

frenzy of horror and despair. This caused the family much anxiety.

One night, about a week after the terrible event, while his mother was trying to soothe him from a troubled slumber into quiet sleep, he suddenly started up and threw his arms round her neck, sobbing:

'Oh, mamma, mamma, if I had only been a good boy! Oh, if I had only always been good—even a little bit good.'

'Claude, darling, you have always been a good boy; your dear father always said so, and he was right. All boys are more or less naughty, but, dearie, you have nothing very bad to feel much remorse about. You never wilfully tried to grieve either papa or me, did you, dear—or deceive us in any way?'

Claude turned over with a heart-rending moan, and his mother kept her vigil by his bedside till morning.

After a fortnight the delirious violence of his grief subsided, but he was no more the old sunshiny Claude. He became moody and irritable, at odd times giving way to uncontrollable bursts of grief, or even temper. He would come down to breakfast with swollen eyes and puffy features, displaying little or no appetite for the dainties with which that excellent cook, his mother, endeavored to tempt his palate, and he appeared to lose much of the superabundant vitality which is a characteristic of mischievous, healthy boyhood.

Never had Claude been known to shirk a task. He had always been eager to do a double share in any little work about the house. It had been a common saying: 'There is not a lazy hair in Claude's head.' Now he forgot half his errands, and the slightest exertion seemed a dragging effort, while he complained constantly of pains in his bones.

Many of these changes crept on so insidiously that they escaped notice at the time, though they were afterwards recalled. Besides, Claude was growing very fast—springing up all at once, as so many lads do, and to this his mother, who had brought up two other boys, ascribed all his ills and vagaries.

Willie was talking with Mr. Fenwick, principal of the collegiate, one day during the summer holidays, concerning the coming term and the subject of Claude's failure came up. To his great surprise, Willie learned that Claude's status in the classroom had been falling off almost from the very beginning of the winter term, while he had accomplished simply nothing since the Easter holidays. 'It was not until about a month before the examination that several of the teachers began to complain to me of Claude's work,' said Mr. Fenwick. 'I had myself noticed a certain apathy in the boy, a seeming lack of concentration, but I was completely deceived as to his real standing and did not worry myself much, for I considered that even before Christmas Claude was abundantly prepared to pass in the four easy subjects required for the first part of his matriculation, and as for the other subjects, he could pull up in time the next year.'

'It's my fault,' said Willie. 'I never thought of inquiring into the kid's status, as I was sure he was all right anyway, and I felt I had lots to worry over on my own hook; it's a wonder to me yet how I scraped through; but I'll look after him next year, never fear.'

Soon after, Willie left the store and started home to supper. His pleasant brown eyes were very good to look at, but not so good to look through, as the boy was very near-sighted. He fancied there was something familiar, yet in another sense unfamiliar, in the slouching, flinging saunter of a boy some yards ahead of him—something that reminded him of his young brother. Still he did not think of Claude. A few brisk steps brought him up behind the lad, who turned suddenly, as if startled, the next moment flinging away a half-smoked cigarette.

Willie joined him, remarking: 'You don't want to smoke those things, Claude; they're no good for growing lads, and I've heard they form a habit that's hard to break. I didn't know you had ever smoked one.'

Claude replied carelessly: 'Neither have I, scarcely, except a few of those cubeb cigarettes, which are good for catarrh. I hardly ever touch the others.'

'Well, see that you don't touch anything of the kind, or I'll see to you, young man,' replied Willie, severely. 'If I ever catch you at it, I'll tell Ralph and mother, and you'll be dealt with. What would father have thought of this, Claude?'

Claude's face clouded, as he answered pettishly: 'I wish you'd mind your own business; I never smoked half a dozen, and I'll never smoke another, if that will satisfy you. You needn't go making a fuss at home; mother has lots to worry her.'

Willie's severe aspect at once changed. 'All right; that's the way to talk, my boy; and I won't say anything this time.'

(To be Continued.)

Why it was a Generous Wine

Many a true word is spoken in jest, and the reply of a man who was asked why a certain wine was described as a 'generous' wine was so true that it might be applied to all intoxicants. His answer was—'Because if you drink much of it you give yourself away.'

