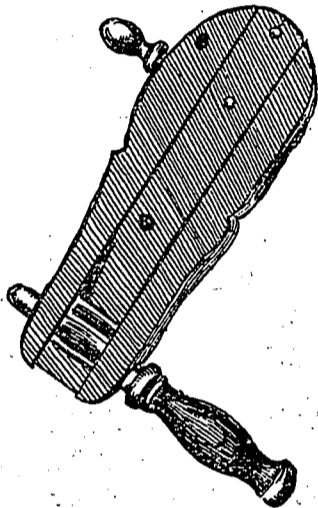


ard formed the first temperance procession ever organized.

The 'rattle' shown on this page is Mr. Whittaker's most treasured possession. It has a remarkable history. On several occasions the town-criers refused to proclaim Mr. Whittaker's meeting—generally the only means of advertising in those days—and at times the publicans made the criers drunk, so that their proclamation of a temperance meeting was not altogether creditable.

This problem was mentioned to a drunkard who had signed the pledge at one of Mr. Whittaker's meetings, and the man in question made the rattle shown in our illustration, and helped Mr. Whittaker to get a good meeting in a neighboring town by its means. The unusual noise created a great sensation, and the folks turned out in hundreds to hear the temperance message.

At the close of the meeting the reformed drunkard handed over the rattle to Mr. Whittaker, and said: 'There you are, Mr. Whittaker; you can be quite independent of



MR. WHITTAKER'S FAVORITE TEMPERANCE RATTLE.

the town-criers now.' The rattle proved a good friend, and by its means Mr. Whittaker has been enabled to hold hundreds of meetings which he would not otherwise have been able to do.

It is rather difficult to understand that a great deal of the opposition met with by Mr. Whittaker was received at the hands of clergymen and ministers. Of course the Churches do not oppose temperance to-day; but some idea of the old state of affairs will be gathered from the fact that on one occasion, when speaking at Lancaster outside an hotel, a clergyman sent out a man to offer Mr. Whittaker a jug of beer in the midst of his temperance speech, and upon his indignant refusal the beer was thrown in his face.

At Cockermouth Mr. Whittaker actually dislocated his shoulder while speaking. It had been dislocated before, but still there are few speakers who in their enthusiasm have so exerted themselves that they have dislocated their shoulders.

But the last twenty years honors have been showered upon Mr. Whittaker by the temperance world. He is looked upon as the grand old man of temperance, and the town of Scarborough honored both Mr. Whittaker and itself by making him Mayor of Scarborough some time ago. This is in striking contrast to the treatment he received on one occasion, when he was burned in effigy. His time for work is now over, but his heart is gladdened by the fact that his son, Mr. T. P. Whittaker, M.P., is following in his footsteps.

Strong Medical Testimony.

At a temperance meeting at Biggleswade, Dr. Gray, of Newmarket, gave an address in which he said:—'Twenty years ago doctors considered alcohol necessary, now they rarely used it, some not at all. He had pledged himself years ago, both for his own sake and for the sake of others. He said strong drink was not a diet, does not build up and could not make either blood, bone or muscle. There was no nourishment in it, and it cannot help us to do our work. It ought not to be given to children, and he

had not used it for eighteen years in the workhouse of which he was a doctor. The statistics of life insurance societies showed that the best lives were those of total abstainers. Water was the best drink. And at a meeting held at Hampstead Dr. A. E. T. Longhurst stated that 'there was not one single tissue or organ in the body which was not damaged by the habitual use of alcohol.' He alluded to its use in medicine, and stated that if given it should be treated as any other poisonous drug. He spoke also to the effect of heredity when parents indulge in the habitual use of alcohol. In every case, he said, 'where there was drink there was danger.'—'Temperance Record.'

Correspondence

Prospect avenue, Buffalo.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. I have a little sister, her name is Vera. I have a kitty, his name is Tommy. My grandpa is 82 years old. He lives in Canada. We have a nice flower garden. I have a nice dolly. My auntie is coming to see us this summer, and my grandpa. I am only six years old. I am in the second grade; my teacher's name is Miss Hanson.

AURELIA O. M.

Woodstock.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. I like it very much. I have five brothers and three sisters. My father is a farmer. I have a little kitten. So has my-sister. We have also a little dog; he is a funny little fellow. I go to school very nearly every day. We have a mile and a half to walk to school and our teacher's name is Mr. Beattie. I do not go to school in the winter, it is too cold. My other two sisters go to school.

LEAH J. P. (Aged 9.)

