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HOUSEHOLD.

The Best Friend You Have on Earth is Mother.

(Harry A. Eastman.)

I was standing by the side of a college mate one day, when the postman handed him a letter. 'I expected it,' he said, while a smile of satisfaction lighted up his countenance, 'and I'm sure within I'll find my monthly allowance which she never fails to send. You know, I graduate this month, and a double portion there will no doubt be enclosed to cover the expense which of necessity accompanies the presentation of the much valued sheep-skin,' and as he spoke, he broke the seal and drew the contents out. But what a change of expression from a moment before. His face, so full of satisfaction and confidence, now bore marks of disappointment, while from his lips there fell a curse and he said, 'The money didn't come.'

'Coward Jack,' I said, 'do you know you have taken that dear mother's name in vain? Pick up the letter you have thrown on the ground and read it like a man, for without a doubt those ink-stained sheets contain an explanation.'

Slowly and reluctantly he bent and lifted the crumpled sheets and read:

My Darling Boy,—For nearly four years my Heavenly Father has given me strength and health to provide means for your education. I had so hoped to win the race I set out to run, but like the athlete in the arena, with nerve and sinew strained to the utmost, I have fallen just before I reached the goal. But, John, I have done my best, and if I am called home before we meet again, remember, my boy, to cherish and protect the confidence and love I have for you, and God grant that the efforts I have put forth may make you a strong and noble man. Your loving and devoted,
MOTHER.

'Yes,' he said, as he wiped the tears from his eyes, 'she has been a devoted mother indeed, but what an unappreciative son I have been, basking here in the sunshine of learning, enjoying the pleasures of society, living in the midst of plenty, while she has been rapidly consuming life's candle for my sake, and I have hardly thanked her for it. Have really felt it her duty to do as she has rather than a favor.'

'You see, when I was but a babe my father was taken from us, so that I never knew him. My mother, as best she could, took father's place, and nobly she has filled it. She saw in me, as every mother always sees in an only son, talents which if developed would make me famous. So after I had finished high school I was sent here to college to drink from its pure, invigorating stream of knowledge. I can see her now in that little home bending over the work which is to bring her a few pennies. Day after day, never resting, never complaining, she is always found at her post, cheerfully laboring for her boy.'

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To January 1, 1904.

DAILY WITNESS.....	only 25 cents.
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CLUBS.

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We had been slowly walking all this while and had reached the house. He continued:

'Why have I been in a trance all these years, and only now waking up to a full realization of the extent of the sacrifice and the depth of love of this dear mother of mine? Have I been void of conscience and cold at heart? I wonder if I am now aroused from this state of indifference in time to rectify my wrong? Is it possible for me to restore her to her normal physical condition, or to turn those snowy locks back to their natural brown? Could I, do you, suppose, remove those deep furrows from her brow, and replace the sparkle in the eye, the roses in her cheek, and also straighten the bend in her overstrained back? Oh, no, it is too late to do all that I would, but one thing I can do, I can be a man and instil into that dear old heart such joy and peace and comfort that she will feel that she has been given a new lease of life.'

While he was still speaking he sprang into the house to prepare to take the next train home. But he had not proceeded long, when a messenger boy brought to his door a telegram. With trembling hand he took the yellow envelope and as he opened it, said, 'I am afraid to read it. Something tells me it contains bad news.'

For a moment all was silent, save the ticking of the little clock. Presently Jack raised his head, and his large brown eyes glared like one beside himself. Then the floodgates of his heart gave way and he sobbed aloud, 'My dear mother is dead, and I am to blame.'

Nothing more was said for a half hour. Jack lay on the bed giving vent to his agony and grief by long, pathetic moans: I sat by the window, sharing his pain in a more subdued manner. At last I drew my chair to the bedside to offer my heartfelt sympathy for the loss he was suffering. I believed I could sympathize with him, because my own dear mother had been called home some little time before. I knew how deep the arrow of sorrow had pierced, and how insufficient to soothe and comfort words are at such times. But Jack's was one of those pitiful cases, and which, be it sad to say, comes before our observation almost daily, of a young man

realizing too late that the best friend he has on earth is mother.

As I sat holding his hand in mine, I was reminded that Jack was a good example of that too great army of young men and women who allow their mothers to lavish upon them her purest love, to sacrifice the pleasures and comforts of home, to deny herself of many of the necessaries of life, and last, and worst of all, to endure the pain and heartache of unappreciative children. This will have served its purpose, if it be the means of prompting one neglectful son or daughter to profit by Jack's mistake, and henceforth be quick in showing an appreciation of mother's efforts, and a desire to lighten her burden and to brighten her life by strewing her heretofore thorny path with a profusion of beautiful flowers of love, never forgetting that when our Heavenly Father reaches down and severs the slender cord of life, you have lost the best friend you have on the earth—mother.

Useful Hints.

Light velvet and moquette carpets are greatly improved by a dry cleaning with cornmeal. Five or six pounds of the coarse, yellow variety will be sufficient for a good-sized room. Remove as much of the furniture as possible and have the carpet well covered with the dry cornmeal. Let this remain on over night, and the next morning have it swept off with a clean, new broom. You will be surprised at the dirt the meal will gather up and the grease it will absorb. Now take some clean meal, and with a new stiff scrubbing brush give the carpet a dry scrubbing, after which it should be swept again. Should there be any spots left, unless of ink, they will usually yield to a little scrubbing soap scraped and rubbed into the carpet with a small wet brush. Rinse these spots off by scrubbing them with the brush dipped into clean warm water.

Simplicity should characterize the dress of school-girls of fifteen years of age. A quiet resort where a young girl may enjoy simple pleasures and outdoor sports is more to be recommended than the publicity of any large hotel in a fashionable place. School-girls who pursue youthful amusements instead of taking part in the diversions of older persons will be far