine is published, they will likely write soon.

MARY ELLEN.

Campbellford.

Dear Editor,—After seeing so many letters in the 'Messenger' from little friends, I thought I would like to write one also, and tell about our raft on the pond. I have two cousins who live near-by, and we play together all the time on our pond. It is on father's farm, and we call it 'Frog Pond.' In the middle there is an island, which we call 'Lily Island,' but I am afraid that the name is not very appropriate, as the only vegetation on it consists of enormous burdocks and bull thistles. However, we are perfectly satisfied with it. Father made us a raft, and when we are not using it we keep it in the harbor, which is behind the hen-coop. If a storm comes up suddenly when we are enjoying a sail, we have another port to put up at, which is in front of the pig-stye. One day we had rather a serious accident. We were pretending that we were carrying goods from London, England, to the Cannibal Islands, when we were attacked by pirates in the shape of big savage black mosquitoes. After a gallant struggle we drove off the marauders and triumphantly resumed our journey. But our troubles were not yet over. The front of the raft struck a snag sticking up in the water and I gracefully landed on my head in the soft mud at the bottom of the pond. My cousin gallantly rescued me by hauling me out by the feet. As quickly as possible we made for our pig-stye harbor, as it was nearer the house. When I rushed in to mother, she could not have been more alarmed if a real pirate had stood before her. It took five rinsing waters and a whole cake of ivory soap to get me clean, but sailors must always expect to have adventures.

We are very sorry to see our frog-pond slowly drying up in this scorching heat, and are afraid our next voyage must be postponed till the fall rains come. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' and if it is published perhaps I shall write and describe our next voyage.

HENRIETTA ELIZABETH.

Arthur.

Dear Editor,—I have not written to the 'Messenger' for some time. We are having our holidays now. I passed for the fourth room. My teacher's name will be Mr. Spotton. He lives next door to us. I have two rabbits, I call them 'Kruger' and 'Victoria.' I am an agent for 'A Sunday in Berlin,' My father is superintendent of the Sunday-

school. Our minister's name is Mr. Hall, but he is away for a month's holidays, and we have another one: his name is Mr. Martin. We are having very hot weather just now. We take the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school, and I get it every Sunday. I have three sisters and three brothers.

LOYDE (Aged 12).

Iona, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a cat with four little kittens. Two are grey and two are black and white. I have a cow and a calf. I sold my sheep. I go to school and am in the fourth book. I like my teacher, his name is Mr. Rowley. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and liked the story named 'Left Behind in the Mountains,' very much. My birthday is on Dec. 3. V. B. S. (Aged 11).

Grenville.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school. My teacher's name is Miss Dawson. I like her very much. We have three bantam chickens; they are like little birds. We have a calf named 'Blossom'; it is sweet. I have one sister and two brothers. We have a dog and a cat.

GEORGIE P. (Aged 9).

Grenville.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school, and get the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. My teacher's name is Miss B. Cooke. I like her very much. I have four pets, a dog named Sailor, a kitten named Miget, a canary named Freddie, and a number of chickens. I have three brothers, and one sister named Annie. My birthday is March 28.

BESSIE T. (Aged 13).

Grenville.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school, and get the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. My teacher's name is Miss A. Tompkins. I have four pets, a dog named Jack, and a kitten named Nigger, and a number of chickens, and a calf named 'Blossom.' I have two brothers and one sister, named, Georgie. My birthday is Sept. 26.

EDNA P. (Aged 12).

White Rock.

Dear Editor,—My birthday is on March 13. I am nine years old. I go to Sunday-school, and my teacher's name is Miss Cahoon. I have two brothers and no sisters. Our school has closed now, and we have six weeks of vacation.

VERA E. F.

Collingwood, July 11.

Dear Editor,—It seems ages ago since I wrote the last letter to you, yet it is not very long ago. I get the 'Northern Messenger,' from a little girl, Annie S., who gets it at the English Sunday-school, and I enjoy reading the stories and correspondence. I live in the town, but I would far rather live in the country. I was up at my uncle's for a few days last week. He owns a large farm in the country. It is a three-mile walk from town to his place. While there, I visited the cows, horses, pigs, sheep, hens, geese, ducks, and nearly every farm animal. My cousin and I went for the horses one night, to bring them up to be watered. Douglas, my cousin, jumped on a very frisky young horse, which, however, was harmless, and chased me through the lane. I was not so frightened as he thought I was, although I did jump the fence to get out of his way. About three weeks ago, I, with two other families, drove up to Rockside, which is about five miles out of town. We spent Sunday there; but, coming down, the hills were very steep, and we had to put a brake on the hind wheel. We passed through Duntroon, and came around by the sixth line, where we met many of the Batteau people going to church. We came through Nottawa, and reached town about seven o'clock. We were all very tired after our day's outing. I have just tried my exams. I have tried for the first part of my second-class certificate. The results of the exams. will be out on Aug. 1.

ETHEL B.

Bloomfield, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and no brothers living; but one dead. I never wrote a letter before, so I thought I would write one now. We have a dog and no cat. We live about a mile and a half from Bloomfield Schoolhouse. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Mr. W. J. Ausborn.

EDDIE M. (Aged 11).