

clothes no man, instructs no man, purifies no man, enriches no man, blesses no man.'

8. Q.—What more can you say on this question?

A.—The use of tobacco yields no interest, there is no value or dividend received, nor any conceivable benefit derived from the use of tobacco.

9. Q.—What do the people complain of?

A.—Of hard times, but if this waste were stopped, the hard times would be greatly lessened.

10. Q.—What do tobacco users do?

A.—Every one who uses it sanctions all that is unclean, disagreeable, filthy, and disgusting in the tobacco habit.

11. Q.—How should we direct our aims?

A.—Both to moral suasion and to legal prohibition, and let all our efforts be for total abstinence from both alcoholic drinks and tobacco.

An October Cellar.

'Pretty as a picture,' she remarked as we walked into an inner room of my friend's cellar. It had been dug deep down, the walls white-washed, and doors and windows tightly fastened. If you want to judge of a family's physical health visit the cellar, instead of the parlor, or even kitchen.

By the looks of this bulb room we didn't have to be told that his boys and girls were red checked, bright eyed, and affectionate. Here is a barrel of onions, better than a whole drug store to keep the family toned up. My sensible friend said:

'We have them served on the table twice a week, and if I am threatened with a sleepless night, I eat one raw, and then I shake my fingers at nerves and wakefulness.'

What onions can't cure, apples can, and here are two barrels.

'I never stint the children,' said he. 'They eat them at meals and between, and just before bed time. They are particularly good to guard against colds and throat troubles. I had a croupy boy that we never were sure wouldn't rout us out of bed, with his terrible attacks, but he hasn't disturbed us for months. I make sure he eats one or two apples every evening.'

Then there were baskets of turnips, beets, and, of course, potatoes.

'We have an eye for beauty as well as the stomach,' continued my friend as he pointed to some hanging shelves. On them were two dozen hyacinths, and the same of jonquils, with boxes of tulips and crocus and one large jar with an Easter lily bulb. These were all quietly attending to business, filling the pots with roots, and the latter part of the winter they will be placed in the sunny front windows upstairs to gladden the household and make the passersby more cheerful.

My friend was a salaried clerk and I wondered how he could afford to make such a display in his cellar. He seemed to know my thoughts and said:

'I used to be a great smoker, and cigars cost no little sum in a year. For health's sake I left off and put my money into bulbs; for all these,' pointing to onions, potatoes, etc., 'belong to one family. We are all benefited by the change, and certainly I am more healthy and happy.'

Let's all try to have nice October cellars, clean, frost proof, and stocked with onions, apples and vegetables, and a few flowering bulbs at least, for future beauty.

Sleep, not Alcohol.

Many people believe that a little spirit is the only thing to help them through a heavy piece of work or to overcome mental depression. On the contrary the 'Medical Journal' says:

'The best possible thing a man can do when he feels too weak to carry anything through is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of brain force; because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in

the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously; and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during the state of rest, of quiet, and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain, force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply.'

In answer to the question, 'Is beer of any value in sickness or health?' the 'Christian Commonwealth' replied to a correspondent as follows:—'No; beer is only a dirty decoction of germ-infested malt. It is fairly alive with germs of many kinds—those derived from the malt, those furnished by the yeast, and those which came along with the dirty water generally used by brewers, which is nothing more nor less, in the majority of cases, than the public water supply, or some worse supply; and yet thousands of people drink beer because the water is bad! Bad water flavored with alcohol and hops retains all its original depravity, with added power for mischief. The only essential difference between the various kinds of beer is in the amount of alcohol which they contain. The average proportion is 3 to 5 percent. Some of the 'small beers' contain not more than half of 1 percent, when freshly made, but the amount steadily increases for a number of days, and may become 2 or 3 percent within a week. Root beer which is quite largely used by temperance people, is no exception to the rule. The same is true of all beers or other beverages which are made by the aid of fermentation.'

Correspondence

Lacombe, Alberta.

Dear Editor,—Our former teacher sent for the 'Messenger' for us when she was teaching. Her name was Miss Cameron. I have two sisters, the eldest's name being Myrtle, and the youngest's Ivy. I am learning the Shorter Catechism. I would like to get the prize they give for saying it. We are ten miles from town.

FLORENCE (aged 10.)

Melbourne.

Dear Editor,—I live in Melbourne in the county of Middlesex. I have two pets, an old dog, and a little one. I go to Sabbath-school, and I like my teacher very much. We have a new school, and a new teacher.

