

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.



I pledge myself

To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly to others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Dorinda Sturdy, C., Ont., and D. Margaret Dale, S., N.B., are two new members who have joined the league this week.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' although I often thought to write before, but never put it into action till now. I think it is a splendid idea, the Royal League of Kindness, and who ever thought of it first needs congratulating.

DORINDA STURDY.

P. M., C.B.

Dear Editor,—I have read so many nice letters in your little paper that I think I will write one. I live in a small village in Cape Breton. Near our house there is a very pretty beach, where we enjoy ourselves during the summer months. There is a large shipping pier in the upper end of the village. A coal mine is about to be started near our house. Our school will be starting soon. I graded into the ninth grade at the close of the year. I am fond of out-door sports, especially bathing, swimming, coasting and skating. I attend Sunday School regularly, and we intend holding our picnic this week. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for a long time, and we enjoy reading it very much. There are so many helpful stories in it. The drawings too are very good.

KATIE E. MacLEOD.

S. G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have five brothers and two sisters. I am the oldest girl of the family, but have four brothers older than myself. I am not going to school just now, as we are having holidays. I am in the fourth book. We live five miles from the station, but there are a store and a post office right near us. I think the answer to Mabel Helen Young's riddle (August 7)—Is the man with two sacks, because a sack full of flour would weigh more than two empty sacks.

CHRISTIE PROUTY.

B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is quite a pretty place. I live near the Baptist Church. There are two stores and a post office and blacksmith shop here. The school is quite near my home. I enjoy reading the letters in the 'Messenger' very much. My papa is busy haying. He works away from home.

BOBBIE L. EISNER (age 9).

V. H., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger,' although we have taken it for quite a few years and like it very much. I go to school and am in the fourth reader. I have four sisters and no brothers. For pets I have five little kittens and a dog called Rowdie. I also have a little colt and we call it Bessy.

IRENE LEAVITT.

[Your riddle has been asked before, Irene.—Ed.]

Hal's Wireless Telegraphy.

(By Albert F. Caldwell, in 'Zion's Herald.')

Hal Clayton looked very rueful. His mother found him, after the company had gone, sitting on the back steps—alone! Even Emperor William, the big Newfoundland dog, was not with him.

'Why, Hal?' and Mrs. Clayton's tone implied a question.

'It—it's because you said my nose was

smutty,' explained Hal, struggling hard to keep his voice steady—something that every man, according to Hal's notion, was expected to do. 'And made me leave the room and wash the smut off—right before the—the company.'

'But my boy wouldn't want to remain in the room looking like that, I hope,' replied his mother, gently. 'And have the ladies seen him?'

'No—o,' after considering the situation a moment. 'But isn't there some—some other way of—than speaking right out, mamma? I mean when I—I ought to leave the room for something.'

'Why, yes; I guess so,' answered Mrs. Clayton. 'We might use wireless telegraphy.'

'Wireless—te—leg—raphy!' exclaimed Hal, wonderingly. 'I cannot do—that; we'd have to have instruments, if we don't need any wire.'

'We have—them,' and Mrs. Clayton assumed an air of mystery.

'In—struments!' repeated Hal.

'Yes; I have a pair, and you have a pair,' and Mrs. Clayton smiled at the incredulous expression on Hal's face.

'Mamma, you're—fooling!'

'No, I'm not, dear.'

'I—I don't see.' Then, quickly: 'Where are they—the—instruments?'

'They are our eyes,' replied Mrs. Clayton. 'Mine will be the transmitter, and yours the receiver.'

'I don't see how that can be!' exclaimed Hal, more mystified than ever.

'Don't?'

'No!'

'Let me explain,' and Mrs. Clayton held open the door for Hal to come into the house. 'We will go into the sitting-room now, and learn the code.'

'Mamma, I still think you're playing tricks with me,' declared Hal.

'Not at all, dear. In a minute you'll see I'm not.'

'I hope—so,' doubtfully.

'Now let's imagine I have company, Hal,' after they had sat down—Mrs. Clayton by the south window, and Hal directly opposite—and you have come into the room with soiled hands. Of course I wouldn't want you to remain in that—'

'But how would I know without your telling me—just as you did to-day?' interrupted Hal.