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The following are the contents of the issue of May 16, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

A Surprise Budget—F. Harcourt Kitchin, in the 'Pilot,' London.
The Bagdad Railway—The 'Spectator,' London.
Macedonia—T. P., in 'T. P.'s Weekly.'
Profit-Sharing—Andrew Carnegie's System—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle'; the New York 'Evening Post.'
Carnegie and the Trades Unions—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
The 'Times' Competition—Extracts from pamphlet issued from the Times Office, London.
Mr. Punch's Competition—After a Distinguished Precedent—'Punch,' London.
An American Comment on the 'Times' Competition—By W. L. Alden, in the New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
Mr. Hanbury's Career—'The Daily Mail,' London; 'The Christian World,' London.
The Negro Problem at the Richmond Conference—The New York 'Times.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Rebuilding the Campanile—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Maladministration of the Chantry Trust—By D. S. MacColl, in the 'Saturday Review,' London.
A Butterfly on Mint—The New York 'Times.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

'All's Well'—Poem, by J. J. Bell, in 'Black and White.'
Sunset—Poem, by F. W. Bourdillon, in the New York 'Tribune.'
A Swallow Song—By Olive Constance.
Across the Border—Poem by Sophie Jewett, in the May 'Century.'
Froude and the Carlyles—New Light on an Old Label—'The Daily News,' 'The Morning Post,' and 'The Standard,' London.
The Knowledge of Faith—By Everett P. Wheeler, in the 'Outlook,' New York.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A Sharp Criticism of American Colleges—'The Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Conceptions of Space Thinkable and Unthinkable—'The Westminster Budget.'
The Skeleton and its Work—'The Practitioner,' London.
The Heavens in May—By Henry Norris Russell, Ph.D., in the 'Scientific American.'
Practical use of Selenium—Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'

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Correspondence

St. Martins.

Dear Editor,—My home is in St. Martins-by-the-Sea, a pretty summer resort, one attraction being its beautiful crescent-shaped beach, with old Fundy so suitable for bathing. The background of our village being hills, partly covered with fir and spruce, it is very suitable for picnicking. We have a splendid school system, surpassed, I think, by none in the Maritime Provinces. I notice that many of your correspondents speak of their pets; my one pet is my baby brother, Kenneth Ruddick, six months old. From an interested reader of the 'Northern Messenger.'

B, JEAN O.

Loggieville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—Last June there was a Band of Hope organized here. Twenty-six members belong to it, and I am one of them. We named it 'The Twentieth Century Band of Hope.'

E. E. McD. (age 13).

The Hawk, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Hawk Point is a part of Cape Sable Island, and next to Cape Sable, which is reached by crossing a narrow inlet called Hawk Inlet. The water is shallow for quite a distance off, and when there is a strong gale from sea the seas run high and break on the shoals and on the shore with a mighty roar. The beach near here is of hard, level sand, and a nice place for sports of various kinds. This is a splendid place in summer, as there is always a cool breeze from the salt water. Wrecks were frequent years ago. The worst marine disaster that ever occurred here was the wreck of the steamship 'Hungarian,' on Feb. 19, 1860. It is often talked about yet, and that is how we children know about it. The ledge where she was wrecked is one of the southwest ledges about four miles from here. I am stopping with my grand parents at present. I go to school here, and to Sunday-school at Clarke's Harbor, three miles from here. This Sunday-school is one of the largest in this part of the province. Cape Sable Island has between two and three thousand people. The chief occupation is fishing. The 'Northern Messenger' is a welcome visitor in a number of our homes.

MARY A. (age 9).

Haileybury, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Over a year ago my auntie sent me the 'Messenger' as a gift, and I think it is such a nice little paper, that I am renewing this year myself. My big brother used to take it when he was a little boy. I wonder if any of the little readers have ever been in Haileybury. We used to live at Otter Lake, Quebec, but came here about two years ago. The only way to come in to Haileybury now is by boat up Lake Temiscamingue, but we are going to have the railway in soon. It is badly needed, too, as all supplies, freight, express, etc., have to come by boat. It is a lovely trip up here in summer. There are always crowds of tourists passing through. They usually go up the Montreal river to Lake Tamagami, where there is plenty of fish and game. I did not go to school last winter, but as soon as the roads are dry, I am going to start. I have a brother who goes all the time. For pets we have a big cat, a puppy, and ten little white chicks. I am very fond of reading, and always read the 'Messenger's' stories, letters, poems and everything else. I am going to try to get some new subscribers, because every little boy and girl should take the 'Messenger.'

CORA L. F. (age 9).

Brantford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been receiving the 'Messenger' for nearly four years, and I enjoy reading it very much. I attend the Central School, and am in the fourth grade. Another girl and myself made equal marks this month; we got higher marks than anyone else, eighty-five per-