



THE REFUGE.

Within the car a little girl
With hair of gold, and tresses and curl
Like living sunshine—all alive,
Kept flitting up and down the aisle;
Now here, now there, from seat to seat,
Merrily danced the little feet;
The sunny face now pressed the pane,
Now called the sunshine back again.

All loved her, as from place to place
She fluttered with a bird-like grace;
And now with this one, now with that,
Stopped to exchange a smile or chat.
Our eyes were ever on the child,
So the long journey we beguiled;
Her blue eyes could so friendly be,
Nobody knew whose treasure she.

But suddenly from sunlight plain
Into a tunnel rushed the train.
Ah! then we knew whose arms should hold
The little one with locks of gold.
"Papa! papa!" she trembling cried,
And, groping, sought her father's side;
As out into the day we pressed,
Her head lay on her father's breast.

'Tis so with us; when life is fair
We, too, forget our Father's care,
And wander wheresoe'er we will,
But, oh! He's watching, watching still;
And when the shadows 'round us fall,
He hears and heeds His children's call.
We run to Him with fear oppressed—
He folds us to His gracious breast.

—Congregationalist.

THE HYDROPHOBIA SCARE.

Not long ago a representative of the *New York World* interviewed Superintendent Hankinson of the American S.P.C.A. on the ever interesting subject of hydrophobia. Mr. Hankinson is described as a good-natured looking man with reddish hair, who is afraid of nothing and nobody, not even of hydrophobia quacks. "Can a man," the reporter asked him, "scare himself to death after being bitten by a dog which isn't mad?"

"Why, certainly," he said, with decision, "that man down in Asbury Park, who was bitten by a cat, was scared to death. He never had hydrophobia. He died of

nervous prostration brought on by worry over an imaginary danger. His friends were all pitying him and hoping he would not die, and prophesying that he would, and he was a man of nervous temperament, as educated people sometimes are, and it simply killed him. I suppose he read up in the books about hydrophobia and it turned his head. That's all there was about it. Do you remember what a fuss there was about those Newark boys who were bitten by a 'mad dog,' and who were sent over to Pasteur to be 'cured'?"

"Why, of course; who doesn't?"
"Well it's quite easy to cure a disease that never existed. Those boys never had hydrophobia and never would have had it. The dogs didn't have it. During that excitement we went to Newark and found a lot of dogs shut up. We asked to be allowed to take them away to our stables. Do you know what was done with those dogs? After the excitement was all over they were given back to their owners, every one of them, not one was killed. Not one of them had anything worse than a fit. Why, our men are constantly handling dogs, get bitten again and again, but they never dream of having hydrophobia. It's a myth. There isn't any such thing."

"Then you don't believe in the existence of such a disease?" I asked, thinking that as Mr. Hankinson probably knows more about animals than any other man in America, he must be good authority.

"No, I don't. There may be such a disease, but I don't believe it. I never saw a case or knew of one positively."

"How about those doctors who cure it?"
"They don't cure anything. I asked a man who makes a specialty of treating hydrophobia, as he calls it—"

"Do you mean Dr. Gibier, Pasteur's pupil, and the head of the hydrophobia hospital here?" I asked.

"I won't say whom I mean or don't mean," said Mr. Hankinson, warming up to his story; "but he treats hydrophobia patients. I asked him once if he ever saw one single case of hydrophobia to which he could swear. He refused to answer, but

he told me this story: A man came to him one day in terrible distress. He had been bitten by a dog; he feared madness; he could not sleep at night and was afraid he was going to die. He begged the doctor to treat him. The doctor said it was too late; the period of inoculation had passed and it was no good now. If he had hydrophobia there was no way to stop it. The man went away, but came back the next day nearly frantic. He hadn't slept a wink and begged the doctor to do something for him. So the doctor took the man into his operating-room and gave him a hypodermic injection of water—just pure Croton water. He went away slept for the first time in two weeks and came back the next day for more water, and again the next and was soon perfectly cured. The doctor told me that himself, and he professes to cure hydrophobia."

