

tainly not her, Dolly's, place to make the first advance. So these two foolish little maids let their naughty pride spoil all their pleasure, and make them very unhappy. This state of affairs lasted up to their early bedtime. Grandma put them to bed herself. There was what she called a "three-quarter" bed in the big, old-fashioned spare-room, and in a smaller room opening from it was another single one. "If there isn't room for both to sleep comfortably in this bed, say so, little maids," said grandma, kindly, "and I can put one of you in the little room."

But they declared the spare bed was plenty large enough for them both, and so it was until a faint "miauw" was heard. They were snug in bed, grandma had kissed them good-night and gone away. The dim light of the night lamp seemed to be making sleepy shadows about the room. Molly raised herself on one elbow and looked about her; a gentle "miauw" came again—why, it surely came from Dolly's side of the bed! A suspicion seized upon Molly. "Dolly Hamilton," she cried, "I do believe you've got that horrid kitten in bed with you."

"Yes, I have," answered Dolly, defiantly. "And he isn't horrid at all—he's too lovely for anything. He's gone to sleep, and you should hear him purr."

"I don't want to hear him," said Molly, crossly, "and I don't want him here at all. Put him out. I know grandma wouldn't like for you to have him here."

Dolly was pretty sure of this, too, but she wouldn't admit it. "Oh, dear!" she said, presently, kicking out her feet impatiently, "I do wish you'd lie down, Molly Hamilton, you're pulling all the covers off me."

Then Molly answered sharply, and these two little girls, who had never before had a serious disagreement in their lives, fell to quarrelling again. At last Molly said, angrily, "Well, if you don't like sleeping in this bed, you and your old cat can just go in the little room, and stay there."

"That's just what I will do," cried Dolly, in an equally angry voice. So out she jumped, Jerry in her arms, and running into the next room climbed into the little bed.

Now Molly hadn't expected to be taken at her word. She dearly loved her twin, and as she thought of her all alone in a strange room with no night lamp to light up its darkness, her heart became filled with remorse.

"I wish I hadn't said such mean things to Dolly," she thought. "Seems like we've done nothing but quarrel all day—and it's just spoiled all our fun. And I didn't truly forgive Dolly when I said my prayers. I guess mamma'll be sorry when she hears—Dolly, come back!" No answer. "Oh, dear!" said Molly, pitiously. Then leaning over the side of the bed she called, louder. "Dolly! Dolly! Don't you hear? If you don't come pretty soon, I'll come after you," adding to herself, "So I will, if she doesn't come in two minutes."

She laid her head back on the pillow to wait the "two minutes" and in one second was fast asleep. Meanwhile, naughty Dolly had heard each call distinctly, and when Molly said, "I'll come after you," she slipped out on the floor, holding the kitten in one arm.

"We'll hide from her, Jerry," she whispered, then she crawled under the bed, and while she lay there curled up in a little heap waiting for Molly to find her, she fell asleep, and dreamed. Such a queer dream it was, too. She and Molly were climbing up a steep hill, she holding Jerry in her arms and at each step she took Jerry got heavier and heavier, until she was so tired that she could hardly walk at all. Molly was far ahead of her, and she had such a smothered feeling in her throat that she could not make a sound when she tried to call her. Then Jerry began to miauw pitiously in a choked kind of way and—"There's a cat under that bed," a big gruff voice broke in on Dolly's dream, and a big but not unkindly hand came groping under the bed.

"Why, here's the child!" cried the voice, and Dolly and Jerry were drawn out into the room. How everything had changed since Dolly fell asleep! The room was full of smoke, and long, bright tongues of fire were leaping about the window out of which the glass had been broken.

Two big men with shining helmets on their heads were chopping away the burn-

ing wood, and it was one of these men who had found Dolly and her kitten. He gathered them both into his kind strong arms and getting out upon the ladder which hung from the window sill went slowly down.

In a few minutes Dolly was in safety in the barn, where were grandma without her cap, and with a big fur cloak wrapped round her; Aunt Myra in Uncle Jarvis's overcoat, Molly wrapped in a patch-work bed-quilt, and a number of neighbors.

"Oh, Dolly!" "Oh, Molly!" cried the twins, and rushed into each other's arms with the deepest joy. They were not old enough to understand the seriousness of the situation, and enveloped in the same quilt, hugging Jerry by turns, they enjoyed the excitement of watching the furniture being brought out of the burning house, the shouting and running to and fro, the impromptu breakfast in the morning at neighbor Sherrill's and the ride to their own home with grandma, later in the day.

