

Northern Messenger

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Dr. Grenfell.

THE MAN HE IS AND THE WORK WE ARE HELPING HIM DO.

Those who know Dr. Grenfell and his work will enjoy reading what Dr. Henry van Dyke

way and Sweden—the modern Viking, when he gets into his boat goes to explore strange coasts also, but not to carry death and destruction; he goes forth to carry life, healing, health and brotherhood. We have in Dr. Grenfell—an Oxford man—doctor of medicine, and doctor of some other things, too, perhaps

an opportunity to practice the religion of Jesus Christ, and he found them both on the wild coast of Labrador; away up there where the very summer is almost like winter, and where the winter is a male, adult winter, without any mistake.

Up there on that wild, rock-bound, and yet strangely fascinating coast, he found a class of human beings, "Liveyeres," as they call them, and fishermen visiting the coast from year to year who seem to have drifted absolutely beyond the horizon of all that stands for civilization and Christianity, and who are there needing that very kind of help and brotherhood which he could bring to them. For fourteen years he has spent his life up with that people, working for their welfare, physical, social, mental, moral and spiritual, giving himself as a man to their service, learning to know them, to understand them, to love them; to realize the meaning of their life; learning how to help them; building his hospitals, one, two, three, four; opening his co-operative stores to save the people from the grasp and greed and avarice that is crushing the life out of them; ministering to them in every way—ministering to them in the higher life as well as in the physical life; and he says he has had "good fun" while he has been doing it. He says that he has lived a real life; he says that every day, every week, every month, has been full of interest and full of joy. He says that it pays; he says it is worth while; he says that it counts.

Christian Sociology.

It has been said that Dr. Grenfell is surgeon, master-mariner, a magistrate, an agent of the Lloyds in running down rascals who wreck their vessels for the insurance, a manager of a string of co-operative stores, a general opponent of all fraud and oppression. . . . He can amputate a leg, contract the walls of a pleuritic lung by shortening the ribs; he can handle dynamite, and blast out an excavation under one of his simple hospital buildings in which to place a heating apparatus; he can start a lumber mill and teach the starving inhabitants of lonely Lab-



DR. GRENFELL ON THE 'STRATHCONA.'

has to say of him, and those who have not before known him will feel that it is a real introduction to a remarkable man, and will be proud to know him and watch for news of his work as that of a personal friend.

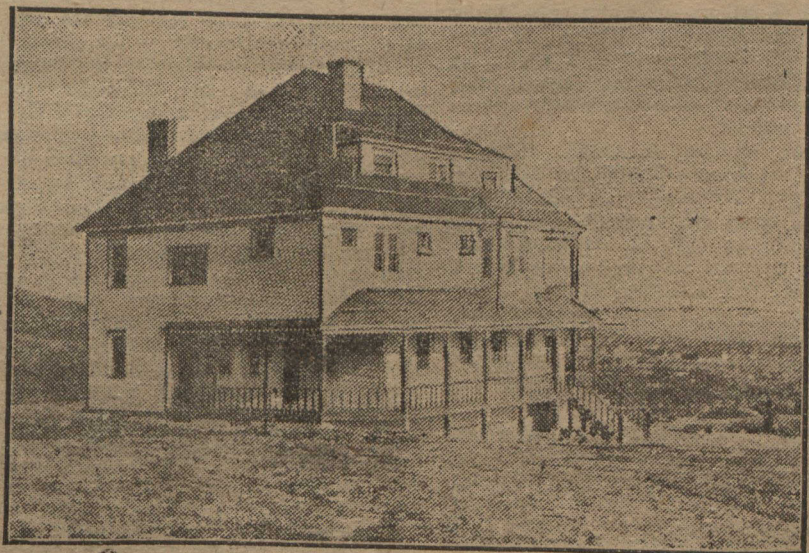
The story of Dr. Grenfell's work as medical missionary along the bleak shores of Labrador is one of the most interesting and inspiring in the annals of modern missions.

'A Modern Viking.'

In introducing Dr. Grenfell to a representative New York audience recently, Dr. Henry van Dyke said:

'People often ask nowadays whether the world is growing better or not. If I wanted to find a demonstration of the fact that the world is growing better, I should ask you to compare the modern Viking with his ancestors, the old Vikings. They would have come with fire and sword to harry our coasts, to plunder our houses and to carry off our young women, but the Viking of to-day—a descendant of those same old chaps who set sail in their galleys from the viks or creeks of Nor-

—who set out in the world to find two things. First, a chance for fine adventure; and, second,



THE HARRINGTON HOSPITAL.

rador not only how to handle a saw, but how to sell the product for a living wage; he can establish co-operative stores, and, what is better, make them pay, so that those fishermen who have practically been slaves to unscrupulous traders, never seeing the smallest piece of silver from one year's end to another, can accumulate their little savings in cash; and he has a "muscular Christianity" that enables him to knock down and drag out the human beast that comes into Labrador to add the illicit whiskey-bottle to the other sources of the suffering which the inhabitants have to endure.

Dr. Grenfell is an Englishman and was first sent out as medical missionary of the Deep Sea Mission of England. Later, in 1892, he sailed to the Labrador coast. In three months he had 900 patients to whom he ministered with gospel message and medicine chest. He has continued since that time working for the social and religious uplift of the people, travelling hundreds of miles by sledge and dog-team and by boat.

Labrador Fund.

A. M. Boosey, Embro, Ont., 80c.; Bright Hope Sunday school, \$3.17; A Sympathizer, Inchagela, \$5.00; E. Druce, Fletcher, Ont., \$2.00; Mrs. J. Crowland, Ont., \$5.00; Mrs. D. J. Meredith, Vernonville Ont., \$6.00; The Shea Sunday School, Langley, B.C., \$5.00; Holiday Sunday School, \$2.00; A. M. Boosey, Embro, Ont., \$1.30; B. B. Merriton Ont., \$1.00; A. D. H., Havergal, Ont., \$2.00; G. M. P., Wyld Waste, Albont, \$2.00; Mrs. Peter Keay, St. Andrew's, Que. \$3.00; Hugh McDonald Holiday, \$5.00; A. M. Boosey, Embro, Ont., 55c.; As Ye Would, \$1.00; Mrs. Thos. Hunter, Venice, J. Que., \$1.00; James Williamson, Montreal, \$5.00; H. W., Montreal, \$5.00; P. J., Quebec, \$2.00; Given over Counter, \$1.00;

Total	\$58.80
Proceeds of entertainment given by Masters Ross and Ward Robertson, Montreal, and Miss Ruth Neushaw, Glace Bay	1.50
No Name, Churchill, Ont.	2.00
Wm. Quance, Elfrida	2.50
One who wishes to help, Melbourne . .	2.50
Geo. Bell, Radnor Forges, P. Que. . . .	5.00
J. B. Paine	1.00
Aldert Mace, Chandos, Ont.	5.00
J. D. Cameron, L'Orignal, Ont.	75.00
Previously acknowledged	107.05
Making Total for Launch	249.12
Making Total for Cots.	11.25

All contributions for this work should be sent to the 'Witness' Labrador Fund, care of John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Our Work in Labrador.

FAMILIES WHO HAD NEVER SEEN A DOCTOR.

In a letter describing some of the incidents of Dr. Grenfell's last summer cruise in the 'Strathcona,' his secretary gives a vivid picture of just such work as our launch, the 'Northern Messenger,' will be engaged in next summer. He writes:—

Three weeks we spent in visiting the settlements on the French Shore and half-way up White Bay. White Bay is out of our ordinary run, being one hundred miles south of the southern hospital, St. Anthony, and here we saw families who had never before seen a doctor. One said he had been ailing for four years, 'I need pills wonderful bad, Doctor.' There were also several serious cases of paralysis of the lower limbs, called berri-berri. One case called into action our sympathetic senses.

It was that of a poor native fisherman and his wife bringing to us their two boys, aged 21 and 23, their only means of support, suffering from berri-berri, which rendered them practically useless for the fishery; and, alas! what else is there that these poor fishermen may try to do to make a living? These boys were candidates for hospital, and the

fond mother kissed them and hugged them as she bid them a long good-bye. They are now in the convalescent ward in Battle Harbor Hospital, making good recovery.

The arrival of a doctor in their cove at that precise period of their disease had saved their limbs, for had it gone on three weeks longer without check, recovery would have been both tedious and doubtful. This was the case of a lad from White Bay, who came to us last January at St. Anthony. The disease had then clutched him for ten months, and when he arrived he was so thin and weak and small for a seventeen-year-old lad that the Doctor actually carried him ashore over the harbor ice in his arms. The boy made great improvement during the winter and spring, and though not cured, still he can get around now on crutches.

A little girl living in a Roman Catholic settlement we carried to hospital with a diseased hip. Her case quite well illustrated the opportunities which our folks have missed. She is fourteen years old. The doctors report that had she been put under the care of a hospital when younger she might have been cured; but that now, were she willing to go to a special hospital in the United States, she would have a good chance under treatment such as Dr. Lorenz used with such success in Chicago.

Prayer for Revival.

The earth is weary, Lord; its blistered plains
Give no rich fruitage to the worker's toil;
Veil the hot sky, distil the latter rains,
To gladden silent brook and thirsty soil.

The church is barren, Lord; her spirit life
Is held in bondage to the world of flesh;
O blessed Master, calm the fruitless strife
Of carnal things, and quicken her afresh.

Our hearts are restless, Lord; there is no
peace;
Time-husks are no fit food for souls of men;
Make Thou the tempter go, vain longings
cease,
Fill us with Thy salvation's joy again.

Thou seest the people, Lord—their unbelief;
Poor slaves of mammon, blind and passion-
led;
And on this dying waste the waters shed.