"Why," continued Mr. Hankinson, "I've had a woman in hysterics right in that chair you're sitting in because a dog had bitten her. She wanted me to kill the dog. I wouldn't do it. Then she screamed in a terrible way. When she stopped I said to her: 'Madam, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. A woman of your intelligence! You've interrupted the business of the office and drawn a big crowd under the window to listen to your yelling, and all for a whim. Somebody told you you were going to go mad, and now you think you ought to go mad and you'll be mad if you don't go mad. You just go home and say nothing about it and you'll be all right.' And she did it."

"Another woman brought her boy in. He had been bitten by a mad dog, and she wanted it shot, she said. The boy looked perfectly well."

"Now, look here," said I, "you've been talking a good deal to the boy about this, haven't you? And the neighbors have too? And you've been telling him that he's likely to have hydrophobia, haven't you?"

"Yes, of course we've talked about it," said she.

"Exactly," said I. "You've been taking the precise course likely to drive him mad or make him think himself so. You have been trying to scare him to death. If he were to go crazy it would be your fault. How is it, bub," said I, turning to the little fellow. "You don't expect to go mad, do you?"

"No, He didn't think he should, he said. He didn't feel any different. He was a brave little fellow. So I sent them home, too, and that was the last I heard of it. The dog had a fit, that was all. It's a shame the way people will shoot valuable dogs just for a fit that might be easily cured or avoided."

"How would you treat a dog to prevent fits? How would you take care of him in summer?" I asked.

"I would have a dish of water set where he could always get at it, and I wouldn't feed him too much. A dog ought to be fed very little meat, especially one that is kept much in the house. If dogs are pampered and lazy and overfed they are likely to have fits. Fits are the result of these causes particularly, and of heat. You never see a lean, homeless cur in a fit. They have to fight for what they get, and don't get more than is good for them. Petted dogs are the most liable to sickness. Why, one time a young chap came here and said he wanted his dog—a great big splendid fellow—shot for hydrophobia. 'We won't shoot him,' said I, 'but we'll put him over in the stable.' So we did; tied him up and left him there in a fit sure enough. But we gave him nothing to eat. Next morning he was as right as could be, and with a wonderfully fine appetite. When the owner came in he was delighted.

"What did you give him?" he said.
"We gave him nothing at all," I replied. "You feed him too much, that is all." Mistaken kindness is the cause of all the trouble. Dogs should get plenty of exercise and water. But not too much food."

TOBACCO AND THE TEETH.

It causes the teeth to turn yellow and decay, and the gums to grow soft and spongy until even the sound teeth often drop out.

Dr. John Allan, the father of dentistry in New York, says it is almost impossible to fit false teeth closely in the mouth of a tobacco user, because of the flabbiness of the gums.

Eminent surgeons testify that the most terrible cases of cancer of the lips, tongue and stomach, are often occasioned by smoking.

Senator Hill, one of the most eminent men of the South, United States Senator from Georgia, died in 1883, of cancer of the tongue caused by smoking, and Ex-Mayor Samuel Powell, of Brooklyn, died of cancer of the mouth from the same cause.

General Grant, the world renowned soldier, who was President of the United States for two terms, fell a victim to cancer of the throat, caused by smoking.

The use of tobacco almost always stunts a boy's growth and makes him puny, weak and cowardly. No boy who smokes or chews can expect to grow to be a strong, upright man.

TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Boys and girls, you are all interested in baby; you are happy and pleased when your little infant brother or sister is bright, vivacious, healthy and strong. We know that many of you have such darlings at home. We also know, that some of you have little sickly and weak baby brothers and sisters; and we know that some of them are very cross, peevish and restless, and cannot sleep well. You know that baby cries a great deal, and keeps mother awake all night; and very often you are kept awake too, as you are compelled to listen to dear baby's crying.

Now, boys and girls, we wish you to tell mamma that Lactated Food will do baby good if it is fed with it. Tell mamma that in nine cases out of ten the cow's milk which is used is not suited for baby, while the common artificial foods make baby's stomach weak and cause inflammation and pain.

Ask mamma to send her address to the Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, and they will send free a full sized tin of their Lactated Food, which will make baby a sweet joy, and a thing of happiness to all at home.

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