

# Temperance

## An Address to a Brandy Bottle.

(K. E., in 'Temperance Leader.')

You, old brandy bottle, I have loved you too long!  
 You have been a bad messmate to me;  
 When I met with you first I was healthy and strong,  
 And handsome as handsome could be.  
 I had plenty of cash in my pocket and purse,  
 And my cheeks were as red as a rose,  
 And the day when I took you for better or worse  
 I'd a beautiful aquiline nose.  
 If you look at me now, spread from chin to the pow,  
 I am pimpled right over the face,  
 Clean wasted and worn, with my vestments all torn,  
 And my nose—it's a perfect disgrace!

## What Jack Hill Heard About Himself.

(By E. E. Hatchell, Author of 'Climb, Boys, Climb!', in the 'Alliance News and Temperance Reformer.')

It was Saturday afternoon, and a crowd of men poured out of Small and Son's offices, in the town of Harkhunt, with their week's wages in their pockets. Some walked straight home, some did not. Many of them owed the publican of the 'Grey Horse' a tidy sum for the past week's drinks, and Jack Hill was among the number.

Having paid his account, he began at once starting another one, and then his cnums treated him to a glass, and he treated them, so it was quite three o'clock before Jack turned his steps homewards. On reaching his house he walked straight into the kitchen and hung his hat and his tool-bag on a peg and sat down by the fire. There was no one in the kitchen. His wife was busy turning out the rooms upstairs and giving them their usual Saturday cleaning.

The table was neatly spread for his dinner, and there was a meat pie keeping hot for him in the oven. Yes, Nancy Hill always did her best to make things comfortable for her husband, but she had a hard job of it sometimes, when he gave her very little money for her house-keeping and her various household wants. No one was aware of Jack's entrance, but the door leading into the yard was ajar, and Jack could hear his two children, Bobbie and May, aged respectively six and four years, chatting outside.

'I'm tired of playing dustman,' said little May; 'let's play father and mother.'

'All right,' said Bobbie; 'you begin.'

'Dad,' said May, pretending to be mother, 'give me some money, please, for the children's boots.'

'Children's boots be —,' and Bobbie hesitated for want of the right word.

'Hanged,' suggested May.

'Yes,' said Bobby, 'be hanged.'

'What's that mean?' asked May.

'I forget,' said Bobbie. 'Oh, no, I don't! It means "be bothered." Father says we are always wanting new things.'

'Does father love us?' queried little May, playing with one of her golden curls.

'P'raps, a little bit,' replied Bobbie, 'but not an awful lot.'

'I 'spect he would if he didn't love public-houses so much,' sighed the child, looking sad. 'Oh, why did God make public-houses?'

'Pooh! You silly!' replied Bob, scornfully. 'God didn't make public-houses.'

'Didn't He?' said May, in surprise.

'In course He didn't, you baby!' retorted Bobbie. 'But, there, you haven't been to Sunday School as long as me,' he added, consolingly, 'or you'd know better. God only makes good things.'

'He made mother, then?' said May, quickly.

'Yes, He made mother,' replied Bobbie, with authority, 'cos mother's good, but He didn't make father, 'cos father gets drunk and swears, and—'

'Calls mother bad names,' broke in May.

There was a moment's silence, then Bob said, in puzzled tones, for his stock of theology was exhausted at last, 'May, I wonder who did make father?'

'I don't know,' replied May. 'Oh, yes, I 'spect I do! I 'spect the devil did, Bobbie. Father is always telling us to "go to the devil," so I 'spose he knows him quite well. I don't want to go to the devil, do you, Bobbie?'

'I don't mind,' retorted Bobbie, stoutly. 'But, then, I'm a boy and you're only a girl. I'm not 'traid of nobody.'

'I'm 'fraid of the devil' faltered May. And then, anxious to turn the conversation, which had become rather too personal, she said, 'I wonder what else did the devil make?'

'He made pubs, and father, and heaps more things,' replied Bobbie, getting quite out of his depth.

'Tell May,' pleaded the child.

'Heaps and heaps,' said Bobby, slowly, with a wise shake of his head, 'but I can't 'member them all now. Look here, May,' he broke off, 'I'm tired of playing "father and mother," let's play horses,' and taking a piece of string out of his pocket he proceeded to harness the little girl.

