

church, by the way), who told me yesterday that she did not see why ministers' families should always have to keep a girl, had better come into this home and see.

After lunch was over and the old man had gone, a five-minute nap was being taken when the door bell rang again. This time it was little old Miss Sally Baldwin, from the Home for Old Ladies. Miss Sally is one of those nervous little bodies who cannot sit still a minute at a time. First she sits this way on her chair, and then that, then fumbles with her fingers, then hitches again. Miss Sally wears a wig and powders her face in such a way that she has a ghastly look. One part of her face looks as if it had begun to mortify and the rest looks like chalk. If it was respectful I should say she was the most dried-up bit of humanity I ever saw, but then she loves our minister's wife.

Well, Miss Baldwin began to tell how her feet were troubling her. She said she didn't usually have trouble with her 'pedestals,' and she didn't know what to make of it. The door was wide open, and I couldn't help hearing every word, even if I'm not an eavesdropper. Miss Sally went on to say that she had been trying all the week to make an engagement with herself to come and call, but this had been her first opportunity. She had been receiving letters from a doctor in a far-off city who wanted to take her case and cure her of dizziness and nervous prostration.

'Why,' said she, 'you would think they were love letters, to read them. That man can pick up words as you can pick up beans. I don't know, but I ought to send him some money for the interest he takes in me.'

After being advised to throw his remaining letters and circulars into the waste basket, she departed, but not before the telephone had rung two or three times, and Mrs. W. had inquired if she could be put on track of a good cook. Mrs. Y. wanted to rent a room, and Mrs. R. wished another boarder. When our minister's wife came up stairs again, I could hold in no longer, so I burst out with:

'Well, I should like to know what kind of a firm this is anyway. Is it a free intelligence office or real estate agency, a hotel, or what is it?'

Our minister's wife sat down and laughed heartily. 'Why,' said she, 'this is nothing. I am only too glad to help anyone, and in my parish calls I learn of places to rent and people who want to move, and it is a pleasure to act as a go-between.'

'A go-between,' said I. 'I should think it was a go-between, and a go-ahead, and a go-all-around; but what more have you for me to do?'

'Oh, if you can mend Johnny's pants I shall be very glad and grateful, for there is old Mrs. Noodles to call upon, who has not been able to go to church for eight years. She is very ill now and complains that not one of the church members has called. She tells me she does not think they keep their church covenant very well. I plan to go there at least once a month; and then dear Mrs. G. has lost her lovely daughter—I must go there. Miss K. is in great trouble. She is laboring under an hallucination and it is feared she may lose her mind. I must not fail to see her this very afternoon.'

'Well,' says I, 'good-by, dear lady. If this is a sample of your daily life, I don't wonder you are called the "Church Mother." If ever their works do follow 'em, I think you will be followed by a troupe a mile long.'

No Trick at All.

'How very nice this cake is,' said a boarder to the old lady who was his hostess. 'Would you mind giving me the recipe for it?' 'Why, no, I'd just as soon as not tell how it was made. I just take something like a quart or so of flour—well, say, two or three scoops—up with my two hands. Then I sift it with as much cream o' tartar as I think I'll need and a pinch o' salt. If eggs is plenty I use several, and if they're skurse I don't use so many, and I stir in a little dab o' milk and a mix a scoopin' of sugar, with butter enough to make a kind of

soft mess, and then I stir in a little mite of any kind of flavorin' I happen to have, and then I stir it until it is good and battery to keep it from being sad when it's baked, and that's all there is of it. It ain't no trick at all to make it.'—J. L. Barbour, in 'Good Housekeeping.'

Always Glad.

There was a man who smiled
Because the day was bright;
Because he slept at night;
Because God gave him sight
To gaze upon his child!
Because his little one
Could leap and laugh and run;
Smiled on the earth, he smiled.

He toiled and still was glad
Because the air was free;
Because he loved, and she
That claimed his love and he
Shared all the joys they had!
Because the grasses grew;
Because the sweet wind blew;
Because that he could hew
And hammer, he was glad.

Because he lived, he smiled,
And did not look ahead
With bitterness and dread.
But nightly sought his bed
As calmly as a child,
And people called him mad
For being always glad
With such things as he had,
And shook their heads and smiled.
—'Ballads of the Days.'

Don't Burden the Weak Little Legs.

I would like to urge all mothers, or any person who has the care of babies, not to stand them on their feet until the little limbs are strong enough to bear the weight of the body, and then they will generally try to stand without being urged. A young mother, a relative of mine, has made her little boy bow-legged in that way. Her first baby, a little girl, was very small and active, and by being stood on her feet so often she learned to walk very young, and she could walk well when nine months old. The next baby was a boy, and heavier than the little girl, but the young mother had been so pleased with the flattering remarks made about the little girl's walking so early that she was very anxious to have the boy do the same. We begged her not to stand him on his feet so much, as he was so heavy, but she said it had not hurt the little girl. Well, she had him walking at the age of ten months, and now, just think, the poor little fellow may be laughed at all his life on account of crooked limbs. Never mind, mothers, if your babies are two years old before they walk. It won't hurt them any, and walking at an early age is by no means a sign that the child is unusually bright. Another thing mothers do, of which I do not approve, is putting a high pillow under the baby's head. What do other mothers think about this?—The 'Designer.'

The Uncaring.

(Lalia Mitchell, in the 'Christian Guardian'.)

Full many keep for those they love
The bitter word, the tear,
And lavish on a careless crowd
Their benison of cheer.
With laughter light for passing guest
Who soon from them must roam,
They wound the ones they love the best,
And dim the lights of home.

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For the Busy Mother.



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