



Somebody Waiting for Me.

'I met a man the other day,' said a well-known physician, 'whom I had long thought dead.'

"Poor drunken fool!" a passerby had said of him as he lay in the sun by the roadside; "he won't live a month. I pity his mother."

'Last week I saw him strong and clear eyed—a splendid specimen of manhood. He, too, had heard the verdict pronounced upon him. The words stung. He could not get them out of his mind. That night he went home to his mother. He had not been in the habit of going home, but she was waiting for him just the same.

'Did you ever think of the waiting women all over the world? The sacred vigils of the loving, longing hearts of mothers and wives, of sisters and daughters, night and day, over God's earth?

'The man's mother was waiting for him, and welcomed him as only a mother knows how. She made him a cup of hot coffee, and told him of little happenings in the neighborhood.

"Mother," he said, suddenly, "if you will help me, I'll never drink another drop."

'He heard her on her knees all that night and many a night afterward. They were very poor, and he had difficulty in persuading any one who knew him, that he was trustworthy. The first dollar he earned was by staying all night with a neighbor's little children while the mother went to visit an older daughter who was ill at a distance.

"I don't know as I ought to trust them with you, Jim Lent," the mother said frankly, "but remember, I'll be praying for you all every minute I'm away—and don't let the fires go down!"

"Well, if Mrs. Coles can trust him with her little ones," another neighbor said, "I guess he'll be safe with our team, and he may as well have that bit of hauling—they say his mother's pretty bad off."

'So it went from one to another. Later on he got steady employment. "It's been hard," he said to me, "hard to keep away from the drink and hard to live down the reputation I have been making for years. But when temptations come I think of those who have trusted me—who trust me now. I think of my mother and all the lonely nights

she waited for me when I never came home. "I tell you, doctor," he said, "stronger than any pledge, stronger than threats or punishments, is just knowing that somebody believes in you—that your keeping straight means something to somebody that loves you."—'Youth's Companion.'

Home vs. the Saloon.

Ours is the great and sacred cause of the home versus the saloon. I would like to summon here into the witness-box a saloon-keeper, in an honest hour, to testify to us. We want to find out what he proposes to add to the firm's capital stock—the great firm of We, Us and Company.

The saloon-keeper finds it a conundrum not easy to be solved. Perhaps he will say: 'I am a middleman between the brewer and distiller and the people. I do not deliberately desire to do harm, but I must keep my patronage recruited, because if I do this I am sure to become a rich man after a while. That is the reason why I am in the business. I must pay my tax out of somebody's fireside, somebody's cradle, somebody's dearest and best. In order to succeed I must take away the little fellow from his mother's side, bait for him with cigarettes and cider, music, cards and young company, drawing him away gradually, until after a while I will change that boy's ideas so greatly that he who loved the songs of home and sanctuary shall far better love the bacchanalian ditty of the saloon; he who used to breathe God's name in prayer, shall miss out that name in curses, and I will so change his face that his mother would not know him, and his soul that God would never recognize it.'

It is because these things are true that womanhood has been aroused at last; to protect her children is the dearest and most sacred instinct of a woman's heart. She has learned something about the weapons of the enemy. He is busy brewing beer; she is busy brewing public sentiment. He is busy distilling whisky; she is busy distilling facts and arguments. He is busy rectifying spirits; she means to be busy rectifying the spirit of manhood. Do you recall the splendid conduct of Conductor Bradley, whose heroic story Whittier has made immortal? Rounding a curve, Conductor Bradley saw another train bearing down upon his own at fearful speed. Bending to the brakes with might and main 'he did his duty as a brave man should,' but in the terrible collision he was crushed and mangled with those whom he had tried to save. Taken from the wreck a short time after, the hero spoke no word about himself or friends, but murmured, brokenly, in dying anguish: 'Put out the signals for the other train.'—Frances E. Lillard.

Stimulants for Hunters.

