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The Best Summer of All



there were all those little children in the city and some of them were sick and some of them were just naughty because they hadn't anything nice to play, and all of them were hot, and there was our great big house and all the gardens with just Miss Young and me, and Mrs. Smith and William and James and Mary, and all of them with just nothing hardly to do, and there was all that lovely summer. And Miss Young said she'd love to have them, and oh, we did.

And Miss Young says I'm getting mixed, but I know you understand. She drew a picture of us two running to the train that first day when Jimmy came and the curly boy that had to have William and James carry him when he came, but 'fore he went away he played leap-frog with William's Bob.

All summer long we had company, there was little Jean, her cheeks were just like my

but they'd take one, and then old Mrs. McDonald said she'd none of her own and they



LITTLE JEAN.

might be lonely, but she'd lots of empty rooms and she'd take four, and one of hers was Tommy. He looked as if he was always going to



TOMMY.



THE WEE TWINS WHEN THEY WENT BACK.

Oh, but it was such a good plan! I was so lonely, for mother was going away and daddy, too, and I was to be left behind with only Miss Young, and then one day, when mother and I went in to take some flowers for the children in bed in the hospital, she thought of it.

She never said a word to me till she'd talked to daddy, but I knew by the way her eyes shined something was going to happen. It

Painted dolls when I washed her, but when she went home she was brown and red like my pet apples, and there were the wee twin babies. Miss Young laughed and said we hadn't meant to take wee ones but the house matron said it would be new life for them, and our Mrs. Smith said 'it certain was the saving of them.' And they were lovelier than dolls to dress and hold and wheel round. Oh, I can't tell you about them all, and anyway, it wasn't only at our house they were, for when Katie's mother saw Jimmie she said they had only an attic room and a bit of land,

be hit, our William said, but that was when he came, for before he left he'd run to meet William, and even when things happened, and



IN BED IN THE HOSPITAL.

always makes me shiver all up my back when mother's eyes shine, just like I do when the organ plays deep down on Sunday, or the sun shines on the red leaves up against the blue sky, or someone reads a story, one of that kind, you know.

I just couldn't wait, and oh! it was better than anything you ever heard. Mother said



THE CURLY BOY.

