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The Dinner Waggon

Carrying Daddy's dinner has always been a duty involving some difficulty and trouble. Sometimes the child who is chosen to be the bearer of the bread-winner's mid-day meal is late in coming home from school, in which case the dinner must of necessity be late in starting for its destination, and the workman gets it barely in time to swallow it before the hour for resuming labor.

In Berlin, the capital of our ingenious and enterprising cousins, the Germans, this subject has been thought of sufficient importance to justify the making of a new industry for conveying the working men's

warn the cottagers of its approach. The careful wife has her husband's dinner all ready, and at the sound of the bell hastens to receive the regulation pail from the conductor. Placing the hot dinner in it, she returns the pail to the conductor, who shuts down the air-tight covers, slips each pail into its own special compartment, and is off in quest of further additions to his load.

All the cars, after collecting their loads, meet at the starting station. Here the conductors exchange into other cars any of the dinners destined for some quarter of the city which is out of their special beat. But this sorting, through constant practice, is very rapidly done, and the two-

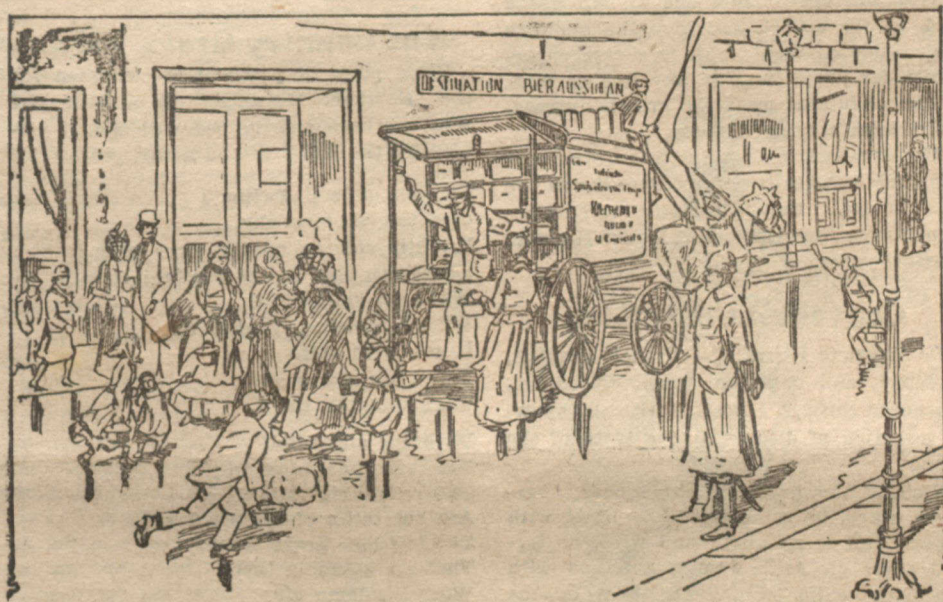
of comprehension, when in reality, they have not even a primary conception of infidelity. We have respect for a man who reasons out conclusions and maintains them so long as the premises stand firm, but detest the egotist who will say that nothing is worthy of his belief that his mind cannot unravel.

In Camp.

EXTRACTS FROM A MISSIONARY'S LETTER.

'Just now we are out in tent. Our tent is pitched in a mango grove, near the meeting of four roads, and along these roads we are finding quite a lot of villages which we can reach in the trap. My husband meets the men in the open street, and I go to the homes of the women. Everywhere we are having splendid hearings. I had just got my writing case out, when along came six women who sat themselves down at the tent door. They had heard that we were here and that the 'English mother' was speaking good words to the women and reading to them from a big book (the Bible), and they had come to hear. For an hour and a half they sat, and, oh! how they listened. When they rose to go they begged me to come to their village. Just how I am to manage I do not know, for the village is far in among the hills and there is no road, only a footpath.

'I wonder if you have any idea what this tenting and touring about means as regards paraphernalia. Of course we must have camp cots, folding tables and chairs, and wash-stands; and there is the packing and unpacking of dishes, etc., and the supplies. Our potatoes come from a place three hundred miles away, and we can only order a limited supply at a time, usually about twenty pounds, because they do not keep in this heat. There is our baker at home, and no matter how far out we go, a man must travel in for bread every week. We could bake if we sent for flour occasionally, but the earthen ovens break so easily, and travelling over the rough roads in a springless ox cart, the ovens come to grief almost invariably. Then there is the water! One must be so careful of one's drinking water in India. Even the water of our own well at home must be boiled and filtered through a pot of sand, then through a pot of charcoal, before it may be used for drinking purposes. We tried drinking the water of the wells here where we are camped, but although it was boiled and carefully filtered, it was impossible to use it, so perforce we must bring our supply with us and send for more when that is done. Then there is the milk, it is almost an utter impossibility to get unwatered milk in the villages. Of course we boil it before using it, but one is always afraid of bought milk. So our cow is driven out and the calf must come too, for in India no cow gives milk unless her calf is tied close under her nose during milking time. Should the calf die the cow goes dry at once unless the calf can be stuffed in such a way as to deceive her. Many a time I have seen a cow licking a stuffed calf. These are some of the trifles that



COLLECTING THE DINNERS IN BERLIN.

dinners and delivering them safely, punctually, and piping hot.

The picture we have given is a representation of the waggon used as the means of transport. This can be heated to a high temperature, and is so arranged that the conductor can pack the dinner vessels easily, each in its own compartment, so as to ensure the utmost despatch in delivering them. Indeed, with such rapidity can one of these waggons be unloaded, that three minutes is said to suffice to empty a car which holds from three hundred and twenty to three hundred and fifty dinner pails.

These pots or pails are all uniform in size and appearance. Each consists of two pots, one within the other, so contrived that space is left between them for a little lamp which, in very cold weather, can be lighted to keep the food warm, if the heat in the waggon is not sufficient for this purpose. The compartments in which the pots are placed are formed of thick glass, and the front of each bears the name and home address of the man to whom the dinner is daily to be conveyed, and also the address of the place where he works.

Each pot is made out of one piece of metal, is fitted with an air-tight lid, and is thickly lined with a patent enamel, easily kept perfectly clean and sweet.

The waggons set off on their collecting rounds betimes in the morning, and rumble slowly down the streets, each having its own allotted district. A bell is rung to

horse waggons, containing hundreds of hot dinners, are driven quickly away to their respective destinations.—'Cottager and Artizan.'

Neatly Put.

The 'Interior' tells the story related by the late Dr. George P. Hayes of an infidel who was accosted by an old German. The former was about to speak at the school-house in the evening, and the German said:—

'Is you de young man vot is to schpeak dis evening?'

'Yes, sir, I am.'

'Vell, vot you schpeak about?'

'My subject, sir, is this:—"Resolved, that I will never believe anything that I do not understand."'

'Oh, my! is dot it? Vell, now you shoost take von leetle example. There you see that field, my pasture over there. Now, my horse, he eat de grass, and come up all hair over he's pack. Then my sheep, he eats the same grass, and it grows wool all over him. And now, vot you tink! my goose he eats the grass, too, and sur's I tell you, it comes all over him feathers. You understand dot, do you? Heigh?'

The old German caught the idea and expressed himself in a very clever way. Many persons assume the position of believing nothing that they cannot understand, imagining that such a claim suggests an ability