

stances, and how relying on the integrity of the Watson family she wanted to intrust to him a recent legacy of an uncle, to be safely invested where it would bring her fair interest. 'I never did have a head for business,' she admitted, 'and when there was money in our family your father always took care of all our business, and there wasn't any use of my trying to keep track of it with as trustworthy a man in charge as he, and so I said to Elizabeth, "I'm just going down and let Robert Watson's son invest it for me." I've got to have faith in somebody, or else get only a stingy little three percent from the savings bank, and I can't afford that. So here it is,' and she handed him a cheque. The typewriter worked itself into a tremendous crescendo as Mr. James Watson assured her her confidence was not misplaced, and accepted the trust.

During the afternoon one of James Watson's friends entered the office, announcing breezily, 'Jim, there's a cool thousand or two to be made on the XX stock. It's going up like an eagle, at 1.20 already.'

'You don't mean it! If I only had the money to invest!'

'Sure thing this time, Bilkins says. Can't you get it somewhere—beg, borrow, or boodle?'

Thirty minutes later Purdy's bell summoned him sharply from the adjoining office. 'Take that cheque over to Bennett, the broker, quick, and get a receipt. I've telephoned particulars. He understands. Hurry now.' Watson's face was flushed, and his manner nervous and irritable.

'Bennett's office,' thought Purdy as he hurried along. 'That means more stock speculating. Where could he get the money? I know his bank account is low. My! if he ain't done it!' as he glanced down at the cheque which Watson had handed him without taking the trouble to enclose in an envelope. There was no mistaking the quaint, old-fashioned feminine writing. 'It's the old lady's cheque, and he's going to risk it on that stock, that he has lost so much on in the last three months. It's a shame!' and in his indignation Purdy came to a standstill in the middle of the block. 'Tain't white, and I'll have no hand in it. The old lady said she'd take my face for a recommend, and I'll not have a part in it. It'll cost me my job, and jobs are scarce; but then there's always the breaker to go back to. I'm sure to get in there. My! I hate to go back to the dirty old place, but when it comes to being black on the inside or outside there ain't no question, that's all. The one'll come out in the wash, the other won't. Mr. James Watson, you'll have to get somebody else to do your errand,' and Purdy deliberately turned his face officeward.

Young Watson was walking restlessly back and forth in his office. He was not finding his own company altogether agreeable during the past few days. Desperate over insistent demands of creditors and losses on the Board, he had risked the money of his father's old friend, endeavoring to quiet his conscience with the assurance of Bilkins, the experienced, that this time it was a sure thing. In the midst of his meditations the door was pushed hurriedly open, and Purdy, with honest, fearless eyes faced his employer. The cheque was held tightly in his hand.

'What's the matter? Didn't you find Bennett?' Watson inquired, excitedly.

'I didn't go to Bennett's, Mr. Watson,' answered Purdy, slowly, 'and I never will with that cheque. You told the old lady she could trust you, and I told her so too, and I ain't going to have a thing to do with it.'

Watson snatched the piece of paper from the boy's hand. 'You young upstart. You forget what you were a year ago. Impertinence! Go

back to your dirty breaker. I've no further use for you.'

'There's blacker things in this world than breaker boys, Mr. Watson,' said the boy, and his voice faltered a little; 'and I'm not ungrateful, I'm just common honest; and when I took your job here I thought it was clean all through.'

For four days Purdy went from office to store and from store to office in search of a position, but it was at a time of year when business houses were laying off help, and he received no encouragement.

Seven o'clock Monday morning found Purdy in the breaker again. Climbing the dark and dusty stairway to the screen room of the Wilberforce he took his place on the little bench across the long shute. The whistle screamed, the massive machinery was set in motion, the great iron-toothed rollers began to grind the huge pieces of coal; then came a deafening noise, and down the iron-sheathed shutes were started the fragments, all to be screened and picked and loaded before it can be placed upon the market. Each day for ten long-drawn-out, monotonous, stifling hours the boy sat bent over a bench, his eyes fixed on the coal as it passed beneath him, selecting the slate from the coal, his tender hands cut by the sharp pieces of slate or coal, breathing an atmosphere thick with coal dust, so thick he could hardly see across the screen room, constantly subjected to the tyranny of the cracker boss who is bound, whatever his disposition, to keep the boys under him closely at work.

