

# Correspondence

Letters from the following have had a vote each: Minnie E. M., Emma R., Joseph W. T., and Roy R.

Dryden.

Dear Editor,—For some time I have been thinking of writing to the 'Messenger,' but this time I think I will put my thought into action. I live on a farm about three minutes' walk from the village of Dryden. So I can enjoy both country and town life. I have one sister five years old, and one brother seven years old. My brother has two chipmunks. It is very interesting to watch the little things turn their wheel and jump from one side of their cage to the other. Dryden is a very pretty place in summer. The Wabigoon river lies at the south and west of the village. The bridge crossing the river is built over the Wabigoon Falls, and the rapids are under the C. P. R. bridge. There are lots of wild flowers in the spring and in the summer plenty of wild fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, blueberries and Saskatoonberries. The storekeepers do a large business shipping blueberries and raspberries to Rat Portage and Winnipeg. I have been to Winnipeg, Brandon and Alexander; that is as much of the West as I have seen. In September mother took us three children to Port Arthur fair. We had a nice time. We have lots of snow here now, and it has been as cold as thirty-four degrees below zero this year; but it will likely be much colder than that.

CLARA A.

Owen Sound, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' so much, I thought I would write. I am a girl twelve years of age, and go to the Collegiate Institute of Owen Sound. I take up arithmetic, algebra, history, botany, French, geography, composition, literature, reading and grammar. I will describe myself so as to let the readers have an idea what I look like. I am five feet four and a half inches high, have dark hair and dark blue eyes. Owen Sound is a very pretty place, especially in the summer time. We used to live on a farm, but I like the town the best. Well, I must close with best wishes for all readers.

AMELIA M. L.

Russell County.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I live on a farm about twelve miles from the city of Ottawa. I go to school every day, and I am in the second book. I have a mile to walk to school. My teacher's name is Miss R. I have sisters, but only one brother, whose name is Carman; he is five years old. We have for pets one pup, a cat and a kitten.

SADIE M. W.

Stony Island, Cape Sable Island.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' My brother takes it, and I just think it is a nice paper. We have had some cold weather. I have a cat, and I call her Sukey. We live on the seashore. They have started to make a harbor below our house. We have a small orchard, and keep two cows and an ox. I am fourteen years old.

GORDON S.

Rosevale.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, I thought I would now try. For pets I have two cats, their names being Daisy and Puss. I go to school, and I am in the fourth book. My studies are geography, history, reading, algebra, arithmetic, health reader. Our teacher's name is Miss F. We all like her very much. I live one half mile from the school, and two miles from the church. I live on a farm. I think 'In Peril on the Sea' is a very nice story.

PERCY S. (aged 10).

Kingsboro.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly a year. I think it is a charming little paper, and I am now writing my first letter to it. We live over a mile from our nearest neighbor. We have seventeen apple-trees, one plum-tree and one cherry-tree. Apples were a good crop this year. The farmers grow large crops of potatoes, turnips, wheat, and oats. Strawberries are plenty every se-

cond year; also raspberries and cranberries. I transplanted a bed of cultivated strawberries last summer, and I hope to get more berries from it next summer than I did last. I have three sisters and two brothers, and one half-brother. I and my twin sister are the youngest in the family. One of my sisters is married, and lives in Boston. The other is a dress-maker at home. My youngest brother is a cheesemaker in New Brunswick, and my half-brother is farming in Manitoba. My eldest brother is at home helping on the farm. I think Minnie E. M. writes interesting letters. Is it not the book of Esther that does not mention the name of God. My mother has a loom, and she weaves in the winter, but she drops it when the warm weather comes. I am very fond of reading, and have read over a hundred books. My favorite authors are Miss L. M. Alcott and E. Wetherell.

ELEANOR C. M.

