

NICE TO BE A BOY, BUT NOT A MAN.

BY GRACE S. BURGESS.

Tumbling on the fresh, green grass,
Shouting as my playmates pass:
"Come and tumble here with me,
This is jolly fun, you see!"
Flying kites and cracking whips,
Carving toys and floating ships,
Hunting squirrels, digging worms,
Trading knives on easy terms,
Climbing to the chimney top,
Never being told to stop
As I run, or, jump, or play,
Save when mother says, "Now, Ray,
Come and help me quick!" or when
The bell has rung for school, and then
With my sister, looking sweet,
Close beside me on the seat,
Riding to the district school
Where there is not one bad rule,
And doing many other things
I cannot think of now—each brings
Only happiness and joy;
Oh! 'Tis nice to be a boy.

Going down to town, and there
Meeting ugly men who swear,
And run against you rough and rude;
No matter where you are, intrude
Men who use the weed and smell
How, I doubt if I could tell;
Nasty though, and have them say
In such a confidential way;
"Take a cigar?" If you say, "No,"
"Getting pious, Jim? ho! ho!"
Have them most insulting shout,
Then pull and jostle you about,
And finally: "Well, come and drink?"
Before you've time to even think
They drag you in where whiskey's sold:
And you must take the drink when told
Or be ridiculed; I know,
For my pa is used just so;
Nice to be a man? no! no
—Union Signal.

THE QUEEN AT GRASSE.

"Among the pleasant incidents of Her Majesty's recent sojourn at Grasse," says a correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, "was a visit to the perfume-manufacture of M. Chiris, a gentleman who is a member of the Senate of the French Republic, and is the owner of a delightful villa and gardens, which have also been courteously opened by him to Her Majesty. For this peculiar branch of industry Grasse is celebrated all over the world, and to this it owes a trade amounting yearly to the value of a quarter of a million sterling. It is for the sake of extracting perfume from their blossoms that the cultivation of odoriferous plants, white roses, white jasmines, heliotropes, tuberoses, jonquils, cassias, violets, orange and lemon trees, and a species of acacia, besides vast fields of lavender, is spread over many thousand acres in the neighborhood of Grasse. The flowers of the orange and lemon trees are used for the distillation of "neroli," the base of eau-de-Cologne, while the water that is left after that process is the refreshing "orange-flower water," a familiar luxury in French cafes. The "otto of roses" produced at Grasse is superior to that of India or of Turkey. The petals of the red Turkey rose only are used for this product; they are submerged in a large iron pot full of melted lard, surrounded with boiling water, and remain from twelve to twenty-four hours, after which the liquor is filtered from the petals, and this operation may be repeated, with fresh petals, thirty or forty or even sixty times. It requires 45 lbs. of rose-petals to make one gramme (fifteen grains and a half troy-weight) of the otto of roses, which costs perhaps three francs. Orange pomade is made in the same way from the petals of orange-flowers. Another method of extracting the scents of flowers, apart from distilling and the application of heat, is by laying them, simply piled and not pressed together, between two sheets of glass, held by their frames four inches apart, with a layer of lard, one third of an inch thick, spread on the glass, to absorb the odoriferous oil; the flowers are changed for fresh ones, sometimes after six hours, in other cases after twelve hours, and this is done, with jonquils thirty times, with cassias and violets sixty times, with tuberoses or hyacinths, and with the jasmine, as many as eighty times, accumulating the perfume-essence in the same lard, which is afterwards melted and mixed with alcoholic spirit distilled from grain. The spirit, combining with the volatile oil, rises to the

top and is skimmed off, and the fluid is then filtered. All the citrine odors, those of orange and lemon flowers, also verbena and lavender, are treated with spirit distilled from French grapes. It is a special science to combine, in certain proportions, scents which form a novel and harmonious artificial perfume. The great factory of M. Chiris was inspected on April 10 by Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and Baroness Alice de Rothschild. M. Chiris had the building decorated with British and French flags, the floors spread with violets and jonquils, in honor of his royal visitors, who saw all the processes and examined them with much interest, especially the delicate methods of enfleurage. As the Queen left, M. Chiris begged leave to present a basket of perfumes beautifully displayed in a bed of violets and decorated with apple-green ribbons and Marechal Niel roses. The bottles were dedicated to the royal party in the names of "Queen's Bouquet," "Princess Louise Bouquet," and "Princess Beatrice Bouquet," and two other bottles contained perfumes of the white rose and the white violet.

