



Willie's Sum.

(Temperance Record.)

There was one thing about Willie Collins that was easy to recognize and pleasant to admire—he possessed brains. Some boys have features worthy of admiration, some have muscles of which they are justly proud, only a few can demand attention because they show that they have brains, and know how to exercise them. The boy with brains listens, thinks, compares, acts. This was just what Willie Collins did.

He had been listening to a most interesting Band of Hope address by a speaker who knew how to attract the eyes, the ears and the intellect of children. The subject was 'Money, how to get it, how to spend it, and how to save it.'

Willie put his hands into his empty pockets, looked at his patched trousers, and almost shed tears over the boots from which his toes were looking. Then he began to think, and this led him to say to himself, 'Money, indeed, what's the good of it if you don't spend it properly? Wait till I get some, I'll always get four farthings' worth for every penny I spend.'

This was not all. Willie's father was a bricklayer, and when the weather was fine and there was plenty of work, he could earn his two pounds a week. Willie knew all this, and he often wondered why his family was so poor, while Ted Wilson's parents had plenty of money in the bank, and could always afford a holiday in the country.

'It must be the beer,' said Willie. 'It can't be anything else, for we have very little food or clothes that we could do without.'

He did not like to tell his father what he had heard at the Band of Hope about the waste of money through buying beer; but he thought of a little experiment that turned out very successfully, and might be imitated by others.

Willie had a large slate on which he sometimes worked out his sums. On this he wrote two sentences in a large round hand easily read. Here they are:

A pint of beer costs twopence and does harm.

A pint of water costs nothing and does good.

'I'll just put this slate where father will see it when he comes home,' he said, 'and perhaps what I have written will make him think.'

Then Willie went off to bed.

Mr. Collins was not a drunkard, but he and some other members of his family spent a good sum of money weekly in beer. Willie knew this; he was convinced that money so spent was wasted, and was certain that if instead it went to buy good food and clothes they would all be happier.

Mr. Collins greatly admired Willie's love of learning and often looked at his homework with considerable pride; as usual he took up the slate to see what his little son had been doing.

'Well, I'm bothered,' he exclaimed, 'this is a rum sort of home-lesson, I must see about this to-morrow.'

The next morning Willie came downstairs wondering how this experiment had worked.

'What's all this?' shouted Mr. Collins, pretending to be very angry, and pointing to the slate. 'I want to know what all this means about beer and water.'

Willie became a little nervous, his tongue somehow became tied up in a knot and he almost stammered as he said:

'Please, father, we had a lesson about money.'

'Well, and suppose you did, you don't mean to say that I waste money in beer, do you?'

'Well, father, we heard that if our fa-

thers didn't drink beer we should all be much better off.'

'Nonsense, boy, nonsense, that's all very well when a man is a drunkard, but a sober man like myself spends very little.'

By this time Willie's courage had all come back to him; his brains were very active, and he could see that here was his opportunity. If once lost he might never get it again.

'Excuse me, father, but can you spare a minute or two while I work out a little sum?'

'Very well, go on. I've only got five minutes to spare, it's a wet morning, or I shouldn't be here.'

Willie turned over the slate and said, 'Now, father, please tell me how much you spend in beer a day?'

'Well, I have about three pints—that's sixpence,' Willie put it down, 'Father, 6d.'

'And mother?' said Willie.

'Well, say three half pints for her, that's three pence.'

'And Jack, what shall I put down for him, dad?'

'Say threepence for him.'

Willie reckoned it up and said, 'Well, father, our little family spends a shilling a day in beer, and it's all waste, for it is no good as a food, and it can't quench thirst.'

'Well, and suppose we do, you can't buy suits of clothes for a shilling.'

'But, dad,' answered Willie, 'three hundred and sixty-five shillings make eighteen pounds five shillings, and you could buy several suits of clothes with that, and have a holiday into the bargain.'

'It's all wrong, my lad, I never had eighteen pounds in my life.'

'No, dad, and you never will have if you spend so much in beer. The teacher said it is always difficult to understand how large a sum is spent in a year when little sums are spent daily.'