Grandma's house was not entirely destroyed, only the wing in which the children had slept. It was never found out how the fire originated, but grandma did not mind that, she was so thankful that everybody had escaped unhurt. Uncle Jarvis and Aunt Myra remained at the homestead to get everything in order again, while grandma visited with Molly and Dolly's mamma for a few weeks.

On Saturday afternoon, when they had mamma all to themselves in the sitting-room, the twins told her all about their falling out at grandma's. Mamma listened with a very grieved face.

"Who was most to blame?" she asked, when they finished.

"I was, mamma," said Molly, drooping her dear little head in shame.

"No, indeed, I was," cried Dolly, flinging her arms around her twin. "And, mamma, we hadn't been naughty for such a long time we just told each other we guessed we were going to stay good always and then—wasn't it queer? we got mad with each other and had a dreadful quarrel."

"Oh," said mamma, "so you thought you were very good. That's where the trouble began, my darlings. Just as soon as people begin to think they're very good, and to plume themselves on it, they are sure to fall into naughtiness. Don't you remember the Golden Text you learned last week? 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' Had you been trying to be good and sweet and loving to each other you would never have quarrelled. And this is a warning which I hope you will never forget—never again to go to sleep angry with any one. Just think what a dreadful sorrow it would have been for the other had either of you been burnt to death last night!"

"Oh, mamma!" cried the little girls, earnestly, hugging each other tighter. "We'll try never to do it again—indeed, indeed we will."

"Ask God to help you, for Jesus' sake, or you will never succeed," said mamma, drawing them closer to her.

"I'll pray for you as well as for me, Dolly," said her twin.

"And I for me and you," answered Dolly. And so is ended the falling out.—*The Charcoalman.*

#### BURDETTE'S MESSAGE TO BOYS.

My boy, the first thing you want to learn—if you haven't learned how to do it already—is to tell the truth. The pure, sweet, refreshing, wholesome truth. The plain, unvarnished, simple, every-day, manly truth, with a little "t."

For one thing, it will save you so much trouble. Oh, heaps of trouble. And no end of hard work. And a terrible strain upon your memory. Sometimes—and when I say sometimes, I mean a great many times—it is hard to tell the truth the first time. But when you have told it, there is an end of it. You have won the victory; the fight is over. Next time you tell that truth you can tell it without thinking. Your memory may be faulty, but you tell your story without a single lash from the stinging whip of that stern old task-master—Conscience. You don't have to stop and remember how you told it yesterday. You don't get half through with it and then stop with the awful sense upon you that you are not telling it as you did the other time, and cannot remember just how you did tell it then. You won't have to look

around to see who is there before you begin telling it. And you won't have to invent a lot of new lies to reinforce the old one. After Ananias told a lie, his wife had to tell another just like it. You see, if you tell lies you are apt to get your whole family into trouble. Lies always travel along in gangs with their co-equals.

And then, it is so foolish for you to lie. You cannot pass a lie off for the truth, any more than you can get counterfeit money into circulation. The leaden dollar is always detected before it goes very far. When you tell a lie it is known. Yes, you say, "God knows it." That's right; but he is not the only one. So far as God's knowledge is concerned, the liar doesn't care very much. He doesn't worry about what God knows—if he did he wouldn't be a liar; but it does worry a man, or boy, who tells lies to think that everybody else knows it. The other boys know it; your teacher knows it; people who hear you tell "whoppers," know it; your mother knows it, but she won't say so. And all the people who know it, and don't say anything about it to you, talk about it to each other, and—dear! dear! the things they say about a boy who is given to telling big stories! If he could only hear them it would make him stick to the truth like flour to a miller.

And finally, if you tell the truth always, I don't see how you are going to get very far out of the right way. And how people do trust a truthful boy. We never worry about him when he is out of our sight. We never say, "I wonder where he is? I wish I knew what he is doing? I wonder who he is with? I wonder why he doesn't come home?" Nothing of the sort. We know he is all right, and that when he comes home we will know all about it and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going and how long he will be gone every time he leaves the house. We don't have to call him back and make him "solemnly promise" the same thing over and over two or three times. When he says "Yes, I will," or "No, I won't" just once, that settles it. We don't have to cross-examine him when he comes home to find out where he has been. He tells us once and that is enough. We don't have to say "Sure?" "Are you sure, now?" when he tells anything.

But, my boy, you can't build up that reputation by merely telling the truth about half the time, nor two-thirds, nor three-fourths, nor nine-tenths of the time; but all the time. If it brings punishment upon you while the liars escape; if it brings you into present disgrace while the smooth-tongued liars are exalted; if it loses you a good position; if it degrades you in the class; if it stops a week's pay—no matter what punishment it may bring upon you, tell the truth.

