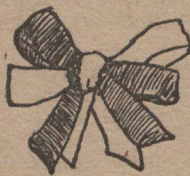


Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.



I pledge myself

To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Irma Lilian Wood, E., Man.; Herbert Prouty, H., Ont., and Tessie Mullarkey, C., Ont., are the new members of the League this week.

Has anyone a good story of a kind act to

Royal League of Kindness is a splendid idea, and I am going to be a member. I was at the exhibition this month. I think I will close with a puzzle: Why is sealing wax like a soldier?

CHARLES WOODROFFE.

[If you want to join the League, Charles, write out the pledge and sign it and send us a copy when you write next.—Ed.]

D., N.B.

Dear Editor,—My home is three miles from the Petitcodiac. My grandfather is ferryman on the river. He lives in Hopewell Cape. I was over there for three weeks, and while I was there I learned to skull and row. I am in grade six.

S. MERRITT STEEVES (age 11).

A. I., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm on an island. We keep boarders in the summer. I have three sisters and three brothers. I take the 'Messenger' every week. I like it

that will make you a member. We shall be glad to have you join.—Ed.]

St. Omer, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—I saw that there were not many letters in the Correspondence page last week, so I thought I would write one. We are catching herring now, the biggest catch was seven hundred. We have had a fine summer. We can see the new wharf from our house, and there is a little steamer that calls here twice a week. I think my letter is getting too long, so I will close with 'success to the "Messenger"!'

FRED L. B.

[The answer you send in has since been printed, Fred.—Ed.]

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have written to the 'Messenger' before, so I will write again. I take it and like it very much. I have four brothers and three sisters. Three brothers are older than myself, and my sisters are younger. One of my brothers cut his foot, but it is getting better now.

HERBERT PROUTY.

L. B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger,' although we have been taking it for some time. I have a dog named Dick. In the summer we children go bathing in the salt water, and it is great fun. It is very pretty here in the summer. I have a lot of books. WILLIAM T. JONES.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' but when I saw of your Royal League of Kindness, I felt prompted to write. I, too, think it is a grand motive and join in heartily congratulating the proposer.

TESSIE MULLARKEY.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Slate.' Addaline Lucilla Sheffield (age 10), C., Ont.
2. 'Three Apples on a Plate.' Jeanette Ferguson (age 8), A., Ont.
3. 'Sheep.' F. Ralph Burford (age 9), H., Ont.
4. 'A Butterfly.' Basil Colpitts, F. G., N.B.
5. 'Wishbone.' Estella M. Utman, M., Ont.
6. 'Water Pitcher.' Murray Martin (age 8), H., Ont.

7. 'A Cat.' Jane Buchanan (age 10), N., Ont.
8. 'Flowers.' Ethel Fitzgerald (age 7), M., Sask.
9. 'I came from the Pond.' D. F. Dewar (age 12), G., Ont.
10. 'Engine.' Archie McQueen, K., B.C.
11. 'Apache.' James Hutchison, P. A., Sask.
12. 'Our Cat.' Harold Fitzgerald (age 10), M., Sask.

tell? Perhaps if the editor starts the ball rolling there will be others to follow, for surely with so many of us on the lookout for kindness we should have a pretty good stock of such little stories to tell. Kind deeds don't have to be great to qualify as worthy of remembrance; the Editor's little story would be shut out if they did.

Not 'once upon a time,' but just the other day a young woman was standing at one side of one of the great freight yards that the railways have around Montreal. She had a heavy baby in her arms, as well as a great bundle, and holding on to her dress was a small child of three or four. The shunting engine that was puffing about frightened the little girl and she began crying to be carried across. There was really no danger from the engine, as the tracks were quite clear before them, but there was the possibility of a good many tumbles for the little feet over those numerous tracks and rough ground. A young girl was crossing at much the same place. She was dressed in a fresh white linen suit, but stopped and lifted the child, saying, 'I will carry her across.'

Oh don't, Miss,' protested the mother, 'She'll dirty your dress with her shoes and she can just as well hang on to my dress.'

Sure enough the dirty marks were there right in the front of the clean dress when they reached the other side, but the little one had crossed the tracks in safety. Dust or mud will soon wash out, but it will take quite a long while to wash the grateful feeling out of the young mother's memory. At least, it seemed so from the look on her face, and the young girl only smiled at the marks on her dress.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm beside the lake shore, and the railroad runs through our place. I have three sisters and six brothers. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School, and like it very much. I think the

very much. I think the Royal League of Kindness is a splendid idea, and I am going to be a member. We have a number of horses, and I do a lot of driving.

DALTON WHITE.

[Send in your signed pledge, Dalton, and

Scatter Joy.

There is no beautifier of complexion or form or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.—Emerson.

And if in thy life on earth,
In the chamber or by the hearth,
Mid the crowded city's tide,
Or high on the lone hill side;
Thou canst cause a thought of peace
Or an aching thought to cease,
Or a gleam of joy to burst
On a soul in sadness nursed;
Spare not thy hand, my child:

Though the gladdened should never know
The well-spring amid the wild,
Whence the waters of blessing flow.
—G. Macdonald.

'CANADIAN PICTORIAL'

After Kipling

(But some distance behind.)

'What's that great pile upon your arm?' the early newsboys cried;
'"Canadian Pictorials,"' the clever lad replied.
'What d'ye think you'll do with 'em?' the early newsboys cried,
'Sell 'em before the school bell rings,' the clever lad replied.
'"Canadian Pictorial"! Its cover's clear of tint;
It's very best of paper, and it's very best of print.
See the pictures of the Horse Show, and the dainty beauties in't.
"Canadian Pictorial" this morning?

'What made you bring so big a lot?' the early newsboys cried;
'Because I want the cash they'll bring,' the clever lad replied.
'What makes you think you'll sell 'em all?' the early newsboys cried;
'These papers almost sell themselves,' the clever lad replied;
'"Canadian Pictorial"! It's just as good 's its name;
There's a portrait in each copy that's worthy of a frame.
Got a back number? 'Fraid not, sir—sold out the day they came.
"Canadian Pictorial" this morning?

'How do they get those pictures up?' the early newsboys cried;
'Men take 'em, ev'rywhere, all the time,' the clever lad replied.
'Why bring this paper all their best?' the early newsboys cried;
'The bees bring honey to the hive,' the clever lad replied.
'"Canadian Pictorial"! Its views are never old;
And, say! its funny stories are the funniest ever told;
And its verses—me, oh, my! there's the last one sold!
No! I've no more "Pictorials" this morning!

By S. E. Srigley, Sault Ste. Marie West, Ont.

Boy readers of this page—or girls, either, if they want to—may earn one of our splendid premiums, or may add a goodly sum monthly to their bank account by selling the popular 'Pictorial.' We trust you with a package to start on, and send premium list and letter of instructions as to how to set to work. Orders promptly attended to. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.