How long, O Lord! Will not Thy saving
power
Ever return to vivify the dead?
Oh, hasten on the now long halting hour
When these dead bones shall live, as Thou
hast said.

—Francis Ferguson, D.D., in 'Mid-Continent.'

Religious Notes.

The Mission Synod of the New Hebrides met in Tongoa in June, 1906, and the committee which examined the reports on stations gave the following summary:

'This year the note throughout the group is one of encouragement and hope; in fact, the progress at some stations has been such as to make one marvel at the great change wrought by the Gospel in so few years. Still, in several islands, the difficulties are enormous, on account of a comparatively new element of antagonism to the work—namely, intoxicating drink. The opposition of the heathen is certainly bad enough, but, coupled with the drink habit, it is very much greater. It is nearly hopeless to work among those who are being supplied with strong drink in such quantities as are being sold to the natives of North-east Ambrim, Epi, and elsewhere. Moreover, the deathrate in those districts is so high that, if the traffic continues, there is reason to believe the natives will be exterminated. War, too, continues to hinder the progress of the Gospel in several islands. An outstanding example of this is furnished by the missionary of South Santo, who reports 12 murders and 3 cases of cannibalism since last Christmas. The number of communicants for the whole group is about 3,500, and out of that number no fewer than 411 were admitted to church membership during the past year. The natives subscribed

£727 in cash, and over 7,000 pounds of arrowroot. The students of the Teachers' Training Institute made copra to the net value of over £33. Several missionaries continue to plant cocoanuts for church purposes. Several elders were ordained, a number of European churches built, English classes conducted, and, speaking generally, there can be no doubt that considerable advance has been made in the education of the natives.'

For seven years the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has been doing a missionary work in Nauru, an island separate from all other groups in the Pacific Ocean, of which work little has been known, owing to the infrequency of the mails. That island is distant 400 miles from the Marshall Islands, and 165 miles from the nearest of the Gilbert group. There is no relation between its inhabitants and those of its nearest neighbors. Its people seem to be hardy and vigorous, numbering less than 2,000 souls at the present time. A German missionary, the Rev. De la Porte, has labored there since 1899 under the American Board with extraordinary vigor and success. He has gathered converts in numbers that parallel, it is said, the earliest beginners at Jerusalem. At the beginning of 1905 there were 248 communicants church-members. During that year 284 more were added. There were 177 children of church-members baptized, so that by the end of the year there were, including children, 840 baptized—not far from one-half of the total population of the land. The average attendance at the Sabbath services for the year was 742, on one occasion 1,053 persons being present.

The Rev. Howard A. Johnston, writes that a missionary in Hong Kong said the Chinese had discovered two things in recent years:

First—That the missionaries had told the truth about themselves. The Chinese now realize that Protestant missionaries are not seeking theirs, but them. They could not believe, at first, that any foreigner had no ulterior selfish motive in coming to China.

Second.—The Chinese had come to realize their backward condition, and that Christians had told them the truth about that matter also. Naturally, in consequence, there is a greater readiness to listen and learn from the foreigner. Very often this eager quest is due to the desire to learn that which will improve their material condition; but at the same time the Holy Spirit carries home the truth to many hearts that turn to Christ as their Saviour.

There is a genuine awakening of a moral consciousness in China.

Fret Not Thyself.

Art thou laid low with sore depression?
Dost feel thou hast no strength at all?
Art forced to make the hard confession,
Thy human powers indeed are small?

God leadeth thee to know thy weakness,
Thyself all powerless to be,
To learn to say with lowly meekness,
'God does not rest for aught on thee.'

He can do all at His good pleasure,
Nor needs the aid of any man;
His strength is great, yea, knows no measure;
Nor weak, nor strong, can mar His plan.

Why should'st thou then be fretting, strain-
ing,
As if all hung upon thy might?

A Father's hand above is reigning;
Through Him, not thee, all will be right.

In God's own peace and patience hide thee;
In quietness go on thy way;
And know thy Father will provide thee
With strength sufficient for thy day.
—Unknown.

The Torrey Revival Services.

Subscribers desirous of having their friends receive daily reports of the great evangelist's meetings during his stay in Montreal can have the 'Daily Witness' mailed for twenty-five cents to each address, providing extra postage will not be required.



LESSON.—SUNDAY, APRIL 28, 1907.

Joseph Faithful in Prison.

Gen. xxxix., 20; xl., 15. Memory verses, 21, 22. Read Gen. xxxix., 40.

Golden Text.

Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life. Rev. ii., 10.

Home Readings.

- Monday, April 22.—Gen. xxxix., 20; xl., 11.
- Tuesday, April 23.—Gen. xl., 12-23.
- Wednesday, April 24.—Ps. xxxvii., 1-20.
- Thursday, April 25.—Ps. xxxvii., 21-40.
- Friday, April 26.—Dan. i., 1-20.
- Saturday, April 27.—I. Pet., ii., 11-25.
- Sunday, April 28.—I. Pet., iii., 8-22.

For the Junior Classes.

How many can tell me what we learnt about last Sunday? Yes, about Joseph, of course, and how his brothers hated him and sold him for a slave. To-day we are to learn more about Joseph. He was seventeen years old when he was carried away from home to be sold in Egypt, and it must have seemed a very awful thing to happen to him. However, God was with him, and he was sold to a very kind master, who soon grew to trust him greatly. So much, indeed, that by-and-by Joseph was made the head of all the slaves his master owned, and was given a place of great honor. It was when he was in this position that someone accused him of a very great sin, and his master, who was Pharaoh's chief of police, we might say, commanded that Joseph be put into prison. Have any of you been punished for doing something that was wrong? I'm afraid that we all know what that is like, but very few of us have ever been punished for something we really did not do at all; yet that was what happened to Joseph. It made the punishment so much the harder to bear, but he didn't lose heart or forget to trust God still.

The lessons on Joseph's life are all easily understood by the children, and it ought to be possible to get them to answer questions readily. Bring out the point of Joseph's readiness to sympathize with, and help others even while in trouble himself, and don't forget to apply the Golden Text with all its promise of God's watchfulness and ultimate reward.

For the Seniors.

Joseph's is one of the finest characters the Bible portrays, and it is impossible to neglect the evidence that this was owing to his trust in God. In everything he recognized God's leading, felt his presence, and acknowledged his power. He would have been more than human had he never questioned God's care and justice. Living at home, justly loved by his father, and trying to do right, he is in a day torn from comfort and plenty for the life of a slave. Here, when by his own worth and faithfulness he had risen to a position of honor he was again struck down in a moment to a place of misery. The accusation under which he suffered must have been peculiarly hateful to him and the patience with which he bore it, doubtless preferring the ignominy to paining an indulgent master, shows his marvellous self-control. It is evident that he had a real belief in dreams from to-day's text, and this will explain why his own visions had taken so strong a hold on his mind. Apart from the interest of this character study, the subject of ancient Egypt, its civilization, and the marvellous remains existing to-day pre-

sents a great attraction. The lesson is a peculiarly full one.

(Selections from Tarbell's 'Guide.')

The position of Joseph, as head over all the slaves in his master's house, and over all the household affairs, was one which constantly presents itself from the earliest times on the monuments and in the literature of Egypt. Every great family had a slave thus placed over the rest, and, indeed, Joseph himself, after his elevation, had such a major-domo. Whenever grain is being measured, or metal weighed, or building or agricultural work is going forward, the paintings show us the head-overseer of the household with a short rod in his hand, or with a writing tablet in his hand and a pen behind his ear, to take down the number of sheaves, or of casks, or of the cattle or flocks; and, like Joseph, he is expressly described as the 'overseer.'—Geikie, 'Hours with the Bible.'

14. Make mention of me unto Pharaoh. The cup-bearer's office, we can see on the inscriptions, was one of honor. It was near the King's birthday, and it was common to have rejoicings on that day. It was considered holy, and, as now, amnesties for past offences were granted; all Joseph asks is that his case may be mentioned to Pharaoh.—Henry A. Harper.

15. I have done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon. Conscience is either the best friend on earth, or the greatest enemy on earth. And man had better have all the world against him, than to have his conscience against him; and if all the world be against a man, yet if his conscience be for him, if his conscience befriend him, it will help him to bear up with comfort.—Samuel Slater.

A man who had adopted a course that was magnanimous and unselfish, and had carried it through at no small cost of effort and self-sacrifice, was met with remonstrances by his friends. 'You have done more than duty required of you,' they said. 'You were not obliged to take up that burden; no one had a right to ask it of you.'

'No one did,' he answered. 'I did it because I should have to live with myself afterward, and I might not be pleasant company if that thing were left undone.'

His reason was a strong and valid one. There can scarcely be a more uncomfortable companionship than having to live with a condemning self, and whatever friends or advisors may say, the final judgment rests with our own inner consciousness. Other voices, however, consoling, die away, but self, approving or accusing, must be lived with. Life can not take on its full meaning or dignity until we have learned to know and respect the power of that strange regent—the ego, the self.—New Guide.

(From Peloubet's 'Notes.')

'The iron crown of suffering precedes the golden crown of glory.'—F. B. Meyer.

'Take out of your own life all your difficulties, all that ever pained, agitated, depressed you, all that disappointed or postponed your expectations, all that suddenly called upon you to act in trying situations, all that thoroughly put you to the proof—take all this away, and what do you leave but a blank, insipid life that not even yourself can see any interest in?'—Expositor's Bible.

The chief baker (v. 2). 'The Pharaoh's kitchen was organized on an elaborate scale; Egypt had long been celebrated for its cooking and its confectionery, and the different kinds of bread and cakes that were made were numberless. Equally numberless were the officials who superintended the royal kitchens and bakehouse, and whose titles and order of precedence are enumerated in the papyri. Like the cupbearer, the chief baker was an important officer of state.'—Sayce.