The following advice to hunters is not from a temperance source but from the sportsman's paper—'Field and Stream': 'Alcoholic liquor is generally worse than useless in the woods, except in the most extreme cases. Hot tea will do anything that brandy or whisky will do as a stimulant, and do it a whole lot better, and it is easy to carry a sufficient amount in your pocket to last a week on the trail. In cold weather especially you should use no liquor on the trail, as it leaves you more susceptible to cold after its temporary effects have passed than you were before. In zero weather tea is a life-saver and liquor is a killer. Very few mountain men of experience carry liquor, even though they be habitual users of it, preferring tea as a cold weather drink in the cold, thin air of the high country, and use it freely. Tea can be made in a few minutes under almost any circumstances, and will brace you up wonderfully at the finishing end of a hard trip in cold weather.

Parents Should give their children a good education. We can teach them at home bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, penmanship, arithmetic, letter-writing, complete commercial, commercial specialist, chartered accountant, matriculation, civil service, teacher's certificate (any grade), mechanical drawing, stationary and traction engineering, elementary art, special English, journalism. Over 100 courses; ask for any subject you need. **Canadian Correspondence College, Dept. N., Toronto, Can.**

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

The home dressmaker should keep a little catalogue scrap book of the daily pattern cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.



SKIRTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

2728.—Ladies' seven-gored skirt, closing under an inverted box-plait at center back seam and having tucked front gore, and an inverted box-plait at each side-front seam.—This model is a charming one for the general knock-about skirt of serge, cheviot, broadcloth or any material in that order. Seven sizes, 22 to 34 inches, waist measure.

2738.—Ladies' twenty-one gored skirt.—This is one of the newest designs which will be made up in every conceivable material from tweed to Victoria lawn, which promises to be one of the favorite materials for the separate skirt of summer. Seven sizes, 24 to 36 inches, waist measure.

2720.—Ladies' apron and oversleeves.—This serviceable set may be developed in heavy linen, Indian-head cotton, Persian or Victoria lawn, nainsook, batiste, or silk, according to the taste of the maker. One size.

2734.—Ladies' nine-gored skirt, closing with buttons, down left side of front.—This extremely stylish model is simple in construction and looks particularly well developed in the heavier suiting materials. Six sizes, 22 to 32 inches, waist measure.

2089.—Ladies' nineteen-gored ripple skirt, with an inverted box-plait at centre of front and back.—This extremely stylish model is very pretty and suitable for the skirts of the thin wool materials such as cotton voile, shepherd's plaid, voile, crepe de Chine or Ragan cloth one of the new materials. Eight sizes, 22 to 32 inches, waist measure.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No., size, name of pattern, as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

Be sure to give your name and address clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

A GOOD BUSINESS HEAD

We heartily agree with our young friend in the letter below. His connection with our 'Pictorial' army has certainly been good for him. If Brother John is as prompt and steady and business-like as 'Brother Lancelot,' we will get on first class. But you must read the letter:

A., Ont., Feb. 22, 1909.

John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

Dear Sirs:—I remit herewith for the February 'Pictorials' which I have sold. I am very sorry but I will have to stop selling the 'Pictorials,' as I have on-coming work which prevents me, but my brother John, 10 years old, is going to continue the work, as he wants to sell the 'Pictorials,' and earn a few premiums. Please send me my watch, as I think, if I have figured up right, I have it now. These February numbers sold at first sight; they were very attractive.

I must say at this point that I have got a pretty good business head since I started selling the 'Pictorials' about a year ago, and as I must close now, I wish every good success to the other 'Pictorial' boys. Yours truly, Lancelot B. Morrison.

P.S.—I may in the future start selling the 'Pictorials' again, for it is splendid work.—L. B. M.

If there is any boy reader of this advt. who hopes to have 'a good business head' by and by, who wants to start at it now, he's the boy we're after. So if this means YOU, write us to-day for a package of the 'Canadian Pictorial' to start your sales with. We will send you our premium list and full particulars along with your order. Act promptly.

Address, John Dougall & Son, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.