

erate drinker a snare to entrap, that, therefore, strange as it seemed, the example of the moderate drinker was more perilous than that of the drunkard.

A Railway Regulation.

'The use of intoxicants by employees while on duty is prohibited. Their habitual use or the frequenting of places where they are sold is sufficient cause for their dismissal. The use of tobacco by employees when on duty in or about passenger stations or on passenger cars is prohibited.'

The above is part of the printed rules and regulations of a vast system of railway which employs far more men than can be found in the standing army of the United States. The wording of these rules is significant not because it prohibits the use of liquor by employees when on duty, for there is now scarcely a railway system in the world where such is not the rule, but now a further step is taken, two of them in fact. Employees who frequent saloons even when off duty and for mere social enjoyment are liable to discharge and, second, tobacco whose virtues are praised even by many men of the church, is placed now under the ban by railway officials who require steady brains and unruffled nerves in men who operate their trains. In view of these facts how obsolete is the whining complaint of the apologists for the army canteen, who say that men must have their liquor. Is there need for clearer brains or steadier nerve in railway service than on the nation's battle line? Has the war department less power to enforce rules and regulations than has a business concern like that of a railway corporation?—'Ram's Horn.'

A Hopeless Task.

Not long ago, in reading some works on medicine and surgery, I marked the passages in which drink is mentioned as cause of illness, or as an agent whose influence on the system renders recovery from disease or injury less hopeful, and when my task was finished the books were dull with many pencillings. It were a hopeless task to attempt to set down here the hundreds of ways in which alcohol works woe in the world, wreaking blind vengeance on gray hairs, on the prime of life, on the young—aye, even on the babe unborn.

When you have stood by an hospital bedside and watched the doctor and students discuss the chances for life of the poor sufferer, who eyes them eagerly the while, have heard their hopes, and seen them die from every face as the patient admits in a low voice of shame that he has drunk much, you will know something of the part which alcohol plays in the drama of life—you will know him for the villain he is, doing dark deeds to slow music of his own making, the music of stifled sobbings, of agonizing prayers, of hopeless crying. And you will feel, perchance, that to plead the 'one brief moment' is to voice as empty a phrase as ever fell from human lips or pen.—'Cor. League Journal.'

Smoking by Boys.

Cigarette-smoking by boys is sternly frowned down by the headquarters of the public schools, as Arthur Mee shows in an article on 'The Boy Smoker at School,' in 'The Sunday School Chronicle.' The headmaster of Perse Grammar School, Cambridge, 'entirely condemns all smoking on the part of boys,' believing that the habit 'has a very bad effect on a boy's mental development.'

Mr. F. W. Rogers, M.A., headmaster of King Edward VI. School, Chelmsford, declares that 'a boy smoker is certainly a worse student than the ordinary boy, and is here always known or suspected from being at the bottom of the class or form.' The boy who smokes, according to this master's experience, is equally 'dull, dense, and generally stupid and indolent.' The headmaster of Portsmouth Grammar School says that 'in nine cases out of ten the unsatisfactory boy is a smoker,' and at Marlborough College the authorities absolutely prohibit it. Dr. McClure, of Mill-hill School, says, 'If I knew a boy here to be a smoker he would either cease smoking or leave school.'—'Christian World.'

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,

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Correspondence

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old, and I have two cats and a canary. I get the 'Northern Messenger' every Sunday, and I like it very much. My mother reads it to me. I like the nice stories and pictures you put in for the little folks. REGGIE T. B.

Rideau View, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live with my grandmother, and every year, in the holiday season, I go down to visit my parents, sisters, and brothers who live three miles out of the city of Ottawa. Last year while visiting them there was a picnic, not far away from our home, which we were all invited to. The day appointed for the picnic was a pleasant one which we were all pleased to see. In the afternoon when dressed, we started to walk to the grove where the picnic was to be held. After a brief talking, and walking around we were all called to choose a queen, at last we chose a certain girl, and we all played merrily at all sort of games. But the time soon slipped by, and we found, to our dismay, it was time to start for home. When we reached home it was half past eight, and, I suppose, we all went to bed that night and dreamt of some future jolly time. My birthday is on Oct. 1.

BELLA B. (Aged 11.)

Woodbridge.

Dear Editor,—A few weeks ago I saw a piece in the 'Messenger,' about a Sunday-school in Tara, that had adopted a famine orphan, and I thought I would write and tell about our Sunday-school. We live in Woodbridge, but go to Pine Grove Congregational Church and Sunday-school. The Sunday-school had a picnic last summer and Mr. Andrews, who is a missionary from India, came to talk to the children and told us about the famine and he showed us some idols, which they worship. He said that fifteen dollars would keep an orphan for a year. So we decided that we would adopt one. When he got back to India he said he would send the photo and tell us the name. Mr. Andrews did not go back to India till August, so we have not had time to hear from him yet. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger,' and I think we would miss it very much. I may write again when we hear from Mr. Andrews, and to India, too, for we must correspond with our Indian school mate. One of our Sunday-school girls has

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gone to live with her father in the North-West Territories, and the Sunday-school is sending her the 'Northern Messenger' to remember us by. ETHEL J.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Baptist Sunday-school. My papa is the superintendent. I am in the infant class. We get the 'Northern Messenger' at our Sunday-school. We like it very much. I have only one pet; it is a pussy cat; it had a little kitten and we gave it away to my friend, James Tomlison. The mother pussy goes to see it every night. My brother has a black pup; his name is Max; he has one white spot under his neck. We went to the country in the holidays. It was 68 miles from Toronto. The name of the place is Canton. We were visiting my Uncle Tom. He has four horses and a colt, called Freddie. We liked the country very much. There was a creek near by and we paddled in the water and made a raft and we floated down the creek on it. We found pretty shells and tried to fish and dig for clams, and went in to swim. We had a nice picnic on the lawn. Papa came to take us home. We were sorry to leave the farm. HARRY B. (Aged 7.)

Acton.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school. I enjoy reading the letters from the girls and boys. I have two sisters and no brothers. We had our cousins from the United States this summer and we had a good time. I go to school and I am in the second department; there are five departments in the school. My teacher's name is Miss Currie and I like her very much. BESSIE A. C. (Aged 8.)

Atlanta, N. S.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to you. I still like the 'Northern Messenger' very much. I am eight years old; my birthday is Sept. 8. I am reading in the fourth reader, I study geography, health reader and practical speller. I have eight dolls and a doggie that runs on wheels, I call it 'Puggy.' I have one old cat and five Kittens. I have one sister and one brother. My brother is going to a business college, in Halifax, this winter. I like to read the Correspondence in the 'Northern Messenger.' I go to Sunday-school and Baptist Church. My teacher is Miss Alice Rand, the Sunday-school lessons are about Joseph; I like them very much. SUSIE F. T. B.