

# HOUSEHOLD.

## The End of Life.

(Philip James Bailey.)

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts,  
not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He  
most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts  
the best.  
And he whose heart beats quickest lives  
the longest;  
Lives in one hour more than in years do  
some  
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along  
their veins.  
Life is but a means unto an end; that end,  
Beginning, mean, and end to all things,—  
God.  
The dead have all the glory of the world.

## How a Mother Helped.

The mother of a bright young business woman felt that she would like to lift some of the burden of money-making from her daughter's shoulders. The younger woman realized that while they had sufficient to meet their daily needs, the mother probably longed for money which she could call her very own, so she asked other women working in the great publishing house with her whether they would send to her wee flat any mending they had no time to do for themselves. Stockings, 5

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# BABY'S OWN

THE "NORTHERN MESSENGER" is printed and published every week at the "Windsor" Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Douglass and Frederick Eugene Douglass, both of Montreal.

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cents per pair; lace sewed on petticoats, 25 cents; skirts rebound, 50 cents; other charges in proportion. Most of the girls she knew earned good salaries, but lived in boarding houses or studio apartments. The first week they came singly and in pairs, each carrying a small grip filled with odd bits of raiment that needed a stitch here and there. Then came a girl who wailed over the condition of her pretty linen turnover collars and cuffs. The laundress was ruining everything she had in this line. The mother hesitated, looked at her daughter—and then boldly plunged.

If you will bring me your turnovers and lingerie stocks I will do them up for you.

The daughter was furious, but her mother convinced her that it was really very dainty work, washing the bits of handiwork out in fine suds, rinsing them thoroughly, and ironing them while they were yet damp. She picked the laces dry and ironed the heavy, padded embroidery wrong side out on a board thickly covered with blankets and covered with immaculate white muslin. To-day she is earning nearly as much as her daughter, and, best of all, she says she enjoys the coming and going of her young girl customers, who always stop long enough to chat with her about their small successes and big ambitions.

## Only a Cup of Tea.

A group of bright-faced young women were chatting together in the parlor over their afternoon tea, when a distant knocking caught the ear of the pretty girl hostess. 'Excuse me a minute, please,' she exclaimed, springing to her feet. 'I mustn't leave that knock unanswered, for I suspect it's mamma's washerwoman bringing home our clean clothes.'

The surmise was quite right. Mrs. Knott, the washerwoman, stood at the back door with a heavy willow basket in her arms. She was a slight little woman who always looked too frail for the hard work she was obliged to do. This afternoon her lips were almost colorless, and there were blue rings under her eyes. She was almost breathless from her long walk with the burden, and her chest heaved spasmodically.

'Come in and sit down while I get the money,' said the girl sweetly.

She stepped into the adjoining room for her purse, and as she came back the face of the woman at the door stirred her sympathetic heart to a sudden quick pity.

'How tired you look!' she cried. 'Wait, and I will get you a cup of tea.'

She had flashed out of sight in an instant, and was back again before Mrs. Knott had recovered from her surprise. On a dainty tray she carried a cup of delicate china, from which rose a tempting fragrance.

'Drink this,' she said, 'I am sure you'll feel better.'

The woman's hardened hand trembled as she took the cup and hastily drank its contents. The warmth seemed to spread through her chilled, exhausted body.

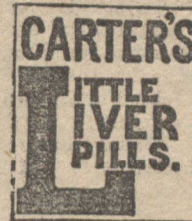
Yes, her heart, too, felt the comfortable glow. A minute before she had been worn out, discouraged, hopeless. Now a new courage stirred within her. As she climbed the steps she had thought how sadly insufficient for her needs the pay for her work would be. Now she thought of the necessities it would purchase for her children, and her face grew bright. She went out into the dusk and the late afternoon with a step that was no longer hopeless.

Only a cup of tea! Such a trifle to give, and yet carrying such comfort! Surely there must have gone with it the blessing of Him who multiplied the loaves and the fishes according to the needs of the multitude!—Selected.

## Baby's Bed.

One of the sweetest little baby beds imaginable was made entirely by the newcomer's grandmother. First she took a good-sized clothesbasket made of the soft wide splints, but with firm edges. This was covered entire with light blue paper

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cambric; over this she put white dotted muslin, with a fringe hanging over the outside and held close by a blue satin ribbon going all around the basket and tying in a bow at the side.

A large sofa pillow of fine curled hair was sacrificed for the mattress. This she picked over with great care, made a pretty little tick of blue and white striped wash goods and fitted the mattress into the basket. The tiny sheets were hemmed by hand, and the soft little white blankets bound with blue satin ribbon. There was also a blue and white knitted spread and a soft, silk-covered elderdown comforter.

The handles of the basket were left free and bound closely with blue satin ribbon. Thus the little bed can be picked up and carried anywhere without a bit of trouble. In an apartment of moderate size such a scheme is well worth while, and it is a great convenience to be able to carry baby from room to room in his little bed so easily.

When he gets big enough he will have a really, truly bed in a larger house; but for a tiny baby in a tiny flat, the home-made basket bed is a saver of both room and trouble.—'Globe and Commercial Advertiser.'

## Religious Notes.

The Chinese women at Yenping are raising silkworms to help in getting money for a much needed woman's training school building. As there was but one mulberry tree in the compound, they found it difficult to get enough leaves for so many worms. After they began to spin silk they had to be watched night and day. Nine women took turns sitting up with them at night.

R. H. Nassau, for forty-five years a missionary in Africa under the Presbyterian Board, returned to America recently. He knows the French Congo, and German Cameroon districts thoroughly, and he says that the tales of cruelty in the Congo Free State under Belgian administration are not at all exaggerated.

A notable fact to be observed in connection with the late successful protest in Eng-

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