'The ingratitude of the butler, inexcusable as it was, left Joseph in the prison until the moment came when he would be needed for

a work of stupendous importance. While God's purposes were slowly ripening in the world outside Joseph's character also was ripening into strength and self-discipline within the dungeon walls.—F. R. Miller.

If the cupbearer had reported Joseph's case to the king earlier, 'it does not seem that Pharaoh would have done more for him than transfer him to some other department in which he would have still been a slave, or at the most give him liberty to return to Canaan, to his father's house and the persecution of his brothers, and in either case he would have gone forth to obscurity.'—W. M. Taylor.

Verse 7. Wherefore look ye so sadly to-day? Notice Joseph's ready sympathy, 'Had he sulked in prison, had he grown sour and malicious, he might have remained there till death.'—Dods.

'Joseph had suffered like them, and therefore he understood their feelings. We do not often remember that suffering is absolutely necessary to capacitate us for sympathy.'—Robertson.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

Isa. xliii., 2, 3; Job. xxxi., 6; Gen. xlix., 22-24; Ps. cv., 16-22; I. Cor. xv., 58.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 28.—Topic—Foreign missions: Christ in the continent of Asia. Isa. ii., 8-13.

Junior C. E. Topic.

BAND-OF-MERCY MEETING.

Monday, April 22.—Lessons from ants. Prov. vi., 6-8.

Tuesday, April 23.—The beasts shall teach thee. Job. xii., 7, 8.

Wednesday, April 24.—Rocks for the conies. Ps. civ., 16-22.

Thursday, April 25.—Like a spider's web. Job. viii. 11-14.

Friday, April 26.—Bold as a lion. Prov. xviii., 1.

Saturday, April 27.—Be not as the horse. Ps. xxxii., 9.

Sunday, April 28.—Topic—What we may learn from the animal world. Prov. xxx., 24-28. (Band-of-Mercy meeting.)

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A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

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CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

'That's true,' said Mr. Norwood Hayes, who, as I have already said, was far too finely tuned to truth and right not to endorse the telling sentence, though it did discomfit his own position. 'That's true,' he said. 'I'm with you there with all my heart, but it won't do as a substitute for grace divine.'

'Nobody wants it to,' said Mr. Allamore, who was often a little impatient under orthodox platitudes presented in conventional forms. 'I'm content that God shall have the sole handling of His own grace, and am certain that He does not intend that it shall relieve me one iota from the right use of mine to my brother man. I will not allow you to shirk your own responsibilities as a brother of men—none the less if they are weak brothers—by relegating them to the "grace of God." If every man were an isolated unit, then each would be utterly dependent on the—I will not use the sorely abused and hackneyed phrase any more;—and I'm bound to say it would be a mighty poor world; that's my opinion.'

'In the main, I heartily agree with you, Mr. Allamore, and, indeed, you shall find me a willing helper in any plan for the moral and social elevation of your employees—'

'Nay, nay, don't let us leave the point in hand,' said Mr. Allamore, with a conciliatory smile on his earnest face. 'We are dealing just now with the matter of a Christian's personal responsibility in the matter of strong drink. It seems to me that God's plan is to help man, save man, lift man, gladden man by man; and if the kindly "grace" of a man like you can stoop to do and to be what a weaker and worse man ought to do and be, then your stoop shall be his staff, and he shall find your high level by reason of the moral "lift" you let down to reach his low one. It is of little use standing on the hill-top and telling the lame man at the bottom to come up where you are. You must go down into the valley, Mr. Hayes, and help him up!'

Mr. Norwood Hayes was silenced, if not convinced. No doubt he could have found material for effective reply, for he was clever at debate and a master at 'fence;' but he was good and true, and as he saw the contractor's beneficent soul gleaming through his eyes, and his sympathetic enthusiasm of (and for) humanity vibrating in his voice, he had not the heart to do other than coincide.

Mr. Norwood Hayes was not convinced. Still, that gentleman was provided with much food for thought, strong food, too, as he turned his steps homeward. That sentence of Mr. Allamore's, about the 'grace of man,' was not to be easily dismissed as a mere truism. He could truthfully say that he was not destitute of the attribute in question. There were few men in Netherborough who had a kindlier heart. His practical charities were numerous and unostentatious, and his labors in what the churches call 'work for the Lord,' was full of self-sacrifice and cheerful self-devotion.

But this particular development of the grace of man, this giving up even of his own religious excellencies, this dimming of his own light as a moral beacon—this was new to him, and he was not prepared to fall in with it.

CHAPTER XXI.

Having arrived at this most pleasant and comfortable conclusion, he arrived also at his most pleasant and comfortable home.

Mr. Hayes found his handsome laddie, Cuthbert, retailing some pleasant story to his sister, Alice. That light-hearted maiden was so interested in the narration that she broke ever and anon into merry laughter as it proceeded; and even from Mr. Hayes' thin

lips came a few feeble ripples, which were a great advance on her usually languid smile.

'Well, what's in the wind now?' said Mr. Hayes.

'Nay, there's nothing in the wind that I know of,' said Bertie, 'but there certainly has been something in the water. Those two queer old cronies, George Caffer and Phil Lambert, had a funny experience last night, and I happened to be there to see.'

'I suppose that the two comrades had spent the evening at the "Black Swan," the old toppers, as they have been in the habit of doing for many and many a day, and had taken too much drink on board, which is their bad old habit, too.'

'When they left the "Swan," they were quite hilarious. It was a splendid night. The moon was almost at the full. They didn't feel like going home till morning, and resolved to take a walk instead. They took the field-path towards Godlington, and after long, arduous, and devious efforts, they reached the border of the mill-dam, which was full of water, flowing smoothly and brightly beneath the smiling moon.'

'I had been to Godlington,' continued Cuthbert, 'and on my return I saw our two valiant boon-companions staggering, arm in arm, along the bank of the mill-stream. Suddenly Phil Lambert stopped, leaned his arm heavily on that of his comrade, and pointing to the sheeny water, he said, speaking thickly—'

'"I say, Geordie, my boy, let's walk there. It's a nice an' smooth bit o' foot-road that, ain't it?"'

'"No-non-sense, man," said Geordie, who always stammered when he was in his cups (and n'cups). "Thoo mawn't walk there; it isn't seeafe."

'Geordie himself was too far gone to explain further, but he did his best to pull Caffer in the opposite direction.'

'"Seafe? it's as seeafe as the Bank of England," said Lambert. "An' hoo smooth an' clean it is! Come on wi' tha'."

In vain Geordie resisted. Caffer was strong and rotund, a real heavy-weight, consisting mainly, however, of the sodden obesity built up by beer. Lambert was thin and short, and would have been dapper if drink had not made him a semi-animated scarecrow instead. Hence he was at the mercy of his comrade in a struggle of this kind. What could he do? A bright thought flashed across his brain.

'"Lo-lo-ok here, Phil!" said he, in well-feigned alarm, and speaking in mock-solemn tones. "Ah tell tha' it's as mitch as thy life's worth to gan on that sacred caus'y. It's the Duke of Debenham's private walk!"'

'Now we all know Phil's a Radical; and Geordie's well-meant device to keep his friend on solid ground failed utterly.'

'"Blow the Duke o' Debenham!" shouted the pot-valiant Phil. "Ah'se as good a man as he is, ony day," and gripping Caffer by the arms, he stepped recklessly on the forbidden path, dragging his comrade in with him. In a moment they were splashing and floundering knee deep in mud, and more than waist-deep in water.'

'My first impulse was to laugh loud and long; but I found the drunken simpletons were more helpless than children, and in their vague efforts to sprawl to the bank again they fell, face forward, into the pool. Constable Harley had been watching them as well as I, and he and I together fished them out at once. Had we not been at hand, I don't believe that either of them could have saved himself; and certainly neither could have saved his friend. Their queer baptism had a wonderingly sobering effect on them, however, for they silently linked arms together, and made tracks for home, dank and dripping like a couple of scarecrows after a three days' rain!'

The close of Cuthbert's 'funny' story was greeted with a quartette of laughter, Cuthbert himself joining heartily with the listeners three.

Yes, Mrs. Hayes laughed in her washed-out way, and declared that the picture was 'too absurd,' and yet she herself had, more than once or twice, been the occasion of kitchen stories that had set the servants' table in a roar.

Even Mr. Hayes laughed—laughed like a schoolboy—and yet he had a wonderful reverence for 'manliness' and the 'nobility of man.' And Alice laughed, and Cuthbert laughed! Two sane men had been robbed of their reason; had all-but choked their lives out; and the laughter was loud and long!

At length, Mr. Hayes grew serious enough to extract his 'moral' from Cuthbert's well-told story. The smile upon his face was followed by an expression of strong disgust, mingled with a measure of contempt. Then he delivered himself thus—

'Cuthbert, my son, Mr. Allamore thinks that one ought to stoop to the level of a couple of drunken fools like these in the hope that we may raise them to our own! The way these teetotal cranks go on, insulting one's common sense, is wonderful.'

CHAPTER XXII.

My little heroine, Kitty Smart, had been having a comparatively good time of it lately. Her poor drink-sodden father had not only stayed away from the public house, but he had spent his days at home when he had no work to do, giving willing help to the overburdened little housekeeper; and had come home straight from his daily labor when he happened to meet with a job.

Hitherto, this state of things had not troubled him much. He had woken up to the fact that his children were in rags, and were half-starved, and he was both ashamed and sad at heart.

One day, after he had walked many a weary mile in quest of work, and had been repulsed wherever he had applied, Tommy Smart came home tired and worn, utterly dispirited and out of heart.