Seaforth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—It has long been my intention to write to the Correspondence Editor of the 'Messenger.' I notice that many of your correspondents choose special subjects when writing to the 'Messenger.' This is a splendid idea, but I am afraid I cannot follow it, as I do not know of anything at the present time that would prove interesting to all your readers. Perhaps next time I will be able to do this. I hope, dear Editor, that you are a Liberal, as I am an enthusiastic admirer of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Government. Not many Canadians are privileged to receive a letter from and written by the Premier. I was delighted to receive a letter from him shortly after the elections, in answer to a letter of congratulations which I had sent to Ottawa. We have had very severe weather in Ontario lately. The snow, too, is quite deep. Did you hear about the remarkable snow-fall we had here in one night? Just imagine, it fell fully two feet of snow in seven hours. Is not that almost a record breaker? I am very fond of reading; but when boys and girls attend school they have not much time for reading; that is, if they do their lessons justice. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much. Its stories apply to old and young alike, and its influence for good is without limit. Mother takes the 'Montreal Weekly Witness.' We would not be without it for anything. 'The Home Department' is my special delight.

M. W. L.

Turtle Creek.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I go to school, and I am in the first reader. My mamma is dead, and papa, baby and I are boarding out. Papa is a Baptist minister. I am the oldest of the family, and my age is eight years. I have taken the 'Messenger' for over a year, and I would not be without it. I saw a question asked in the 'Messenger,' which book in the Bible did not have the word God in it. I think it is the book of Esther.

ADELIA S.

Princeton, B.C.

Dear Editor,—The 'Messenger' is a nice paper. It comes every Wednesday. I always long for mail-day to come. There is a telephone line being built here. They will be through putting up poles in a few days. I live in Princeton, seventy-three miles from the celebrated Okanagan Lake, which is seventy miles long, and three miles wide, the largest lake in British Columbia. Princeton is situated at the junction of the Tulameen and the Similkameen Rivers. This little town is very pretty in summer. The names of these rivers are of Indian origin. Tulameen means red paint bluff and Similkameen, which is noted for its white-fish, means blue water. Well, I have more to tell, but will write more the next time.

RALPH M. (aged 12).



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## HOUSEHOLD.

### Monday no Longer Scrub Day

'Some day,' I said, 'when I have learned more about it I will publish a treatise upon "The Best Method of Washing," for the benefit of posterity.' Failing to awaken any sign of intelligence in the face of Sophia, I began to assort out the various soiled articles myself. I had heard somewhere that the fine pieces must be washed first. Then I was in a quandary to know which were the fine pieces, properly so called. I selected a few haphazard, and I said, 'Sophia, Sophia; scrub, scrub!' Then I expressed my meaning pantomimically, bending over the wash tub like the best 'wash lady' in the land, so I thought.

Sophia was impressed at last. She responded in pantomime, in exaggerated imitation of my effort. How soap suds flew! How the water ran over the kitchen floor! How hot it grew! We hung up the last piece on the clothes line at five p.m., and suddenly it occurred to me that nothing had yet been starched. Oh, it was a great day! Sophia's hands were bleeding, owing to the violent scrubbing she had done. As for me—don't mention it! One day of that sort was quite enough. I resolved to get posted before Monday came around again.

The next day I appealed to a friend, who I knew would not laugh at my confession and who understood washing. She exclaimed, 'Why you were very old timed to begin your washing by scrubbing.'

'Why, how can it be helped?' 'By a washing fluid. I will tell you how to make it, then I will tell you how to use it.'

I listened attentively.

'Get from your grocer two pounds of washing soda and one pound of lime, unslacked, of course. Put them together and pour over the mixture six quarts of boiling water. After it has cooled, bottle it and put it away to use as you need it. Some people say that washing fluids made the clothes "tender" and that they do not wear so long, but I know by long experience that if they are well rinsed that they wear longer than if they are scrubbed on a board in the old way. Now I will tell you how to do your washing with this fluid. Put your clothes to soak over night in cold water, the fine pieces first in one tub, and the remainder of the white pieces in another tub.'

'Oh, do tell me which are the fine pieces?'

'The sheets, pillow slips, table linen and all other strictly linen pieces, handkerchiefs, collars, cuffs and all nice pieces that are not very much soiled. In the morning fill your boiler half full of water, and when it has boiled, put in your washing fluid, allowing a half cupful to every pail of water. Having wrung out the



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