Otter Lake, Que.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters in the 'Messenger' from this part of the country I will try to give a description of where I live.

We live at the head of a small stream called the Picanock, which flows into the Gatineau river. It is a very pretty place in the summer time, and is entirely surrounded by bush. No sound of church bells breaks the stillness of the Sabbath morn. Not a sound is to be heard but the singing of birds and the twittering of squirrels and chipmunks. But we have a nuisance about six weeks in the summer months when the flies and mosquitoes are as numberless as the sands on the sea shore, and one has to oil their hands and faces in the daytime and keep a smudge (a kind of fire which only smokes) going at night. Of course it is rather disagreeable to have one's face all oil, also to be choking with smoke. But, then, one would rather bear anything rather than the bites of the wicked things.

In the winter there are loads of hay, oats, etc., passing on their way to the lumber camps. The way my sister and I get our schooling is this: We get a lady teacher to come and stay with us, generally from the city, as teachers are always glad to get to the country out of the heat of the city. They think it dreadful when they see us using oil on our faces, and try to keep away from both it and the flies as much as possible.

It is amusing to hear them comparing notes as to who killed the most mosquitoes. One may hear them exclaim, 'Why, I actually killed four mosquitoes on my nose.'

I am twelve years old and take the 'Messenger' and think it a grand little paper for both old and young. I have a lovely gray cat with a white breast; he can open a door like any boy or man. We had two nice dogs, but they wandered away some time ago, because they were very fond of hunting deer and either got lost or poisoned.

The woods are beautiful and fragrant with flowers now. I just wish you could see them.

ALICE M. S.

[What a nice letter you can write, Alice.—Ed.]

Souris.

Dear Editor,—My Brother takes the 'Messenger.' I like to read the letters. I live on a farm two miles and a half from school. I like my teacher. I am in the third book. I am ten years old. My birthday is on Aug. 19.

MABLE B. B.

Hamilton.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school and like it very much. I like to read the Correspondence best of all. I will be ten years old on Feb. 18. I go to school and like it very much. I have pets, but I have no brothers and I have one sister.

HAROLD F.

Hepworth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm not very far from the town of Hepworth. We just moved to these parts two years ago, and we like it fine. This is a lovely spring—lots of flowers. The men that were drilling for oil here have struck gas. The pressure is four hundred and forty pounds to the square inch. We go to the English Church, but I always go to the Methodist Sunday-school, I like our teacher so much. She likes us to go regularly. I haven't missed one Sunday this year. We have the largest class in the Sunday-school, and whoever learns the most verses gets a present from our teacher. She had a party for her class last summer at her home, and we all had our pictures taken. We like the 'Northern Messenger' so much. I like to read the Correspondence, and the stories are so interesting.

MAGGIE A. W. (Aged 12.)

Windermere, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My mother takes the 'Messenger' and I like it very much. I live in the beautiful Annapolis valley, two and one-half miles from the town of Berwick. There is an old lady living near who is quite an invalid. I take the 'Messenger' and read it to her. She enjoys it very much. I wonder who has a birthday on the same day as mine, Oct. 11. I have a pair of bantams and four bantam chickens.

STELLA. (Aged 13.)

Springfield, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I belong to England. I have been here about two years. I go to school in the winter. I can skate and coast down the hill. In the summer time I can swim and ride horseback. I have two pets that I like, a cat named Pinky and a dog named Rowdy. I like your paper very much. It was a Christmas present to me.

GEORGE B.

North Bedeque, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I got papa to take the 'Messenger' for me. I like it very much, and so does mama. Papa is a minister. The schoolhouse is about a quarter of a mile from here, and the post-office half a mile. We live about a mile from the shore. In the summer we go down there to bathe. I am in the sixth book and I expect to try the examinations for the Prince of Wales College next year. This year two of my dearest friends died, and I hardly know what to do without them. I have four brothers and three sisters. My brother has a great big black and white cat; it is so big that lots of people say that it is the biggest cat they have ever seen. I was fourteen on May 11.

LOU. A.

Agricola, Alta.

Dear Editor,—Would you please put my address in your paper, as I see there are several who would like to write to me and send me reading, and you would greatly oblige a little invalid girl.

Yours respectfully,
LITTLE LOTTIE. (Aged 10.)

My full address is:
Miss Lottie Bell Thompson,
Agricola, North Alberta.
Canada.

NOTE.

Somebody who forgot to sign a name wrote from Lakeville, N.S., requesting us to send 45 'Messengers' to that district. We shall be very happy to do this when we receive the address and remittance.—Ed.