'Kitty, my lass,' said he, as he sank into the broken chair, which was once a seat of comfort, and now scarce a seat at all, 'it's all up wi' ma. Ah've lost my chance, an' t' work'us is the only spot fo' ma 'to put me heead in. Naebody 'll ha' ma. Ah wadn't mind, if it wasn't fo' thoo an' t' bairns. Ah cud dee willin' aneef. I ha' nae right to live, —but to see thoo pinin' away.'

Tom Smart could say no more. He cried outright, and his tears, unlike many maudlin torrents he had shed in his cups, were the tears of honest feeling and bitter remorse.

'Gran'feyther says that God'll never let me want for bread, 'cause I asks Him an' trusts Him ivery day. An' I've been thinkin' that He'll never let you want bread neather; 'cos, don't you see, you shall alus hev t' biggest bit o' mahne; an' you're axin' Him an' trustin' noo, aren't yo, Daddy?'

'I is, Kitty. I is,' said her father. 'I isn't worth it, but—'

'Yis, you are,' said Kitty, stopping that kind of heresy, with a kiss placed right upon the spot out of which it came, 'cos I is, an' I's only a lahle 'un.'

Kitty had hardly given utterance to this remarkable piece of logic when that young lady's 'true love' appeared upon the scene. Aaron Brigham as a sweetheart was most attentive and assiduous.

I am not quite sure that good Esther Harland was not inclined to be a little jealous of the little fairy in the Sou'gate cottage. At any rate, the number and the constancy of her master's visits were the subject of many a strong remark.

(To be continued.)

BOYS AND GIRLS

Rules for Children.

There are many things which both girls and boys forget to do, and many other things which they do they fail to do right. A mother who tenderly cared for her children wrote down for 'punctual observance,' the following little rules:

Always say, 'Yes, papa.' 'No papa,' 'Yes sir,' 'No, sir,' 'Thank you,' 'Good-night,' 'Good morning.'

Always offer a chair to a lady or gentleman.

Always be quiet when others are talking. Never pass before anybody, unless really necessary, and then ask to be excused.

Keep your faces, clothes, shoes, hands and finger nails clean.

Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a place for everything and everything in its place.

Never put your feet on cushions, chairs or tables.

Never overlook anyone when reading or writing.

Never sit up late. If you would be healthy and bright, go to bed early and get up early.

Rap before entering a strange room, and never walk out with your back to the company.

Never get angry. Never cry unless you are much hurt, or feel very badly, and then don't cry much.

Be kind to everybody, be cheerful and helpful, and you will always have many friends.

Stories About Mr. Gladstone.

A Lesson in Tree-felling.

As Mr. Gladstone was felling a tree near the road once an old man came up, and, after looking critically at him for a time, said: 'Owd mon, let me have owt of that axe.' It was at once handed to him, and he chopped away for some time and stopped, saying: 'That's the way to use an axe. I've been used a good deal to this sort of a job, thou knows.' A few days after he learned whom he had been speaking to and hastened to apologize for his rudeness. 'No apology is needed,' said the amused statesman.

A Willing Learner.

One day Mr. Gladstone had got a rope tied to a tree at which he had been chopping for some time, when an old carter driving past pulled up.

'I say, owd mon,' he called out, 'thou hasn't got that rope tied right.'

'Haven't I?' said Mr. Gladstone.

'No, thou hasn't.'

The carter then pointed out the mistake and helped to put it right. He was thanked for his assistance and drove on. The next day, being in Hawarden, he met his brother, who told him he'd done a fine thing, and he might depend upon it his name would be in the papers.

'Why, what have I done?'

'Done? Why, you "thee'd" and "thou'd" Mr. Gladstone yesterday when he was cutting that tree down.'

'Was that Mr. Gladstone? I thowt it was the owd woodman; but the fust time I sees him I'll beg his pardon,' said the carter, fearful that he had committed some great offence.

In a few days his opportunity came, and he began to beg pardon, as he did not know to whom he had been speaking.

'No apology is required,' said Mr. Gladstone; 'I was much obliged for your information, and am always willing to learn.'

Pushing the Cart.

Some years ago a man, while going to Tinkersdale with his load one day, was spoken to by a stranger, who chatted pleasantly with him and asked him how much he got for carrying each ton of iron. 'Six and sixpence,' replied the carter. 'How much have you on the cart?' 'About a ton and a half,' 'And what do you pay for toll-gates?' 'Eigh-

teenpence.' 'How much does it cost to keep the mare?' 'Thirteen shillings a week.'

Soon they got to the foot of the Mill Hill. 'How are you going to get up this hill?' asked the stranger. 'Oh, I mun get me shuder and push up here.' 'I'll help you a bit,' said the other, and at once put his shoulder to the cart and pushed up the hill well. As they reached the top the carter said: 'You an' me's been as good as a chain horse.' 'Well, well,' replied the stranger. 'I don't know how the horse's legs are, but mine ache very much indeed. I suppose you can manage now?' 'Yes, thank you;' and with a good-day, they parted.

As soon as the stranger had gone a tradesman, coming up the hill after them, asked the carter if he knew who had been helping him. 'No; he's a stranger to me.' 'That was Mr. Gladstone,' said the tradesman. 'Mr. Gladstone! I don't know what he'll think o' me, then, for I never sir'd him, nor nothin'. I thought he was some farmer.'

Saving a Servant's Son.

Many interesting stories have been related of Mr. Gladstone's kindness of heart, but none of them more clearly shows his nobleness of character than the following: 'In Mr. Gladstone's household at Hawarden was an old woman servant who had a son inclined to go wrng. The mother remonstrated and advised her boy, but all to no purpose; he seemed determined on a heading course to ruin. At last the mother in her desperation, caught the idea that if she could persuade the premier to take him in hand perhaps the prodigal might be reclaimed. 'Screwing her courage to the sticking point'—for what will a mother not do for a child?—she approached her master, and, in trembling tones, preferred her request. Mr. Gladstone responded at once; and, though the affairs of the greatest kingdom in the world pressed heavily upon him, with genuine simplicity of character he had the lad sent to his study, when he spoke tender words of advice and remonstrance and eventually knelt down and prayed to God to help him in the work of reformation and redemption. This kindly action was effectual and the lad was saved.

An Incident of Mr. Gladstone's Last Days.

There is one scene in his closing days, described to me by an eye-witness, that may be mentioned here because of its pathos and because he himself was all unconscious of the fact that his action was being noted. On that anxious evening in the middle of February, 1898, when he left the Villa Thorence at Cannes to return to England; he knew as well as those about him that he was going home to die. In spite of his weakness and his physical sufferings, he was serene and cheerful in his bearing, and nothing was allowed to escape his lips that could add to the grief and anxiety of his friends and relations. When he reached the outer porch of the house

which had sheltered him during more than two months of pain and sorrow, he turned round and faced it. The eagle eye lighted up once more as it swept over the faces of his friends, from the owner of the sumptuous mansion down to the humblest of the domestics who had waited upon him, and then, as though moved by an inspiration that he could not resist, he reverently uncovered his head, and in a low, solemn voice prayed to God that the house and all in it might be blessed of Him, whilst he rendered up his heartfelt thanks to the Almighty for all the love and kindness that had been lavished upon him whilst he dwelt within its walls. 'He did not forget anyone, not even the servants,' said to me one who watched the pathetic scene with eyes brimming over with tears. What Mr. Gladstone was at that solemn moment, when he stood almost within the shadow of the tomb, he had been, as all who knew him could testify, alike during the hot days of his youth, during his manhood of unexampled effort and achievement, and during his serene and beautiful old age. Emphatically it may be said of him, if ever it could be said of any man who has risen high in the services of the State, that his heart was anchored in the sanctuary of the Most High.—From 'The Life of W. E. Gladstone.'

The Winning of Bridget Maloney.

'Thank you, Bridget,' said Mrs. Williams, as the new girl slammed the tray on the table before her.

A faint glimmer of surprise came into the sullen face.

'Huh?' she interrogated.

'I said, "Thank you," it was kind of you to climb those long stairs,' responded Mrs. Williams, pleasantly.

'"It's a new broom that sweeps clean," but it won't last,' muttered Bridget, in her own domain.

But when day after day passed, and she never failed to receive the same perfect politeness from her employer, her wonder increased.

Bridget was used to commands, but not to requests. She was accustomed to a curt, supercilious, 'That will do,' but not a kindly, 'Thank you, Bridget,' and she insensibly softened at the change.

Mrs. Williams treated her servants like human beings, not like machines. And while she ever maintained that nice reserve which forbade familiarity, yet she scrupulously respected the rights of others.

'Sure, one would be a haythen to be sassy to Mrs. Williams,' said Bridget, after a month's stay in her new home. 'She has a way of making ye feel so polite and pleased with yerself that yez want to please her, and I'll stay with her as long as me name is Bridget Maloney.'—E. M. V., in the 'Mother's Magazine.'

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It is hardly likely that many of the 'Pictorial' boys get the chance of riding horseback to make their sales like our fortunate friend of the April portrait gallery in the 'Canadian Pictorial,' but possibly some of the Western boys have this pleasure. We should like to hear from some of them about this. One thing we are sure of, is that not a few of our boy agents mean to ride and drive by and bye—horses of their own, too—and every step forward in business push and enterprise helps that day along.

We believe in our boys. Some of those now on our working list—sending orders in promptly—keeping in touch with their customers—following up 'prospects' (a good business word that, boys, look it up) in a persistent but always courteous way—some of these boys will one of these days be at the top of their chosen calling. Are you in line for some of the training they are getting? We invite you to write us.

John Dougall and Son, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Gulliver's Adventures Among the Giants.

(By Dean Swift, as edited by W. T. Stead, for 'Books for the Bairns.')

(Continued.)

The Queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, said, if I could contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me

leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the Queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and when they were weary, some of their pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art of steering starboard or larboard, as I pleased.

In this exercise I met with an accident, which had like to have cost me my life; for

Pahath-Moab assumed a position of considerable importance under Ezra and Nehemiah.

All this story is in the Bible, and most of it in the books of Chronicles, but in isolated fragments to which the jar-handles gave the connection. But their whole significance is greater than that, for they indicate that the chapters of Chronicles contain simply what they appear to contain—the real genealogies of real men; and in them one need seek no mythical or symbolical meaning.

One Who Deserves Outspoken Contempt.

If there is one man who more than another deserves the outspoken contempt and opposition of every honest soul, it is the man who delights in filling the minds of younger men and boys with the foulness of which he is an abundant reservoir. Such a person, with his immoral jests, his foul stories, and his uncleanly suggestive looks and words, is devoid of the vital element of manhood, which is a sense of chivalry and self-respect. He is more like that other tempter, the master whom he serves, Satan himself, than perhaps any other class of wrongdoers. It is well for the manhood of a boy or young man to cultivate the courage to tell such a creature to his face what he is and what he deserves.—'Forward.'

CANADIAN PICTORIAL

CONTENTS FOR APRIL OF THE NATIONAL ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

In view of the show of the Automobile Club of Canada, which opens in Montreal on April 6, much space is devoted in this issue to motors and motoring. There is an article on the sport and another on what to wear, and even the jokes revolve around the latest means of locomotion. The illustrations include cars of the years of the past, an auto. at the foot of the Pyramids, the London motor show, well known Montrealers in their cars, an auto. in a farm yard, an auto driven for hire by a woman in the Paris boulevards, an auto. at an Irish castle, while the cover picture shows a car climbing a hill covered with a deep mantle of snow.

Other subjects are not neglected. Thousands have not yet received a picture of Miss Maxwell, the heroine of the Hochelaga school fire. A full page portrait is given and also a large picture showing the crowds as the funeral procession reached the Cathedral. The Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior, figures in the series of Canadians in public life. Sports are dealt with by pictures of sensational jumping on skis, and Eddie Duran, the Canadian champion oarsman, now in Australia. Royalty figures in several pictures—the King and Queen at the opening of parliament and the Prince and Princess of Wales at the opening of the new docks at Devonport. A page is devoted to scenes at the funeral of Dr. Oronhyatekha, the greatest Canadian Indian of his day. Seasonable are the pictures, Easter in the churches and the Awakening of the St. Lawrence. In the woman's department, Easter weddings and entertainments, spring millinery, the latest modes, and invalid cookery are dealt with from a Canadian woman's point of view. There are the usual patterns, news features, jokes, etc. The Pictorial Publishing Co., 142 St. Peter street, Montreal. Ten cents a copy. One dollar a year.

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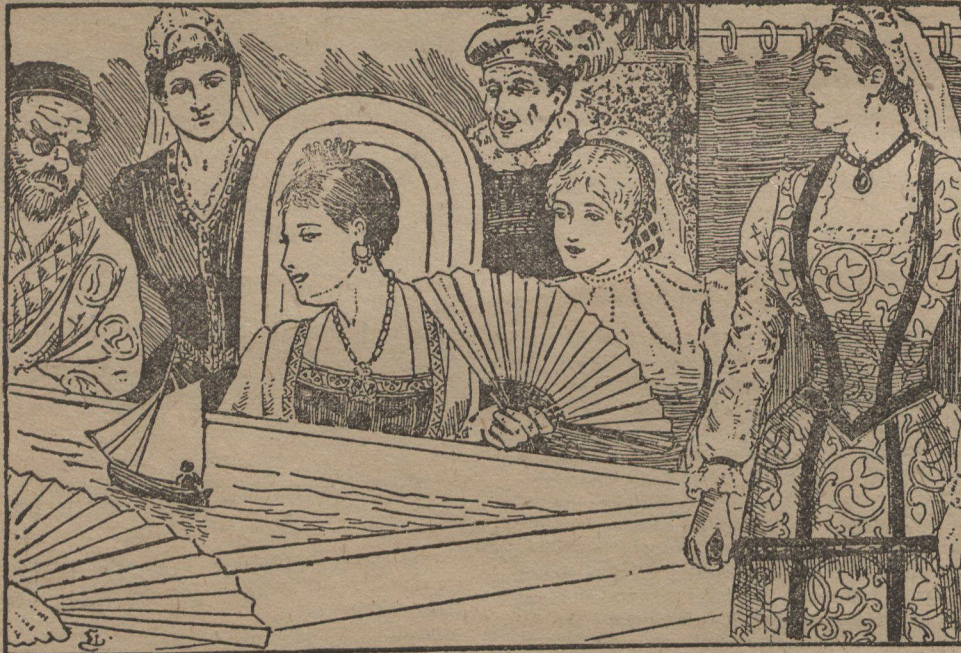
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THE QUEEN ARRANGED A PLACE FOR ME TO SAIL IN.

to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and, by my instructions, in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the Queen was so delighted that she ran with it in her lap to the King, who ordered it to be put in a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial; where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the Queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep; which, being well pitched to prevent

one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously lifted me up to place me in the boat, but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking pin that stuck in the good woman's stomach; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

(To be Continued.)

Four Things.

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and heaven securely.
—Henry Van Dyke.

A Basket of Jar-handles.

In a mound in Palestine identified as the site of the ancient city of Gezer was found a large number of jar-handles. Enough to make a basketful were collected by the excavators. Each bore a potter's mark—the name of its maker—with a legend. A basket of jar-handles might be expected to have some interest for the philologist, says Mr. Macalister, the author of 'A Record of Excavation and Discovery in Palestine,' but could hardly be expected to be of historical value. Yet this collection of sherds enabled its finders to revise and make plain a baffling passage in the Bible, and to establish a connected story through several other isolated passages.

The obscure passage is in First Chronicles, fourth chapter, sixteenth to twenty-third verses. A list of names, so disarranged as not to appear a true genealogy, has been widely accepted as a mythical account of the descent of tribes. 'These were the potters and the inhabitants of Netaim and Gederah; there they dwelt with the king for his work,' is the end of the passage. Each of the jar-handles dug from the ruins

of Gezer bears the inscription 'For the King,' and the names of the makers are the names of those in the Bible verses, except where a copyist has made an error, which frequently occurred. Revised by the new knowledge, the passage becomes a complete genealogy of the family of the potters, and makes plain the story of their wanderings. On each handle also is a scarab, or beetle, which explains the reference to a 'daughter of Pharaoh'—an allusion to the fact that the potters followed the religion of Egypt.

It becomes evident, therefore, that here is the story of the Menuhoth, the descendants of Menahem, and eventually of Caleb, son of Jephunneh. They long inhabited a region south of Hebron and followed many crafts, but principally that of pottery-making. This, in the reign of Joash, brought them to the notice of the King of Judah, and royal patronage followed, possibly in connection with the restoration of the Temple. In the days of Uzziah one of the family, Shebaniah, son of Ezrah, rose to be steward of the royal estates of Carmel.

The family 'trade-mark' at this time was the scarab, but under the righteous kings, Amaziah, Jotham and Uzziah, this was suppressed.

In the days of Hezekiah a raid of the wild, semi-barbarous tribe of Simeon was made into their territory, and they were forced to seek another home in the south of Moab to the north of Edom; and driving out the Amalekites, they settled there and lived in semi-independence.

After the return from the captivity they settled in Bethlehem, and under the name of

Things of the Spring.

First there is the spring cleaning, which some prompt people got over in the sunny weeks of March, but which the slow-going have still before them.

House cleaning can be a pleasure, writes Amica, in the 'Examiner,' when it is done piecemeal, one room at a time. This does not afford the glorious sensation of a big battle, certain to result in victory, which belonged to the time when all the carpets from attic to cellar were lifted at one swoop, and the earnest household worked its way, step by step, from the top floor downwards, and, after a march of slow and careful progress, attained at last to an interior that was absolutely scented with cleanliness and soap. But in the interval the members of the household who did not participate in this orgie of purification had not rest for the sole of their foot, or peace of mind in contemplation of the upheaval. They said women made this disturbance on purpose, and liked doing it.

Now one room at a time disturbs no one much. The carpets and curtains can be taken up and down respectively, and can be passed out of the window if there is a garden at the back without disturbing even the stairs; then, behind a closed door, with a sheet over that door, and quantities of damp tea leaves or chopped cabbage to strew on the floor as a preliminary to sweeping, the cleansing of the apartment begins in good earnest.

Everyone knows, in cleaning down walls, to first dust them with a dry duster, and then rub them with a piece of very dry dough, but everyone does not know that it is not very difficult to re-paper a room. Many people go on for years dwelling amid dingy walls, because they fear to invite the workman with his ladders, his assistants, and all the rest of it, into the house, but there are various ways of escaping this calamity. One way is to employ a single handy man, and assist him yourself. The utensils are a bucket of thin paste, to which a little alum has been added, a small whitewashing brush to be bought or borrowed, and two supports on which to rest a couple of planks, so that the operator may be raised as far ceiling-wards as is necessary. Bedroom papers can be had very cheap, and some of these are pretty, but a better quality of paper naturally lasts longer.