Willie's experiment was very successful. The money that would have been spent in beer is now partly spent in clothes, and partly put into the bank. The children are full of hope that next summer they will have a seaside holiday.

Soldiers of the White Ribbon Army.

Tune: 'Numberless as the Sands.'

Key: A Flat.

O the youth of our land are in danger,
From a foe more destructive than war;
Who will come to our help and protection,
Who will help us to banish the bar?

Chorus.

We're soldiers of the White Ribbon Army,
And old King Alcohol is our foe,
But, when we older grow,
We the Drink will overthrow,
We're soldiers of the White Ribbon Army.

We have seen many poor little children
Whose homes are so wretched and bare,
And we know it is Drink that has robbed them

Of the comforts which they ought to share.

Cho.

O the army of drunkards is marching
To a doom that no tongue can declare;
Some we love may be numbered among them;

We must save them from death and despair.

Cho.

[Composed for and dedicated to the White Ribbon Army, by R. L. Werry, Montreal, 1903.]

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Feb., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

Wanstead, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I promised you when I renewed my subscription that I would write to you and tell you a little about our oil country around Petrolea. My papa lives eight miles from that town, and as we drive in, we see a perfect forest of derricks, hundreds of them, one over each well. Sometimes those are in straight rows, and are a pretty sight. They are connected by jerking rods, and often a hundred and fifty are pumped by one engine. When the oil is pumped into tanks it is taken in underground pipes to the refinery. There is only one refinery in Petrolea now; the smaller ones have been bought out by 'The Imperial,' a large company which have their refinery in Sarnia. The oil is taken there in pipes, and is refined. Besides making the oil that we burn, they make machine, benzine, fuel oils, tar, paraffine wax and candles. I like the 'Messenger' very much. My mamma used to take it when she was a little girl. I am nine years old, and am in the fourth reader, and as I am taking music lessons too I am a busy girl.

ELSIE N.

(A very nice little letter, Elsie.—Ed.)

Fortune Bay, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have written to the 'Messenger.' I am eleven years of age, and my birthday is on May 24th. We live on a farm. I have three pets, one cat and two dogs. I go to day school; our teacher's name is Mr. Roberts. We live a mile from school. Sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much, especially the correspondence. We go to the Presbyterian church. We have no Sunday-school here now.

MARY A. J.

Peterboro', Ont.

Dear Editor,—Having seen so many letters in the 'Messenger' written from so many little girls about my age, and not seeing any from Peterborough, I thought I would write one. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and enjoy reading it very much. I attend the North Ward school regularly. I was ten years old on the sixteenth of November. I am in the third reader, and my teacher's name is Mr. Walkey, and I am very fond of grammar, arithmetic and spelling. I have three sisters and one brother, and am the second youngest of the family. We live a little out of the town, and we keep a cow and also a dear little calf. I have a beautiful doll, which I received at Christmas. I am very fond of reading, and have read a number of interesting books. We have two gray kittens, and I like to pet them, they seem so knowing. We had a Christmas tree, and it was beautifully decorated.

HAZEL B.

Dudskeany, Alt.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and to Sunday-school. We have six stores in this town and a blacksmith. We have lots of fun around here skating. I have a dog; his name is Cooly. I wonder if any other person's birthday is on the same day as mine, which is the twenty-second of April.

W. M. R.

Caledonia, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen so many interesting letters in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write one. I have nothing to tell that will interest you, except about our farm. We own one hundred and fifty acres of land. Nearly every field in our farm has got a name. I will now tell you some of the names. 'The Piper hill,' this field is called that because it is on a little hill. 'Elm Grove,' 'West Wood,' 'Jim's field.' This field was called after a man by the name of 'Jim,' who helped grandfather to clear the field. 'Swartle,' 'Kill barn hill,' 'Sawtre Howe,' and 'Crawford,' 'Taffet's' and 'Hawkhurst.' A man by the name of Mr. Peper owned a small farm back of us, and he had it for sale, so father bought it. It has always been called 'Peper's' since. W.