All these things will soon be righted. The worst whipping that can be laid on a boy's back won't keep him out of the water in swimming time longer than a week; but a lie will burn in the memory fifty years. Tell the truth for the sake of the truth, and all the best people in the world will love and respect you, and all the liars respect and hate you.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

#### WHAT ENGLISH PEOPLE DO WITH THEIR MONEY.

There lately appeared a letter in the *Liverpool Reformer* showing the proportion out of each 20s. spent by each inhabitant in the United Kingdom on the various claims of life. The following table groups them together:—

Publican receives	£0 4 9½
Baker	0 2 8½
Grocer	0 3 1½
Milkman	0 1 2
Draper	0 2 5½
Coalman	0 0 7
Landlord's house rent, 2s. 6d. farm 2s. 2d.	0 4 8
School fees	0 0 5½
Missions, etc.	0 0 0½
	£1 0 0

Manufacturers and tradesmen complain of bad times. The main cause of bad trade is the result of the money being spent in the wrong direction. What we want is increased expenditure with the grocer, the draper, etc. Divide the 4s. 9½d. at present spent with the publican among the other shopkeepers, and much of the misery, wretchedness, squalor, and poverty now existing would disappear.—*Australian Paper.*

#### GRANDMOTHER READING THE BIBLE.

Hush, little feet! go softly  
Over the echoing floor,  
Grandmother's reading the Bible  
There by the open door,  
All of its pages are dearer still,  
Now she is almost down the hill.  
Mellow September sunshine  
Round her is gently shed—  
Gold and silver together  
Crowning her bended head—  
While she follows where saints have trod,  
Reading the blessed book of God.  
Grandmother's past the morning,  
Past the noontime sun,  
And she is reading and resting  
After her work is done;  
Now in the quiet autumn eves  
She has only to bind her sheaves.  
Almost through with trial,  
Almost done with care,  
And the discipline of sorrow  
Hallowed by trust and prayer;  
Waiting to lay her armor down  
To go up higher and take the crown.  
No little feet to follow  
Over this weary road,  
No little hand to lighten  
Of many a weary load;  
Children standing in honored prime  
Bless her now in her evening time.  
Grandmother closes the volume,  
And, by her saintly look,  
Peace I know she has gathered  
Out of the sacred book;  
Maybe she catches through that door  
Glimpses of Heaven's eternal shore.  
—*New York Evangelist.*

#### TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States where International money orders cannot be procured can remit by money order, payable at Rouses Point Post Office, N. Y. State, or secure an American Express Co. order, payable at Montreal.

#### NEW CLUB RATES.

The following are the New Club Rates for the MESSSENGER, which are considerably reduced;


1 copy	.....	\$ 0 30
10 copies to one address	.....	2 25
20 " " " "	.....	4 40
50 " " " "	.....	10 50
100 " " " "	.....	20 60

Sample package supplied free on application  
**JOHN DOUGALL & SON,**  
Publishers, Montreal.

**Brown's Bronchial Trochies give prompt and effectual relief in all throat troubles.** Mr. Amos R. Peachy, Hungerford, Berkshire, England, writes: "Change of climate (from South Africa) nearly cost me my life, as it produced the greatest prostration from Ulcerated Throat and Bronchial Inflammation. My friends are astonished at the remarkable change in my health from the time I commenced using BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHIES."

**BOILING WATER OR MILK.**  
**E P P S 'S**  
**GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.**  
**C O C O A**  
**BREAKFAST OR SUPPER.**

**Tickle**  
**The Earth**  
With a Hoe, **SOW FERRY'S SEEDS** and nature will do the rest.  
Seeds largely determine the harvest—always plant the best—**FERRY'S**.  
A book full of information about Gardens—how and what to raise, etc., sent free to all who ask for it. Ask to-day.  
**D. M. FERRY**  
& CO., WINDSOR, ONT.



**YOUR NAME** on 20 new and pretty Cards, Silk Fringe, Glass, Gold Edge, Hidden Name, etc. Agent's Sample Case, with 120 lovely Chromos for ornamentation, 7c. Trip Around the World Album, 36 elegant Photos (worth \$1.00 for any centre table) of noted Cities, Buildings, etc. around the world, 10c. Quilt and private terms, 3c stamp for mail, all for only 15c. Address: STAR CARD CO., Knowlton, P. Q.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal. All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'"