Let the amateur paperhanger exclude patterns as far as possible; these are difficult to match, and almost always run to waste, and, at any rate, plain walls as a background to a few pictures are far more peaceable to live with. The ingrain papers are beautiful when first hung, but for some reason they do not keep their color well. Therefore, where people do not want to repaper every third or fourth year, it is better to choose a paper with some measure of glazy finish. Many of these are striped; nothing is easier to match than stripes; others have an obtrusive design in a different tone of the ground color. For sunny rooms blues or greens are pretty, but every blue does not stand a strong light, it will be advisable therefore to consult the seller as regards durability, unless the purchaser possesses the individually discerning eye. For shady rooms pink walls are lovely, while a north-looking room should be done in yellow, the picture frames to be walnut. On blue walls black frames are exquisite. A cream and yellow patterned paper on the ceiling will suit any walls, and a cream color-wash, with a deeper shade of cream for the cornice, always looks fresh as long as it is clean, while there is not much trouble in renewing it.

The amateur should remove the left-hand selvage from the paper, leaving the right selvage for overlapping purposes. Then, after making sure that the walls are even, or if uneven, bearing this fact in mind, the paper should be cut in lengths. Two of these should be pasted over evenly, in succession, the first one being lightly folded over, with the paste-covered side inside; when the second one has been pasted, and for this purpose a long table or a second set of planks, on trestles will be almost indispensable, the assistant lifts the length of paper that was first pasted, and hands it to the operator, who, attaching it for a foot or so below the cornice, lets it drop till it hangs smoothly against the

wall. A clean duster will then be used to pat it from the top downwards; when it is seen to adhere evenly it is then pressed over more firmly. The better and thicker the paper is, the more evenly it can be hung with less risk of wrinkles, but practice will enable even a poor paper to be put up smoothly. Where any of the old paper was broken all of this should be removed, washing the walls if necessary; but if it has been only shabby it can be left to make a foundation. Where the new paper is of thin quality and lighter in color than the old paper, the latter must be washed off, lest it should show through. A single day's labor will repaper any room, and, even with the assistance of the handyman, can be beautified exceedingly for a very small sum.

Where the paint has been any of those sold in tins, broken bits can be touched up at house-cleaning times to the preservation of the general effect. It is to be remembered that soda should never be used for any highly-varnished surfaces, nor, indeed, at all in washing paint ere years of service have rendered this absolutely grimy.

Don'ts for Mistresses.

Don't assume that servants are to be had to-day for the asking; they are scarce, but they are not an extinct species. If your house gets a good repute as a comfortable home you will always be able to find a successor for each departing maid, and the departures will not be frequent.

Don't take a young servant from a situation superior to yours, and don't take an old servant from one that is inferior. Young servants do better for feeling that they have been promoted, while old servants often desire the easier life to be had in a situation where the housekeeping is not so elaborate.

Don't employ servants of very diverse ages, as the old servant tends to tyrannize over the younger, while the younger compels the older one to take her evening out or day off when she would rather remain in the house. This sometimes leads the old servant to drink; she has no place to go when she goes out, and she goes to the public-house. This is not a disposition, but a fact.

Even when a servant says she is efficient it is well to see her do her work for a couple of days after her arrival, especially when she has come from a smaller establishment. If she is interested in her work she will like you to tell her how you wish it done.

Don't insist that she shall dress her hair in your way if her own way is more becoming.

Don't interfere with her dress in her free time beyond suggesting what you think suitable and in good taste. She will never be young but once, and if she wants to leave the sombre livery of service behind her when she goes out where is the harm?

An hour spent with the servant in the kitchen on Sunday afternoons in kindly talk and helpful reading is far more conducive to her spiritual life than a daily march into the dining-room for morning prayers. But it is only the lady who is leagues above her servant in every way that would venture to instruct and advise her in the kitchen.

Don't forget to take some sympathetic interest in the places she visits and the people she meets on her evening out, just enough to let her feel that you want to know she is safe. When you know who and what her friends are, volunteer your permission that one of these, if satisfactory, may come to tea occasionally, when the other servant goes out. To be able to play hostess now and then, not secretly, but openly, is one of the greatest pleasures of the servant's restricted life. When she goes out somebody entertains her; it increases her self-respect to be able to entertain in return.

Don't habitually disallow the young man, because nothing gives a 'place' a better reputation than an occasional wedding from the kitchen. Having had four, I know. After all, we do not buy the servant's life with our wages, but only her work. When she yields that she is entitled to certain other interests. If she came in by the day, as the servant of the future is likely to do, we could evolve

some human interest in her prospects; why should this decrease because she is under the roof with us? The servant's courtship is generally conducted on lines of such modesty as might give points to the daughter of the house.—'Examiner.'

Laundering Table Linen.

(Mrs. Ellen J. Cannady, in the New York 'Observer'.)

In this age of pretty things for the home, there is nothing in which the good housekeeper takes more pride than in her table linen. Get a good quality of damask for table cloths, for it will last a long time, and be more economical in the end than a coarse piece. When tiny breaks occur draw out threads from a piece of new linen, thread a needle with them, and darn the place carefully. It is better to do this before the cloth is laundered, as the washing is likely to fray the edges and make the place larger. A ragged tear should be mended by placing a piece of linen under it, and darning it down.

You will find that it pays to provide a generous supply of doilies and carver's cloths, either embroidered or plain, for the most careful person is likely to let small pieces of meat fall on the cloth when carving a fowl, and if these are supplied, the large cloth is not soiled. Then can be changed every meal if necessary, and it is an easy task to wash them. When fringed napkins or doilies are used, the fringe becomes ragged and uneven while the linen is still good. Cut the fringe off, and hem them all around by hand. The best parts of a white table cloth which shows sign of wear, may be cut in squares, neatly hemmed and used for carving cloths for every day use, or napkins for the children's dinner baskets.

To remove fruit stains from linen, dampen the spots, rub soap on both sides, then apply starch made into a paste with cold water. Rub the starch into the stains and hang the cloth in the sunshine several hours. Or put a heaping teaspoonful of soda in half a tea-cupful of sweet milk, and rub the mixture into the stained spots. After the cloth is washed in the ordinary way, the stains will disappear.

The most expensive linen, and the handsomest embroidered doilies and centrepieces are often ruined by careless washing. Have a laundry bag hung in a convenient place, and as fast as the soiled linen accumulates, place the pieces in it, for it is not pleasant to think of their being put in with the soiled clothing. Prepare a suds of soft warm water and good soap. Wash through this, rubbing gently between the hands. If the linen is plain without embroidery of any kind, it may be put in a clean suds and scalded a few minutes. If it is embroidered, wash through two waters, rinse in clear lukewarm water, than dip in blue water to which a little boiled starch has been added and dry in the shade. When it is dry take it down, dampen and roll it up, wrap a clean cloth around it and leave it for a few hours. Embroidered linen should be ironed on the wrong side to bring out the flowers and figures, but plain linen should be pressed on the right side. Never make linen very stiff. After ironing fold smoothly and when thoroughly dry, put it in the linn closet.

A burn or scald must have the air kept from it for a quarter of an hour or so. The best way to do this is to at once cover the injured place with sweet oil, then make a paste with some flour and smear on all over the parts inflamed.

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is April 1, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

Correspondence

B., N. S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm two miles from the village. This is a very pretty place, and a summer resort. I have three sisters and three brothers. We have three horses, Nip, Tuck, and Prince. I have a little dog, who is my especial pet. His name is Fritz. CORINNE BODWELL.

T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years old, and rather small for my age. I am an English girl, and I came from England in August, 1906. So you see, I have not been in Canada long. I have a nice picture postcard album,

dresses and bonnets for me. I will answer Ida Langdon's riddle in the 'Messenger' of March 15. The duck got into the fair because he had a bill, and the lamb, because it had four quarters, but the skunk didn't, because he only had a cent. CORAL WALLACE.

[Your riddles have all been asked before, Coral.—Ed.]

L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years of age. I do not get the 'Messenger,' but a friend sends it to me; it is great fun reading the Correspondence page. We live on a farm, and my father keeps a big greenhouse. There are only two children in our family. I am the oldest; my sister's name is Alberta; she is four years old. I have a mile and a half to go to school, and I go nearly every day.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am just a little girl, nine years old. I go to school nearly all the time, and like it very much. I go to Sunday school every Sunday, when it is a nice day. We live not far from Lake Ontario, and in the summer time we have good fun cooking corn and all kinds of things on a stone heap, with a fire built under. Then we have good fun bathing. DELLA WYBORN.

OTHER LETTERS.

A 'Snow-flake' that has been somehow left behind writes from H., Ont. She has been ill for three weeks, but we hope is better now. She answers Catherine A. K.'s riddle (March 29)—When they settle themselves by standing. The riddles enclosed have been asked before.

Marion E. Casey, M., N.S., says they have had a long, cold winter. Yes we shall all be glad to say goodbye to old winter for a time. Your answer is right Marion but has been given before and so has the riddle you ask.

Janet A. Kinsman, D., Man., is eight years old and got a prize at Christmas for writing and reading but, surely, you didn't write this letter yourself, did you Janet? This is a riddle enclosed: Why is a loaf of bread on a tower like a race-horse?

Annie McTavish M., Man., sends in a riddle, but forgot to enclose the answer. We must know the answers to all riddles before we can print them.

Meta V. Clarke F. I., Nfld., is the eldest in their family. What a chance to make yourself useful Meta, especially with three sisters and a brother to keep out of mischief.

Luella McCaLpin, M., Ont., sends in several riddles, four of them fresh to the Correspondence Page. 1. What town is drawn more frequently than any other? 2. Why was Eve made? 3. What sort of day would be good for running for a cup? 4. Which is the coldest river?

Margaret Hunter writes a little letter from G. R., Man. We are sorry to hear about your mother, Margaret, and hope you will try to help your Aunt Jessie. Even if you are only nine, there are many things you can do to help where mother will be missed so much.

John Hunter, and Charles Taylor, write from W., Ont., where John says the boys have great fun swimming in the creek. Both send drawings, which will shortly find a place.

Gladys Killum, M., N.B., sends two riddles, but did not enclose any answers to them. Your drawing is very good, Gladys.

