

HOUSEHOLD.

Don't be Disciples of the Little.

(Kate M. Cleary, in the New York Tribune.)

A cynical writer lately said that some men wished Adam had died with all his ribs intact. He may have had scornful reference to the woman who apotheosizes the insignificant. And she is especially provoked if she possesses ability that if worthily exercised would give enjoyment to others, or add to the world's accumulation of beautiful objects.

For instance, one observed last week a woman who is an excellent artist, spending time, eyesight, and concentration on the task of fashioning a collar out of a ten-cent handkerchief.

'How long have you been working on that?' she was asked.

'About three hours. I'm hemstitching it, you see.'

'And how long did it take you to paint that lovely impressionistic sketch on the lagoon at Garfield Park?'

She sent the picture a cursory glance. 'Oh, I dashed that off in a couple of hours.'

Now, it's dollars to doughnuts that if that woman had not been trying to make a collar out of a handkerchief she would have been striving to make a handkerchief out of a collar. She had succeeded in spoiling a good handkerchief, in injuring her weak eyes, and in wasting time that might have been given to the production of a picture which, like the one mentioned, would be restful and refreshing to gaze upon—an inspiration and a joy forever.

Chicago's brilliant woman journalist, who died a few months ago, said in reviewing a certain book intended for women of the fustily domestic sort: 'The ardent student of this volume may learn eventually by patience and application how to make a nightcap out of a sheet.'

Some of these petty, poky, puttering women, everlastingly fidgeting over trifles, are so blind to beauty that nature receives no tribute from their veiled vision.

One such on a certain morning in the past winter was called to the window by an enthusiast. The spectacle revealed was superb; for snow and sleet had fallen and frozen in the night. The earth was one shining sweep of ermine, all jewel-sown. The trees were cased in white armor—gleaming, beautiful. And the silver birches had all their delicate, frondlike stems hung with gems, that glowed like rubies in the effulgence of a glorious red sunrise.

'Just look at those trees!' cried the enthusiast.

'That's only frost. I can make branches with twigs dipped in gum arabic that look just like those. You melt the gum arabic, and you take some diamond-dust, a teaspoonful, and—'

She turned from the window, all animation now.

But she who worshipped the work of the Great Artist had fled.

For the Busy Mother.

In ordering patterns from catalogue, please quote page of catalogue as well as number of pattern, and size.

Where more than one pattern is wanted, additional coupons may be readily made after the model below on a separate slip of paper, and attached to the proper illustration.



NO. 5689.—LITTLE GIRLS' PANEL FROCK.

The graceful lines of this little dress lend a charming air of quaintness to the little figure. The design shows a dainty development of nainsook and all-over embroidery. If preferred, lace insertion or hand embroidery may be used for decoration, as the plain front affords a fine place for a bit of hand work. Lawn, dimity, linen and nainsook are all suitable for reproduction. For a child of three years three yards of 36-inch material will be required. Sizes for 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years.

'NORTHERN MESSENGER.'

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

No.

Size

Name

Address in full

.

.

.

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern will reach you in about a week from date of your order. Price 10 cents, postal note, or stamps. Address, 'Northern Messenger,' Pattern Department, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Answering Advertisements.

If 'Messenger' readers ordering goods advertised in the 'Messenger' will state in their order that they saw the advertisement in the 'Messenger,' it will be greatly appreciated by all concerned.

'To Move Mountains.'

(Evelyn Orchard, in the 'British Weekly'.)

He let himself in with his latchkey, and closing the door softly, stood still in the little suburban hall. His eyes fixed themselves on the narrow stair, his ear was strained to catch the slightest sound from above. But his answer was silence.

As he moved to hang up his hat and coat a red-eyed maid-servant with her cap awry came out from the region behind, giving a little start of surprise at beholding her master an hour before his usual time.

'Well, Sally, how is he now?'

'Jes the same, sir—wuss, if anythink,' replied Sally, without thought of softening the news. Her class is happiest in a moist atmosphere of tears. 'Leastways the doctor left shaking his 'ead like anythink.'

'When was he here?'

'Abart 'arf an 'our ago, sir; but 'e's a-comin' back wiv somethink fur Master Willie. Will yer 'ave yer tea now, sir?'

'Has your mistress had hers?'

'Lor, no, she ain't 'ad a bite acrost 'er lips that I knows on this blessed dy; never seed seech a woman.'

Bentley passed silently up the stairs. His fine face was clouded, his eyes dark with pain. An only child lay in the upper room, in the throes of a fell disease. They had cared for him gently through the six years of his little life, but he was one of those delicate blooms which do not flourish in the vapors of London life. Yet nowhere do you see them in greater numbers. Six years old, and save for his frail health, there had been no cloud upon his little life. For he had lived it in the atmosphere of love, where the soul grows high and lovely, never losing the aroma of heaven. Also he had been a light in a dark place to his father and mother, who had suffered many things from fate.

They were now no longer very young, and Bentley knew that should this light be quenched, there could come for them no second spring.

He paused outside the door once more, listening intently. When no sound came from within, he pushed the door open gently and stepped in. The lights were low, but the ruddy firelight glow revealed the picture by the hearth. His wife sat in a low chair with the child lying tenderly in arms which for six years had never tired of their burden. The low, regular breathing fell comfortingly upon Bentley's ears, and the atmosphere of peace fell upon him like a benediction. For here were no signs of pain or stress such as had torn his rebellious heart for days; it was a fireside picture which might gladden the heart of any man at the close of a working day. He regarded them tenderly, noting the frail sweetness of his wife's look. Had she not been far away in the land of dreams and spirits, she must have been drawn by the magnet of these eyes. Something smote Bentley, a tumult of baffling thought. He turned about hastily and left the room, almost it seemed a holy place into which he was forbidden to enter. He was upon the outside, mother and child sufficed one to the other, and their dreams were of places his soul had never visited. The doctor came in as he regained the little hall. He looked relieved at the sight of the child's father—now his responsibility could be shared.

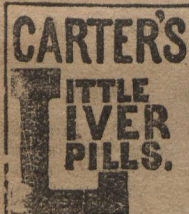
'He was very much distressed, Mr. Bentley. I went for the extreme remedy. Have I your permission to apply it now?' he said, a trifle formally. 'As I explained to Mrs. Bentley, it will be painful, the state of his heart forbidding the use of my palliative.'

'Come up and see him,' said Bentley, in a curious voice, and the pair silently ascended the stairs, and entering the room, contemplated the picture by the hearth. An immense surprise gathered in the doctor's eyes as he took a forward step, attuning his ear to catch the dual breath. Then he motioned Bentley from the room.

'It is a perfectly natural sleep, and may even save him. It is extraordinary. He seemed "in extremis" when I left, and I had Mrs. Bentley's permission to bring my instruments. She did say as I left that in my absence she would try a remedy of her own.'

Bentley sat down in the room below and waited, straining his ear for the slightest

SICK HEADACHE



Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They

regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.



Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

W. D. Wood

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.