Jack Hill sat speechless, with his dinner almost untouched before him. At first he was highly amused at the children's conversation, but his amusement soon gave place to unutterable shame. Was that the sort of father he appeared to his children? A man so bad that no one but the devil could have made him! Ah! he knew better than that. He knew God made him, and once he was as innocent and pure as his own little children were now, but the devil had marred him, ruined him!

For some time Jack sat with his face buried in his hands; he was thinking as he had never thought before. God's Holy Spirit had used the children's prattle to open their father's eyes to his own sinful condition.

Then, rising from his seat, Jack took his hat and walked out of the house. How could he ever face his children again? Impossible! Where should he go? And almost instinctively he turned his steps in the direction of holy Joe's cottage.

'Holy Joe' was a crippled shoemaker, well known in the town for his Christian character, hence his nick-name. Many a time Jack had ridiculed this old man, and laughed at his earnest words; but now he felt no one could help him so much as 'holy Joe.' He found Joe Smith sitting alone at his bench mending a shoe.

'Joe,' he began, without any preliminary explanation, 'I'm miserable, downright miserable!'

(To be continued.)

## About Our Flags.

Our readers (individuals or schools) who have been working for a flag, but were prevented from getting one in time for Empire Day, may still secure one now and have it ready for Dominion Day.

We have sizes 1 yard, 2 yards, 2½ yards, 3 yards, and 4 yards, to be had on the basis, of premiums for new subscriptions. Generous terms on application. We do not seek to make money on these flags. We want to send out all the flags we can to wave throughout our great Dominion, and so that the subscriptions meet the cost, that is all we want. Every flag of the highest quality from best British makers. Satisfaction or money back. The smallest size flag (same quality as the large ones) is given also for selling ONLY TWENTY COPIES of the 'Canadian Pictorial' at 10 cents a copy. Send the money with your order and get the flag at once, or send a card for some 'Pictorials' to start with and wait for the flag till sold. This small flag sells regularly at \$1.50—the other sizes at a proportionately higher figure.

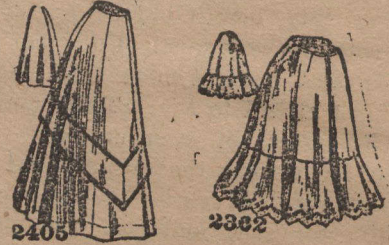
If you want to get a flag for a little work and without a cent of cash outlay, we are the people to show you how. Just write us for the necessary helps.

Address FLAG DEPT., JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

# ..HOUSEHOLD..

## FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

The home dressmaker should keep a little catalogue scrap book of the daily pattern cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.



2405.—Misses' five-gored skirt.—Serge, mohair, flannel, cheviot, broadcloth or Venetian cloth are all good materials for this jaunty model which may be made with or without the bias band. Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

2362.—Ladies' dart fitted open drawers, with circular or straight ruffles.—Jaconet, nainsook, batiste or lawn are all good materials for the development of this model. Eight sizes, 22 to 36.



2137.—Girls' dress.—Serge, mohair, voile or wool batiste are pretty developed in this model, trimmed with colored braid or bands of Scotch plaid. Four sizes, 6 to 12 years.

2764.—Girls' dress, with guimpe.—This is a charming little model for bordered material, with a guimpe of plain colored silk or of the plain part of the material. It is also adaptable to other materials with a guimpe of batiste or lawn. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No. ...., size ....., name of pattern ....., as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

Be sure to give your name and address clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

## Wait Till the End.

(Sarah Tytler, in the 'Christian Age.')

PART II.

The Storm and the Refuge.

(Concluded.)

Mrs. Dixon was not behind her husband in striving convulsively to fit her burden to her shoulders, but it was sad work, and when she heard a double knock while she was in the middle of her dreary catalogue of tables and chairs, and pots and pans, the genial, hospitable woman could have 'crept into a mouse's hole,' as she described the feeling afterwards, sooner than face even the heartfelt condolence of her neighbors.

'Augusta! What has brought you here?' the poor woman cried in alarm, as the door opened and disclosed the visitor. 'Harry—'