Vesta D., Elgin, N.B., says she has been having a trying winter. We hope your eyes will be quite well by now, Vesta. Your riddle has been asked before.

A letter from Paisley, Ont., encloses drawings from two boys, and these will be given shortly.

May E. Torrance, S., Ont., says they have a horse nearly twenty-four years old. You must be very fond of such an old friend as that, May. It's too bad you have to miss school all winter.

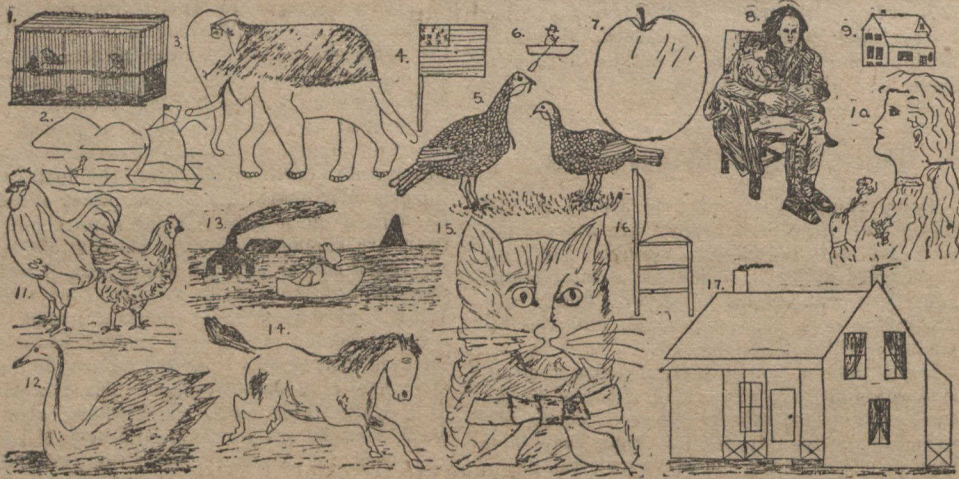
Hazel Fuller, R. C., Man., says that she and her four brothers drive in four miles to their church. Your riddles have all been asked before, Hazel, with the exception of this—What island ought to be the loftiest in the world?

Ethel S., A., N.S., answers Frederick Burford's riddle (April 5)—A cocoanut.

A correspondent from Midgie, N.B., signs no name. The answer sent in is not correct, and the riddles have been asked before, with the exception of this—Why is the crocodile the most deceitful of animals?

We have to thank H. L. Cook, of C., N.B., for all the nice things said about 'The Messenger,' and are glad to know we have such firm friends.

We have also received letters from the following, the riddles enclosed in any case having been asked before: Lena B. Hick's, M. C., N.B., whose drawings will not be neglected; Wallace Casson, G. R., Man.; Don. L. Murchison, W., Ont.; Harry Young, C., Ont.; Albert Morris, H. Ont. one of our agents who is pleased with the pen he won; Beryl Pelton, I., Ont.; and Jenetta Clacher, N., Ont. By the way, we hope Baby has quite recovered from the pneumonia, Jenetta.



OUR PICTURES.

- 'Pet Birds.' Willie Stevens (aged 12), V., Que.
- 'Boat and Dory.' Viola Fields (aged 14), M. C., N.B.
- 'An Elephant.' John Alexander (aged 9), A. C., Ont.
- 'American Flag.' Grace Logan (aged 13), W., Man.
- 'Our Turkeys.' — (aged 14), Rosser, Man.
- 'A Man in a Boat.' Wallace Cassoff (aged 7), G. R., Man.
- 'A Twenty-ounce Pippin.' Bessie Laidlaw (aged 8), P., Ont.
- 'The Past and the Future.' William J. Towe (aged 15), M., Ont.

- 'House.' Bessie Templeton., T., Ont.
- 'Rose.' Sara O'Brien, M., P. Que.
- 'Buff Rocks.' James Garley (aged 11), B., N.B.
- 'Singing Swan.' Mabel Sipe (aged 14), C., Alta.
- 'Scene in Holland.' Robert M. Thompson, G., Sask.
- 'A Wild Horse.' Dean Boniface (aged 12), H., Ont.
- 'Snowball.' Ida S. Langdon (aged 12); K., Ont.
- 'A Chair.' Wallace King (aged 6), L., Ont.
- 'Our House.' Minnie Yerex (aged 11), L., Alta.

but have only 12 postcards in it as yet. My mother died seven years ago, but my father is alive, and he lives in the United States with his uncle. He is coming to see us in the spring. FLORENCE E. WOODAGE.

O. M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy 9 years old. I am in the part second reader. I have one brother and a dog, whose name is Rover. We have a pony to drive us to school. We go two miles to our school. It is built of stone, and has two teachers. We have a good library, and I have read a great many of the books. The creek runs close to our school. We have had a great skating rink on it this winter.

W. STANLEY SLOAN.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at the Quaker Sunday School, and like it very much. I live in the small village of B., in a new house, on a new street. I started to school when I was eight years old, and I go every day, and like to go. I am in the second reader. We have a new schoolhouse that was built last year. It is nearly in the centre of the village, and I don't have to go very far. I am nearly ten years old, and I have one sister ten years older than I am, and no brothers. I have two pets, a canary bird and a little tiger kitten, and my canary is a lovely singer. I have four dolls, and a cradle and carriage for them. My sister makes them

I have a great many relatives in Montreal. If you think it will be interesting, I will write another letter, and tell you how I earn money. I have a nice little bank account already, and work hard for it, too.

My mother wrote to the 'Messenger' when she was 10 years old. My uncle lives about two blocks from the 'Witness' office.

BLANCHE B. HERITAGE.

[Certainly, Blanche, write again and tell us what you do. It may help some other little girl to be as wise.—Ed.]

R., Man.

Dear Editor,—My papa has a homestead in Sask. We expect to move up there in the spring. I have two brothers and three sisters. I have one grandpa and one grandma living in Manitoba. I am going to close with a riddle: A man went out between two woods and in between two waters?

ELSIE Z. DENNISON.

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A Jackknife?

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LITTLE FOLKS

The Boy and the Book.

(Annie Hamilton Donnell, in the New England 'Homestead.')

He's not a boy in knickers!

Who says he is ten years old?

In spite of you, in a coat of blue,

He's a soldier brave and bold!

In the smoke and din of the battles,

Who says he's not at the front?

His blood astir with the wine of war,

Keen as any to take the brunt!



Oh, I grant you it's raining out-
doors,

But who says he listens or cares?
It's the drum's loud beat and the
tramp of feet

And the roar of cannon he hears!

Let no one disturb his dreaming.

Hush, let nobody speak!

Let his pulses thrill and his heart
exult,

In the war of the strong for the
weak.

The Little Horse on Top of the Barn.

How funny for a horse to live on top of the barn! Yes. Horses generally live inside the barn, but this one I know lives on the top. The barn is on the outer end of Cape Ann, where great points of rock stick right out into the ocean. The house to which the barn belongs is built of stone; it looks like a tower with a queer little knob like a button on the top. The people only live there in the summer, but the little horse stays on top of the barn all the year.

He never comes down to get any hay or oats, but just stays up there all the time to see which way the wind blows. He always whirls around and looks toward the wind, as if he were afraid to have it blow on his back.

When it blows from the south he looks toward the land and sees green woods and cottages among the trees. People live there in summer, and he often sees them coming down to the rocks. Sometimes they carry fishing rods to go out in boats for

fish or even to catch them from the rocks. In the fall boys and men carry guns to shoot the wild duck flying over the sea.

When the wind blows from the east the little horse looks that way. He sees more cottages, but he can look over them, right across the point, and see the broad ocean, too. The sun seems to rise right out of the water over there, and as far away as he can see the sky and the water seem to meet.

The little horse knows that the earth is round, because, when he looks east and then around to the north and west, he can see the edge of the water where it meets the sky, and it is the shape of half a round hoop.

When the wind blows from the north it is cold, for it comes a long way over the water; but the little horse does not mind it. He can see the Isles of Shoals on a clear day when there is no fog and the sun shines; and at night he can see the light in the lighthouse over there.

He knows that the man who

takes care of the lighthouse is looking out for the ships on the ocean to see that the north wind does not blow them on the rocks.

When he looks around toward the west he sees more lights on the land.

When the wind blows from the west the little horse looks that way and sees the sun set over the land. When it makes a beautiful red light on the water as it is setting, the little horse says, 'It will be a fine day to-morrow.' But when the sun goes down behind black clouds and the wind keeps blowing first from this way and then from that and whirling the little horse round and round, he says, 'O dear! I'm sure we're going to have a storm.'

For this little horse is called a 'weather vane.' If he were a rooster he would be called a weather cock, but since he is a little gold horse we will call him the 'wind horse.' *Child's Hour.*

April.

A gush of bird song, a patter of dew,
A cloud, and a rainbow's warning,
Suddenly sunshine and perfect
blue—

An April day in the morning.

—Selected.

The Little Washer-Women.

Joan had got her great friend to spend the afternoon and have tea. They had played all their usual games, and now wanted something fresh to do, something that was 'real fun.' It was a very hot day, and the children went to a drinking-trough that stood in the yard, and dipped their hands in the cool water.

'Oh, Rosie,' cried Joan, 'wouldn't it be lovely to play washer-women, and wash all our clothes? My frock is very dirty.'

So the little girls climbed into the trough and took off their clothes, and were soon washing them in high glee. It was past tea-time, and mother wondered why two hungry little girls did not come after the bell had been rung.

Nowhere could the children be found—until at last their voices were heard, and they were seen,

with only their hats on, sitting in the trough, and waiting for their clothes to dry. Mother could not help laughing to see their merry faces, but she told them they must never do it again, and as their clothes were wet they must be taken straight in to bed, and stay there till next day.