Many times a day did Purdy wonder if doing the square thing was really worth while, for breaking was many times harder after the easy, clean experiences of the past year.

He was rapidly winning back his position as the most skillful boy in the breaker, so deftly did his hands sort and pick while his brain was busily planning for the future, when one morning a voice from the top of the stairway called: 'Is there a feller here by the name of Pud Burrows. If there is, he's to come to the office.' All heads were turned, although hands continued to work automatically, and his companions looked after him with envious eyes. Such a summons was most unusual. A messenger boy with an envelope which bore the return stamp of James Watson, attorney at law, Purdy found waiting in the office. Within was a brief line, but for Purdy it was sufficient. It read:

'Purdy Burrows: There's a job, clean all the way through, waiting for you at No. 235 Brad-dock Bldg.  
J. WATSON.'

No other explanation was ever made by James Watson to his office boy, but Purdy later came across among his employer's papers a solid real estate mortgage securing a note, in favor of the old lady client, bearing a safe per centum of interest, and it was the talk of the town how the highly inflated XX had descended with a rapidity unequalled by its rise, from which lowly position it seemed destined never to rise. This one look over a precipice of moral and financial ruin, from a big plunge into which the honor of his office boy had saved him, brought James Watson to his senses. He looked his creditors squarely in the face, with honest purpose and honest promises, and settled down to a legitimate law business. Hard labor and concentration finally brought success, which the lawyer shared generously with Purdy in helping him to educate himself and fill the place in the world that is always waiting for the man with clean hands and clean heart.

### Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

## The Brush Brigade.

Not long ago I heard a mother tell her boys that intimate and constant acquaintance with brushes goes a great way toward making a gentleman. The remark struck me, and I asked how many brushes one needs to be familiar with.

'Tell her, boys,' said their mother, and the merry fellows shouted:

'One to brush our hair we need,  
And one to polish our boots,  
One to clean our nails indeed,  
And one to dust our suits,  
And one to give our hats a switching,  
To make us all look very bewitching,  
And that's the song of the Brush Brigade.'

'Willie always twists everything they have to remember into a jingle, and then they don't forget it,' said the mother smiling, as the brigade went off in a vivacious procession to practice on their brushes.

'Tramps went out, but gentlemen came back,' said the clever little mother when they came in again. 'Cleanliness is next to godliness, and dirt is an abomination,' said grandmother from the corner.

'It runs in the family,' I heard one of the boys say, as they put on their coats. 'I guess gran brought up her boys to brush just as mother serves us. Never mind, all her boys are gentlemen clear through, and I s'pose we'll be the same if we stick to the brushes.'—'Wide Awake.'

### Comrades.

Bobby was ten years old and an alarmingly light-hearted and careless young person. It was supposed, however, that he would be capable of escorting his grandmother to the family Christmas dinner, one block away from her home without mishap.

He was tall for his age, and he offered his arm to his grandmother in a gallant and satisfactory manner as they started off together.

'I hope he will remember that she is almost ninety, and not try to hurry her. I'm sure I've cautioned him enough,' said Bobby's mother, as she began to dress her younger children. But when she arrived at the family party it appeared that grandmother had turned her ankle and was lying on the lounge.

'Bobby,' said the mother reproachfully, 'where were you when grandma slipped?'

'Now, I won't have that boy blamed,' said grandmother briskly, smiling up into Bobby's remorseful face. 'We came to a fine ice slide, and he asked me if I thought we could do it, and I told him I did. And I want you children to remember one thing; when you get to be ninety, you'll count a turned ankle a small thing compared with having somebody forget you've outlived everything but rheumatism and sitting still. Anybody that likes can rub this ankle a minute or two with some liniment, but I want Bobby next me at dinner, mind!'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

### Dogs That Wear Shoes.

In Alaska even the dogs wear shoes—at least part of the time. It is not on account of the cold, for a shaggy Eskimo dog will live and be frisky when a man would freeze to death! The dog does all the work of dragging and carrying which in the country falls to the horses, and in trotting over the rough ice of the mountain passes his feet soon become bruised and sore. Then his driver makes him soft little moccasins of buckskin or reindeer skin and ties them on with stout throngs of leather. In this way he will travel easily until his feet are thoroughly healed up; then he bites and tears his shoes with his sharp wolf-like teeth and eats them up.

Wonderful animals are these dogs of Alaska.