'By using the wireless,' replied Mrs. Clayton, smiling. 'For soiled hands I'll send a message of one wink, with my transmitter. And your eyes—the receiver—will take the message. That will mean for you to hurry

A SURPRISE IN STORE.

No! not for one of our boys, but for the father of one of them. Just read the letter. It explains everything:

John Dougall & Son, Montreal:

Dear Sirs,—Received the knife, and think it the best knife I have ever had in my possession. And for so little work. Even my father admires it so much that he would like one, too. I have found use for it already.

Yours truly,

OTTO HANSEN.

P.S.—If you can work for two or three premiums of the same kind you can send me a bunch of this month's issue to sell for another combination knife, which I want to give to my father as a surprise present, for he doesn't know I am getting another knife of the same kind.

This is not the capital jack-knife given for selling only nine 'Pictorials' at 10 cents each, good and all as that is—but the farmers' combination knife—seven useful tools and a two-bladed knife all in one, given for selling EIGHTEEN 'Pictorials' at 10 cents each; or for selling EIGHT at 10 cents each, and sending in ONE yearly subscription at \$1.00 for any NEW SUBSCRIBER in Canada (outside of Montreal or suburbs), or Great Britain.

Don't you want one of these fine knives? If so, write to us for a package of 'Pictorials,' letter of instructions, full list of other splendid premiums, etc., etc. All orders promptly attended to.

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

P.S.—We aren't giving away Otto's secret. The letter came sometime ago, and we kept it over, so as not to spoil his fun.

out and wash them. You understand so much of the code?'

'Yes,' and Hal laughed at the mere idea. 'I never thought of that!'

'No? For a dirty face—two winks. Uncombed hair—three winks. Muddy boots—four. Then for—'

'Wait, mamma, please,' said Hal, 'till I get some paper, so we can write down all the code. Then I won't forget.'

'Very well,' and Mrs. Clayton went to the library-table drawer for a pencil.

'Twill be just—dandy!' exclaimed Hal, enthusiastically.

'There,' after the code was written out, 'suppose we practice a little, to be sure we have learned the signals,' suggested Mrs. Clayton.

'All right!' agreed Hal, happily. 'The messages come from you!'

'We'll try the one for uncombed hair, first,' and Mrs. Clayton immediately flashed a wireless across the room.

Without a word Hal got up and went out, and on his return his hair was neatly combed.

'That was awfully easy! And so much better than to—have all the people,' pointing to the empty chairs in the room, 'know why I left. Let's try the others,' eagerly—'all of them!'

And so they went through the entire code. Not a single message miscarried!

'My! that's splendid—our wireless telegraphy!' exclaimed Hal, in great delight, after the practice was over. 'How did you happen to think about it?'

'If I recollect rightly,' smiled Mrs. Clayton, 'it was you who suggested the plan!'

Always Ready.

'How many runs this month, captain?' I asked a friendly fireman.

'We didn't turn a wheel,' came the positive reply.

'Didn't turn a wheel this month!' I exclaimed. 'Well! well!'

As I went on my way I mused: 'The city has fed two great horses for one month and paid \$300 or \$400 in wages to five men for the same time, and all for what? Nothing. "Didn't turn a wheel." That \$400 might have been given to the city's poor; it might have been invested in some manner so as to bring the taxpayers a return. Why, children could have—'

Listen! As I muse, deep-clanging bells send out a fearful peal. 'Fire! Fire!' they cry on every hand, and a great business block gives indication of fire within. A few minutes more, and \$10,000 worth of property will be doomed, when from down the street sounds a rattling gong. I turn and see, coming with fearful speed, the horses plunging madly, the department which 'didn't turn a wheel for thirty days.' There was the captain holding the reins, his hat off, and shirt-sleeves rippling in the wind. They are the first on the scene, and within three minutes a line of hose is laid, and these same men are ascending ladders and diving into windows which belch with smoke and flame. Though we have lost sight of them we know they are fighting the fiend and soon they come out again covered with smoke, ashes and—glory. The fire is conquered, the beautiful building saved, and as the sweating horses and exhausted men go slowly back to their retreat, I muse again: 'For thirty days the city paid out a total of \$400. On the thirty-first day it saved \$10,000. It paid the city to be ready, to watch.'

'Watch ye!' the Master says. Yes, if for thirty years the tempter does not come, do not close the eyes. It pays to be on the lookout. It may take time and attention, but it pays.—Robert Zaring.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.