While at Grasse one of Her Majesty's favorite forms of recreation was driving about in her donkey chaise. This special donkey and chaise she rarely travels without. The illustration on our first page shows her in one of her drives near Osborne, Isle of Wight.

THE BLUE GOWN HITTY BUNCE DIDN'T GET.

It was all of forty years ago since Hitty Bunce walked down the green lane near the old farm house one pleasant Saturday afternoon, very much "dressed up" in a pink calico gown, pink pantalets to match, tied on at the knee, her rosy face shaded by a "scoop," with a pink calico curtain.

The Bunce "men folks" were busy making cider. All the country about, for ten miles, brought their apples to the Bunce cider mill.

Hitty was twelve, and big enough to like pretty gowns. She had been to Boston the winter before, and saw such a beautiful blue merino gown, and a velvet hood to match, and since that time it had been the desire of her heart to possess such a suit. Mother Bunce had promised a blue gown for Hitty, if the cider grinding turned out well.

"Oh! isn't it grand to think that when the first snows come I shall have my gown and hood. Father says he has never made so much cider before. Mother says she likes for me to look nice, and that it's our duty to make ourselves pleasant pictures for friends to see, so I don't think I'm vain to want a pretty gown. Dear me, there are the Grove children, looking worse than usual. Mother says that family is almost a disgrace to the neighborhood. There's Mina, she is older than I am, and such a looking sight as she is," said Hitty aloud, not conscious that she had raised her voice until "those dirty Groves" heard every word, as they sat on the grass, under the shade of a maple near the lane.

Quick-tempered Mina called out sharply. "Here's our fine Missy mincing along, just like a lady from Boston. I'm afraid the dirty Groves will soil that fine pink gown. Don't fret about us; we are good friends of yours. Our father helps buy your pretty gowns. He drinks hard cider and apple brandy, you know, and his money goes to your father, who keeps it to 'sell to the neighbors, just for accommodation.' It's good in him to take the bread from our mouths and give it to your father, who's gettin' rich sellin' the stuff that clothes us in rags. Father doesn't work nowadays, and mother can't do anything for her cough," mocked Mina Grove, as she made a grimace at Hitty.

"What a disagreeable girl that Mina is," thought Hitty, as she walked on, feeling indignant, and resolving to tell "father of the insult she had received."

In a narrow pathway she stumbled, and nearly fell upon the prostrate body of John Grove, who lay sleeping off a drunken stupor.

"What er want, more wood, hey? You're allus wantin' somethin'. I say, lem me alone; I haven't time, I tell you, to be bothered with cryin' young uns, wantin' bread an' things. That cider's prime, 'most as good as liquor. Old Bunce gits up a

good artikel; make a pore fellow drown his troubles," muttered the intoxicated man.

Unused to seeing drunken men, Hitty hastened back, meeting the Grove children at the big gate.

"You've seen daddy, have you? Did he skeer you? Bring your folks down to look at their work. He won't beat us until he gets half-sober, then we can look out. Don't be skeered; he's only been nippin' at Bunce's cider," said Mina bitterly.

Hitty quickened her steps, and reached home panting and pale.

"What is it, daughter?" inquired Mrs. Bunce, removing the scoop and kissing the sweet face.

"O mother! I've seen John Grove. He drinks," said Hitty, sadly.

"Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Bunce.

"And the children are ragged and starving almost, and father sells him his drinks. Oh! don't let him do it. I won't have my new blue gown now; my old homespun ones will do. Give the price of it to Mina Grove, and, mother, let's empty out father's cider," cried Hitty.

"Why, daughter, we can not do that, but we'll see what can be done," and Mrs. Bunce looked sober, as she thought of the many times she had shunned poor Mrs. Grove, thinking in her heart "how glad she was that she was of different mold." She had impressed Hitty with the belief that, "those poor rude children were her inferiors, and to be shunned as one would avoid a poisonous reptile."

The question "Who maketh thee to differ?" agitated her soul as she soothed Hitty to sleep while the words of Mina—truthful ones too—"This is from drinking Bunce's cider," awakened a sleeping conscience.

Mrs. Bunce meant to be a good woman. She called herself a follower of him who loved the poor and lowly, and yet she had been despising those weak enough to fall into the snare set for them by her own husband, aided by her own self.