EDNA P. (aged 9.)

Napinka, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have just been reading the letters in the 'Messenger,' and they are very interesting, especially C. E. W.'s letter which gave the description of a prairie fire, which I thought to be very nice, as I like that kind of reading. We live about a mile and a quarter from Napinka. It is a small town with a population of about one hundred and fifty. I belong to the Loyal Temperance Legion, but it closed for the winter. We will all be glad when it opens again in the spring. My mother belongs to the W. C. T. U., and they are getting up a medal contest. The Methodists of our town are preparing to build a new church. We will be so glad to have a new church to hold our services and Sunday-school in. I have been trying to get subscribers for the 'Messenger.' I think I will take it always as it is such a nice paper.

BESSIE (aged 10.)

Elm Grove Farm, Little Britain.

Dear Editor,—In our township we have local option law, and don't have any drunken men. In the winter, I sometimes hitch my goat to the hand sleigh.

STANLEY D. (aged 9.)

Middleboro.

Dear Editor,—I have written to you before, and saw my name in the list of names. My father is a farmer, my oldest brother is a blacksmith. My sister took the 'Messenger' last year, and I take it this year, and think it the best paper I ever had.

AINSLEY (aged 13.)

Johnville, Compton Co. Quebec.

Dear Editor,—I have a dear little baby brother three months old. His name is Grover Thornton. I went to school until the snow got too deep for me to walk in. Now I say lessons at home to my mamma. We sent the 'Messenger' to my cousins for Christmas presents. One of them is named Mary, one Evelyn, and one Leona. Leona lives far away in the North-West. Mamma reads the longest stories to me. The one about the little girl and boy that got left at the wrong station, made me cry. I have a lovely book of bible stories for Sunday.

ALICE S. LOUISE.

Aberdour.

Dear Editor,—My mother has taken the 'Messenger' for over twenty years, and this year it comes in my name. I went to Sabbath school all last summer, and got a book, and a card as a prize, when it closed in the fall. Mother always makes us a good plate of taffy on our birthday.

ALEX M. (aged 10.)

Cobble Hill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My aunt sent me the 'Messenger' last year, and I am taking it this year. I like to read the Correspondence and Little Folks. I go about two miles to school, and two miles and a half to Sunday-school. I have a cousin teaching both my schools. We live on a farm in West Missouri.

FLORENCE T. R.

Linden, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My papa keeps the post-office. My brother is eleven years old. He has taken the 'Messenger' for eight years. I think it is a very nice paper.

EMILY E. (aged 6.)

Richmond Hill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Richmond Hill, is a very pretty village, having maple trees on almost every street. Four of my sisters and myself belong to the Mission Band; there are about thirty girls and five boys belonging to it. We are going to have an At Home in a few weeks, for which we are preparing a good programme.

ANNIE S.

Dummer.

Dear Editor,—We have ten sheep. I like sheep. We live in upper Canada, in the Township of Dummer. I think that Canada is a prosperous place, because God blesses it. My Sunday-school teacher gave me a Bible. I like the 'Messenger.' I am the little girl that tried very hard to get a large club, but I only got two. I have a pet hen that can almost talk English.

R. G.

Victoria, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I live in the capital of British Columbia. It is a very pretty city. We have some beautiful buildings, the Parliament buildings are greatly admired by all visitors, they are built from the plan of government buildings in England. At Christmas time there was a very funny thing happened to our Christmas turkey; when it was being prepared for the oven, a letter was found inside, and when we opened it, we found it was written by a little girl back in Ontario, where the turkey had been raised. She hoped it would be tender and fat enough, and so it was. My sister wrote to the little girl, but she hasn't answered it. Some years we have very little winter weather, no skating, no sleighing, but this winter we have had both. I go to school where there are more than four hundred scholars. I go to the Central Presbyterian Sunday-school. We have been holding our Sabbath school in an unused public school building, and now as the school buildings are filled to overflowing, they will need our Sunday-school for day school. Each scholar has been asked to try and raise money to help build a school for ourselves, and the Boy's Brigade. We all enjoy reading letters in the 'Messenger' from your little friends.

KATIE M. (aged 9.)

Caraget.

Dear Editor,—My grandmother sent me the 'Messenger' as a New Year's gift, and we were so pleased, as mother reads it to us every night. We live in a very pretty place called Caraget. Our home is quite near the sea, and we sometimes go out sailing in summer. I have also a little vessel which I often sail.

JAMES (aged 8.)