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MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 14, 1902.

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HONOR ROLL

OF THE

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE CRUSADE.

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|---|-------------------------------------|
| *CHARLES MOLLEUR,
Feller Institute, Grande Ligne, Que. | *ANNIE A. NELSON, Leamington, N.S. |
| *J. A. LATHAM, Montreal, Que. | ANNIE M. CURRIE, Waterville, N.B. |
| *HENRY W. RIVA, Outremont, Que. | GRACE E. HARBER, Jacksonville, N.B. |
| *N. M. MUNSLOW, Montreal, Que. | ANNIE A. GILROY, Leamington, N.S. |
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Supt. Antioch S. S., Teeswater, Ont. | LIZZIE WELAND, Galt, Ont. |
| E. G. WILKINSON, Cambray, Ont. | MYRTLE B. CASSEL, New Dundee, Ont. |
| ALICE CONSLEY, Proton Station, Ont. | *JUSTIN F. EVANS, Sawyerville, Que. |
| *ANNIE LEITH, Outremont, Que. | ANNIE E. SCHURMAN, Bass River, N.B. |
| *JAMES DUNCAN, Vasey, Ont. | AGNES W. CAMPBELL, Minesing, Ont. |
| MISS H. BUTLER, S. Stukeley, Que. | JEAN M. BENT, Aylesford, N.S. |
| *LILLIAN McCUTCHEON, Roblin, Ont.
(Aged 9 years). | HELEN W. LARKIN, Pubnico Head, N.S. |
| R. W. NEWTON, Woodstock, Ont. | CLAYTON McLENNAN, Gunter, Ont. |
| LUCY STEWART, Renfrew, Ont. | GOLDIE E. BRINTON, Hampton, N.S. |
| *GERTRUDE McKELL, Ormstown, Que. | MAJOR C. ROOP, Springfield, N.S. |
| *MAY BELL, Montreal, Que. | ETHEL ZUFELT, Belleville, Ont. |
| CECIL NEW, Hamilton, Ont. | *L. L. CHUTE, Malvern Square, N.S. |
| *LEWIS HANNA, Munster, Ont. | IRENE A. WERRY, Crystal City, Man. |
| *ANNIE SUTHERLAND, Whitby, Ont. | *A. W. COBURN, Harvey Station, N.B. |
| E. L. ALEXANDER, Mascouche Rapids, Q. | LILA MISENER, Leamington, Ont. |
| ETHEL L. HODGE, Lachine, Que. | *FRANK EDWARDS, Petherton, Ont. |
| BEATRICE BABCOCK, Sharbot Lake, Ont. | *CHADDIE BREMNER, Minesing, Ont. |
| FLOSSIE L. FULTON, Bass River, N.S. | JAMES JEWELL, Beaverton, Ont. |
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| MILLIE A. MORRELL, Tryon, P.E.I. | E. L. GODFREY, Mountain Grove, Ont. |
| *MISS LULU WELSH, Forest City, Me. | WILLIE T. MOXLEY, Ottawa, Ont. |
| *JENNIE HOWARD, Thurso, Que. | ROY PIPER, Iona, Ont. |
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| *****GERTIE CLEMENTS, Montreal. | EDWARD McCONNELL, Hastings, Ont. |
| *ELLEN MORRISON, Montreal. | JAMES COLEMAN, Braeside, Ont. |
| *CORNIE KELLER, Sherbrooke, Que. | LAURA E. MARIFIELD, Ottawa, Ont. |
| | HELEN I. LEGGETT, Newboro, Ont. |
| | S. BELLA GRACIE, Glen Levit, N.B. |
| | MISS M. J. ROBINSIN, Waltham, Que. |
| | NELLIE THIRLWALL, Duncrief, Ont. |

ALREADY 2,066 SIGNATURES.

Mr. Molleur's name heads the Roll in heavier type than the others because he was the first to send a score of signatures to the Pledge. Who will have the honor of heading with heavy type the Honor Roll of next week? This additional honor belongs to the sender of the first list received each week.

Mr. Molleur's name has also * before it, indicating that he sent one additional list of signatures, making forty names in all, and is, therefore, entitled to a copy of the famous picture 'Christ Before Pilate.' It must be remembered that only the first five hundred to get an * by sending in at least one additional list, forty signatures

in all, before Nov. 15, are entitled to receive a copy of this picture.

It is pleasing to note that a large proportion of others have secured additional lists. One of them Miss Gertie Clements, has sent in five extra lists, or a total of one hundred and twenty signatures to the pledge, consequently she is entitled to five * and a copy of the picture. Her portrait will be given in next week's issue unless some one sends in a larger number.

This is surely a good crusade; 2,066 signatures have already been received and copies of the picture above referred to have been forwarded to every one with at least one * before their names. Let the good work go on.

DEAR SIRS:

I received the picture, "Christ Before Pilate," on Saturday, and I think it is very nice. It is well worth working for. Thank you very much for the picture. Mama is going to have it framed.

MONTREAL, Nov. 3, 1902.

J. ARTHUR LATHAM,

NOTE—Subscribers who have lost the issue of Oct. 31, explaining this Crusade may write a card for another copy, which will be mailed free of charge.

Mrs. 'But.'

Mrs. 'But' is our next-door neighbor. Her real name is Green, but, John, whenever he sees her marching up the walk, remarks, 'My dear, here comes Mrs. "But."' He is not given to calling people names; he says it merely to put me on my guard, for he knows our neighbor's failing. She is a bright, breezy little woman, and as long as the conversation is confined to the weather and household affairs I quite enjoy chatting with her, but the moment that a human being, living or dead, chances to be mentioned, I begin to quake.

The first time she called—it was soon after we moved into the neighborhood—I happened to say that Mrs. Goodwin, from the opposite side of the street, had been in to see me, and that she impressed me as a very lovely character.

'Oh, she is indeed,' said Mrs. 'But,' heartily, 'she is such a devoted wife and so good to the poor. 'But,' she went on, lowering her voice, 'there used to be a good deal of talk about her when she was a girl, and though I don't suppose half the things that were said were true, people don't seem to forget them.'

What necessity there was for that drop of poison to be instilled into my mind I could not see. Mrs. Goodwin's youth was in the far past, and in the gossip concerning her in that remote period I had no interest whatever. I was quite willing to take her as she was in her sweet, ripe womanhood.

One day when Mrs. 'But' dropped in she found my little friend, Nellie Gray, at the piano. Nelly is a shy, brown-eyed girl of fifteen, gifted with a wonderful ear for melody, and, as the Grays had no piano, I had offered her mine. 'I can't help loving the child, she is such a warm-hearted little creature, and so eager for music,' I said, as the door closed behind her.

My visitor gave a scarcely perceptible shrug.

'Yes, Nellie seems to be a very nice girl,' she admitted, 'but I suppose you know she is a poor-house waif?'

'No,' I said. I knew nothing of the kind. Mrs. Gray had introduced Nellie to me as her eldest daughter, and the information volunteered by Mrs. 'But' was utterly uncalled for.

One evening, on our way home from prayer-meeting, John remarked that he always enjoyed listening to young Spaulding, he was so devout and earnest.

'Yes, he is a very interesting speaker,' said our neighbor, who had joined us as we came out of the lecture-room, 'and he seems very sincere, but I can't help feeling a little suspicious. I knew him when he was a boy.'

John made haste to change the subject; a word of encouragement would have resulted in our hearing the whole history of the young man's boyhood.

'I've no patience,' he exclaimed the moment we were by ourselves, 'with people who are always bringing up the past. Just imagine what heaven would be