Her afternoon dress was, for that period, costly and dainty. She looked at the lace in her sleeves and the silken kerchief at her throat, shuddering as she thought, "bought with blood money."

The tears shone on Hitty's long eyelashes. Softly she pressed a kiss on the rosy lips, and prayed for help to undo the evil she had unwittingly done.

Mr. Bunce was for some time unwilling to give up his profitable cider and apple-jack selling, but Mrs. Bunce persevered until she convinced him it was risking immortality to continue on tempting weak men.

Mrs. Bunce and Hitty found it hard work to "make up" with the Grove family, who were embittered toward them; but in time they came to know each other better.

Hitty did indeed wear her old homespun dresses that winter, but she never regretted the loss of the blue gown.

Mina Grove, after losing her bitterness and sharp speech, became a fast friend of Hitty's, and John Grove straightened up, providing a more comfortable home for his family.

Prohibition was at that day an unknown name, and cider was a popular drink, the harder the better, and as Hitty to-day knows, has since then slain its many victims.

Hitty has since that memorable walk had many blue gowns, but she never sees anyone wearing a blue gown and bonnet that it doesn't cause her to think of the gown she didn't get.—*Ellis Guernsey in the Pansy.*

AVOID "MEDICINES."

The New York *Witness* tells of a school girl in New York who was troubled with sleeplessness and obtained a prescription for it from a friend of hers who is studying medicine. She took the dose, and went to sleep to wake no more in this world. This is a warning of the danger of taking drugs without proper guidance. There never was a time when so little medicine was prescribed by physicians as now; and this is in singular contrast with the fact that there never was a time when so little medicine was swallowed. The doctors, who have studied the science of medicine, are learning to rely less upon drugs and more upon nature, directing their efforts for the most part to removing hindrances, that nature may have a fair chance. The people, who have not studied medicine, have great faith in drugs and very little in nature.

They will swallow anything that anybody recommends or any patent medicine that they see advertised without the least knowledge of its properties or of the effects which it is likely to produce on their organism. There is a great deal of quackery in the healing business, and, unfortunately, it is not confined to patent medicine vendors and unlicensed physicians. But there are honest and intelligent doctors, and people who do not know the dangers they incur in using drugs will, on the average, do better to go without any medicine till such a doctor can be found and consulted. Medicines which are advertised as perfectly harmless are often the most dangerous. A prominent physician is reported to have remarked that more human misery has been produced by "harmless purgatives" than by any one cause. It was an exaggeration, of course, but the doctor had, no doubt, seen abundant reason for speaking strongly. Plenty of sleep, plenty of fresh air, plenty of pure water, plenty of exercise, and a sufficient supply of nourishing food, well chewed and seasoned with cheerful conversation and laughter—these, with the blessing of God, are the great and only "cure-all;" and even these will not effect a cure in every case.

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States where International money orders cannot be procured can remit by money order payable at Rouses Point Post Office, N. Y. State, or secure an American Express Co., order, payable at Montreal.

NEW CLUB RATES.

The following are the New CLUB RATES for the MESSENGER, which are considerably reduced:

1 copy	\$ 30
10 copies to one address	2 25
20 " "	4 40
50 " "	10 50
100 " "	20 00

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers Montreal

THE ATTENTION OF SUBSCRIBERS is earnestly called to the instructions given in every paper that all business letters for the *Messenger* should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and not to any personal address. Attention to this will save much trouble and will reduce the chances of delay or irregularity.

DON'T WEAR STIFF CORSETS.

SENSIBLE WOMEN
all want FERRIS'
GOOD SENSE
CORSET WAISTS.

THOUSANDS NOW IN USE.

A PERFECT HEALTH CORSET.

SUPERIOR to all others for

CHILDREN, MISSSES, LADIES.

FIT ALL SHAPES.

Made in

FAST BLACK, drab and white.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING RETAILERS.

FERRIS BROS., 341 Broadway, N. Y.



MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

SEND us your Name and Address on a postal for New Sample Cards and Agents' Outfit, or a 3 cents stamp for Agents' Outfit, 120 elegant Scrap-book Pictures, New Sample Cards and a 25c present, or 10 cents for the above and your name on 20, silk fringed, hidden name, &c., Cards. Address EUREKA CARD CO., Bolton Centre, Que.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal. All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the Northern Messenger."