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'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

Those Borrowing Joneses.

(The Rev. Charles T. White, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')
'Mother wants to know if you'd please let 'er have four fresh eggs and a nutmeg-grater.'

The questioner was small, with a soiled red calico frock and untidy hair. The hair was red, too, unmistakably red, though not at all the color of the frock. The voice was thin and piping, with the shy undertone of a bashful child speaking to strangers.

A giggle came from the pantry, where Louise was kneading bread. Beth's face showed signs of suppressed amusement as she followed the direction of the giggle.

'Number six since we opened for business this morning,' announced Beth, the suppressed smile breaking loose while she rattled the household tinware behind the pantry door.

'And each new want has a fresh messenger,' rejoined Louise. 'They must send them out just as fast as they get up. The boys are the early risers in the Jones family, evidently. It's hopeful there aren't many more.'

'The supply can't possibly hold out,' Beth said tartly. 'We haven't an egg in the house, thank fortune; father carried them all to town an hour ago, and we're not supposed to have heard the hens cackling madly in the interval. Mrs. Jones will have to put up with the nutmeg-grater this trip, I fear.'

The little girl took the serviceable utensil in her hand a trifle reluctantly, Beth thought, as she explained the present scarcity in eggs in a tone of regret which brought another audible giggle from the pantry.

'It was bread first. Mother sent a whole loaf,' Louise began the enumeration, coming out to watch the red frock bobbing its way down the road.

'And butter,' Beth added. 'That was the boy with the horrid warts on his fingers. Ugh! Butter is actually thirty cents a pound in Cressly.'

'Milk and sugar followed—three and four,' laughed Louise. 'It's really too funny for anything. Our domestic arrangements will be hopelessly demoralized if this keeps up.'

'A drawing of tea and a nutmeg-grater,' put in Beth, following the subject in hand, and quietly ignoring the predicted disaster. 'That makes six, and it isn't ten o'clock. There's time for unlimited deprivations before sundown. Potatoes, stove-wood, apples, flavoring extracts—why, there are numberless things they haven't borrowed yet. I tell you they've only just begun.'

Louise laughed until the tears stood in her eyes, and she tried to brush them away with her doughy hands, leaving little beflowered patches on her pretty pink cheeks. The Joneses had moved into the Barbour tenement house the Wednesday before. This was Friday, and the newcomers' insatiable propensity for borrowing had furnished the Pearsall girls no end of amusement in the interval. That very morning, before the first messenger arrived, Beth had called to her mother upstairs.

'Mamma, shall I lend Mrs. Jones the pancake-griddle after I'm through with it?'

And Louise, bringing up the rear, had mimicked Mary Ellen's squeaky treble;

'Mother wants to know if you can "please" let 'er have some lard to grease the griddle, and some buckwheat flour to make flapjacks to fry on it.'

'They're poor people, I presume,' said Mrs. Pearsall charitably, 'who don't have very much—'

'But they "will," mamma dear,' interrupted Beth with a mock tragic air, 'They'll have it "all," and we shall be the poor people in

appearance at the back door. Mary Ellen stood a little in awe of Beth's tall young ladyhood and voluble flow of speech; and Beth was more awesome than usual just now, for she had burned the sponge-cake to a black crisp,—the very last item of the Saturday's baking,—and her mother and Louise had gone to Cressly to meet Aunt Harriet, who was coming on the five-thirty train.

'Mother wants to know if you could please



'MOTHER WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU'D PLEASE LET 'ER HAVE FOUR FRESH EGGS AND A NUTMEG-GRATER.'

due time, if we keep on lending at this rate. I should say we ought to stop just as soon as we hear the wolf scratching at the door real hard.'

'Our new neighbor's wife was chopping wood as I came along by,' said Mr. Pearsall when the family were seated at the unner-table that same day. 'It always seems hard to see a woman doing that kind of rough work, but I suppose they have to do as they can. People say that Jones is a shiftless coot, and spends most of his time lounging about the tavern.'

'Why don't they borrow?' questioned Beth, smoothing her wrinkled lips into gravity, while Louise choked on an unforfeiting bite of mashed potato, and coughed behind her hand. 'I'll tell Mary Ellen when she brings back the nutmeg-grater that papa was a whole shedful of the nicest dry wood, sawed and split, that he's just dying to lend to somebody.'

The general laugh which followed cut short Mr. Pearsall's further comments; but Beth, looking up, thought she saw a mild reproof in her mother's eyes.

Beth was alone in the kitchen the following afternoon, when Mary Ellen put in a timid

let 'er have another loaf of bread until—' Mary Ellen had begun in her halting, childish monotone; but something in Beth's face checked her, and she dropped her eyes, putting a stubby thumb into the corner of her mouth.

'We haven't any bread to lend,' Beth said decidedly. 'We have little enough for ourselves over Sunday, and we're expecting company. Hasn't your mother baked yet?'

Mary Ellen's peaked, freckly face flushed up to the roots of her red hair as she sidled toward the door without answering. Something inside stung Beth the least bit, as her eye followed the limp little figure down the plank walk to the gate.

'It might just as well stop one time as another,' she muttered, still remembering the wreck of the sponge-cake. 'Mother would never say no to anybody, if one actually carried off the roof over her head. She'd think the other party must need it more than she did, or he wouldn't do such a thing. It was absolutely necessary that I should vindicate the honor of the family, and I guess I've done it. I don't imagine we shall be preyed upon any more for the present, and mother