

Making Over.

When there is a large family, and the weekly earnings are small, much economy has to be used to make both ends meet, and the garments worn by the parents have to be cut down and made up for the children.

It will sometimes happen that not even one child's combination, or a couple of little first shirts, can be made out of a shirt that has belonged to the father, because it has become so thin from wearing and being washed. In this case, cut out the best portions, lay them aside, and wait until another shirt can be spared, then some serviceable little garments can be made up.

Do not destroy the thin parts that seem of no service. After the garment has been washed, all the thin parts should be cut up very fine, and used to stuff pillows. I once saw a beautiful little cot mattress made entirely of such small pieces.

The children of the household are generally much pleased with this work of cutting up fragments, and it keeps them quiet for some time.

Let me impress upon all others the necessity of ripping the garment stitch by stitch. It should not be cut off at the band or ripped up at the seams, as very often every bit of material is needed for the new garment. After the ripping is done, the pieces should be well washed and hung out to dry. If colored the material should be hung in the shade, or it will fade.

Next, it must be ironed while still damp, and until every crease has disappeared.

A good paper pattern is the next thing required; it is always best to use one that has been tried and proved to be good.

If the material needs joining, let this be done neatly before placing the pattern on it, and press it with a hot iron to make it flat. All these little details may sound tiresome, but if my advice is taken, I am sure mothers will be fully repaid for their trouble when they find what nice useful garments they can make out of what idle and thriftless people would destroy, or put in the rag-bag. It is just the attention to all these little things which makes the difference between comfort and misery. Some people can have a neat respectable home, and a little money in the savings bank, for a rainy day, while others, whose wives do not take the trouble to mend and make the children's clothes, may be always in difficulties.

Not long ago I saw a beautiful little sailor blouse, which had been made out of a pair of trousers belonging to an elder brother. The mother told me that the knees were worn through and the bottoms were frayed out, and still, by 'planning and contriving,' as she termed it, and by the use of a good paper pattern, she was able to make her youngest son (aged three) a warm and useful blouse.

Always tack the pattern firmly on the material before attempting to cut out the garment.—'Trained Motherhood.'

He Was so Busy.

One year ago to-day I sat at my desk busy with the month's bills and accounts, when a bright-faced, starry-eyed lad of twelve rushed in and impetuously announced, 'Say, pa, this is your birthday; you are fifty-five years old, and I am going to give you fifty-five kisses, one for each year.' And he began to make good his word when I exclaimed, 'O Andrew, don't do it now, I am so busy!' His silence attracted my attention, and, looking up, I saw his big eyes filled with tears, and apologetically said, 'You can finish to-morrow.' He made no reply, but was unable to conceal his disappointment, his face wearing a grieved expression as he quietly walked away.

The same evening I said, 'Come and finish the kisses now, Andrew,' but he did not respond to the invitation.

Two months later, in consequence of an accident, the waves of the Fox River closed over his body, and we carried him away to sleep near the village where he loved to spend his summer vacations. The robin's note was never sweeter than his voice, and the turtle-doves that coo to their nestlings where he sleeps could not be more gentle than my lit-

tle boy who never finished his love-imposed task.

If I could build a ladder to the skies and send him there; if I could only tell him how much I regret the thoughtless word spoken; if I could be assured that he understands and knows how my heart is aching because of the unkind request, there would be no man in all this wide world so inexpressibly happy as the one who sits to-day and thinks now he prevented an act that love inspired, and grieved a little heart as tender as the mercy of God. 'And, be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted.'—A. M. Bruner, in 'Northwestern.'

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Cure for Nervous Prostration.

A lady came to consult a famous physician. She had worried herself to the verge of nervous prostration.

She gave the doctor a list of her symptoms, and answered his questions, only to be astonished at his brief prescription at the end—'Madam, what you need is to read your Bible more.'

'But, doctor—' began the bewildered patient. 'Go home and read your Bible an hour a day,' the great man reiterated, with kindly authority, 'then come back to me a month from to-day.' And he bowed her out without a possibility of further protest.

At first the patient was inclined to be angry. Then she reflected that at least the prescription was not an expensive one. Besides, it certainly had been long since she had read the Bible regularly. Worldly cares had crowded out prayer and Bible study for years, and though she would have resented being called an irreligious woman, she had undoubtedly become a most careless Christian. She went home and set herself conscientiously to try the remedy.

In one month she went back to his office. 'Well,' he said, smiling, as he looked at her face, 'I see you are an obedient patient, and have taken my prescription faithfully. Do you feel as if you needed any medicine now?' 'No, doctor, I don't,' she said honestly; 'I feel like a different person; but how did you know that was just what I needed?'

For answer the famous physician turned to his desk. There, worn and marked, lay an open Bible. 'Madam,' he said, with deep earnestness, 'if I were to omit my daily reading of this Book I should lose my greatest source of strength and skill. I never go to an operation without reading my Bible. I never attend a distressing case without finding help in its pages. Your case called not for medicine, but for sources of peace and strength outside your own mind, and I showed you my own prescription, and I knew it would cure.'

'Yet, I confess, doctor,' said the patient, 'that I came very near not taking it.'

'Very few are willing to take it, I find,' said the physician, smiling again. 'But there are many, many cases in my practice where it would work wonders if they would only take it.'

This is a true story. The doctor died only a little while ago, but his prescription remains. Won't you try it?—'Classmate.'