So Nurse came with two big towels and carried off the little 'washer-women,' and happily they were none the worse next day for their novel game.—'Our Little Dots.'

The Caterpillar and the Fly.

The gardener had planted a cabbage, had dug and manured the ground, watered the young plant, and cleared away the weeds. And the cabbage grew lustily, bearing young and juicy leaves, and growing bigger and stronger, whilst the gardener watched it and was glad.

But one night, when all the world was asleep, a greedy caterpillar came that way and crept up the stem of the plant. What did it matter? There was no one to see. All night long she never ceased eating, first the young and tender leaves, and then the others, and when daylight came she hid beneath the foliage. So the caterpillar grew fat and big on the cabbage which did not belong to her, and which she had neither planted nor cared for. What did it matter if she was living on other people's property? There was no one to see.

But with the bright sunshine came the little ichneumon, or caterpillar-eater, a tiny fly, that is so small that she can hardly be seen, but who, with busy wings and quick little legs, skips from flower to flower, and from leaf to leaf. And so she came to the poor half-stripped cabbage stalk, and to the hidden caterpillar. With her sharp sting she bored a tiny hole into the body of the sleeping gormandiser, and into this she laid an egg, so minute that, most surely, there was no one to see it, so what did it matter? Then she flew away.

The greedy caterpillar paid no attention to the sting of the fly, and went on eating, till the cabbage stalk stood quite bare. Then, round and fat, she hurried to the wall of

the house and climbed up to the roof, where she turned into a chrysalis and remained hanging. And now do you suppose that a beautiful winged butterfly came out of the chrysalis to fly away over the cabbage bed, where the gardener was standing looking sadly at the naked cabbage stalk? No, indeed, no caterpillar ever came out of that chrysalis. For though no one saw the mischief done by the caterpillar, no one, likewise, saw her punishment. The cocoon opened, and, instead of a butterfly, came out a young ichneumon fly armed with a sharp sting, to fly away and quietly work out the punishment of other greedy caterpillars, who think it does not matter what mischief they do so long as no one sees them.—From 'Stories from Natural History.'

Black Mammy's Little Johnny.

(Mary Callum Wiley, in the 'Child's Hour.')

'Once upon a time,' said black mammy, as her little boy climbed up into her lap for a good-night story, 'der wuz a li'le colored boy named Johnny. Johnny wuz a mighty smart li'le feller when he wanted to be, an' could jist help his mammy lots by bringin' in wood an' a-totin' water an' carryin' de wash home and doin' all kinds ob things. But mos' de time Johnny didn't want to help his mammy at all.

'One day, when one ob dem lazy spells wuz on him, his mammy called him. He heard her, just as plain as anything. But he p'tended like he didn't. He run down in de garden behin' de house and laid down under a big bush an' made like he wuz asleep.

'An' while he wuz a-layin' dere, b'n by an ole bee come a-buzzin' aroun'.

"Buzz, buzz," soun' de ole bee right in Johnny's ear.

'Johnny put up his han' ter knock de bee off. "Go 'way, ole bee," he says, "what's you buzzin' roun' dis hot day fer?"

"I'se got to gater honey, li'le boy," says de bee, "while de sweet flowers las'."

'Den lazy Johnny he spy a butterfly.

"Oh, pretty butterfly," he say, "stay wid me dis long summer day."

'But de butterfly, flit away.

"Life is too short," it say, spreadin' its pretty wings in the sunlight, "ter be spent in idleness an' play."

'Johnny seed a robin in de apple tree near by.

'But de robin only turn his sassy li'le head. "Don' you know, li'le boy," he says, "dere's four hungry ones waitin' in de nest fer me?" and he flew away.

'Den Johnny turn ter de flowers. "Sweet flowers," he say, "you have nuttin' ter do dis long summer day."

"We must bloom in de sunshine," say de flowers, "and cast our sweetness on de summer air."

'Johnny b'gun ter feel shame. Everything seem so busy, even the li'le ants at his feet.

"Li'le ants," he say, "surely you may rest fer a while?"

'But de ants hurry right on. "Not so," dey say. "We must lay by stores fer de cool winter days."

'Den li'le Johnny he cry.

"Ef birds an' bees an' flowers is so busy dis bright summer day, dere's work for a li'le boy, too," and away he run to help his mammy.'

'The Order of the Bath.'

A fox terrier, and a thoroughbred! was what Phil always said proudly when any one asked him what kind of a dog he owned.

It was a law in Phil's home that Nick must be given a bath once a week.

Phil didn't like the bath any better than Nick did, but he never thought his objections out loud, for he got enough teasing as it was from his big brothers about 'the dog that should have been made black.'

By the time Nick was coaxed from under the shed, where he always went the moment he saw his tub and brushes being brought out, it would have been hard to say which was the more unwilling for the scrubbing.

At last Phil thought of a plan to keep Nick's coat clean until it was dry. He tied him to an apple tree, where he could run about in the long green grass. But the moment he was freed, away he ran for the first bit of dusty road he could find, to have a roll, and his nice clean coat was black once more.—Jewels.

HOUSEHOLD.

For the Busy Mother.

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LITTLE BOYS' BLOUSE SUIT.—No. 5736.

A picturesque blouse suit for the small boy is here shown. The front closes diagonally and is secured at the waist with a leather belt. A large collar gives jauntiness to the costume. A shield with narrow standing col-

lar finishes the neck. Little bloomers are worn underneath the dress, and are included in the pattern, which will be found very simple and easy to follow. Any of the heavy washable materials such as pique, finen, or duck could be used, or flannel and light weight cloth would be equally suitable in making up a suit of this kind. For a child of four years, 1 7/8 yards of 54 inch material will be required. Sizes for 2, 4 and 6 years.

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Dont's for Maids.

Don't imagine that things are harder for you than for other people because missus says a few words now and then. If she is doing her duty by you and all the others she probably has her hands full, and if she has no duties to do, that is harder still.

Don't waste things because you are not superintended all the time. Every economical habit you are learning now will be worth gold to you if you ever have a house of your own.

Don't think life a perfect plague if that house seems remote. Many a servant, after a few years of married life, with its poor conditions and vulgar neighbors, and perhaps a husband not all that he might be, thinks what a fool she was not to know when she was well enough.

Don't spend all your money on clothes, if you can help it. Perhaps you do not feel that you can save much, but the habit of saving, once it is begun, grows, and affords a steady interest.

Don't tell yourself that your work is dull because you have to repeat it day by day. You remember the story of Mrs. Garfield, and

how she rendered work, just such as yours, interesting by trying to do it better each time she attempted it. Here is an extract that may interest you from the letter of a lady who might have distinguished herself in more ways than one, had not circumstances given her hard home duties to do. 'It seems to take a great many years of thought and study and sorrow and suffering, of training in ethics and æsthetics, to get saucepans as clean as mine. Why cannot people inherit these aptitudes as they inherit beauty or talent, instead of having, individually, to take the same hard way towards the same end? I suppose it is because something special of patience and virtue is to be learned by that way, and can be learned by no other.'

'A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine,
Who sweeps a room as for God's laws
Makes that and the action fine.'
—'Examiner.'

Selected Recipes.

JELLIED CHICKEN.—Select a good-sized roasting chicken. Draw it without breaking the gall or intestines, cut off the head and feet, cut it in pieces as for fricasseeing, put it in a deep saucepan, cover it with hot water, add a large onion, cut in half, a stalk of celery, six peppercorns, and a generous teaspoonful of salt. Cover the saucepan closely and boil the chicken until the bones can be removed easily, always taking care that there is broth enough to prevent burning.

After removing the bones, put the chicken into an earthen pudding dish or mould deep enough to hold it, and from which it will turn out nicely when cold.

Strain the broth, return it to the saucepan, place it over the fire and dissolve gelatine in it. Allow half a small box of gelatine to a quart of broth. While the chicken is boiling soften the gelatine in enough cold water to cover it, then by stirring it through the hot broth for a few minutes it will entirely dissolve. Season the broth palatably with salt, a little cayenne and the juice of a lemon, and pour it over the chicken in the mould.

As soon as the chicken is quite cold it may be turned out of the mould and sliced as desired. Serve with quarters of lemon.

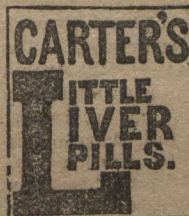
MUSH BREAD.—Put one pint milk in double boiler; when hot stir in slowly two-thirds of a cup fine cornmeal. Stir until mixture begins to thicken; not stiff, but a little more than creamy. Take from the fire, drop in the yolks of four eggs, stirring constantly. Then stir in the well-beaten whites. Bake in quick oven for thirty minutes.

QUICK BREAD.—For four loaves of white bread with baking powder add six big teaspoonfuls baking powder and four of salt to four quarts of flour. Sift three times. Add to flour milk and water, in equal parts, to make a moist dough. Add moisture gradually. Take out on board, cut into loaves, brush tops with milk, and bake for one hour in moderately hot oven.

CREAM BISCUITS.—One cupful of flour, measured before sifting; one-half cup sour cream, one-half cup sweet milk, one level teaspoonful baking powder, scant one-half teaspoonful soda, one-half teaspoonful salt, Sift flour, baking-powder and salt together, add cream, in which soda has been dissolved. When well mixed add milk. Mix smooth and roll out one inch thick, using as little flour on board as possible. Bake in hot oven.

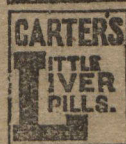
RICE CROQUETTES.—Wash a cup of rice, put in a double boiler with a half pint of clear broth and one and one-half cups of strained tomato sauce, seasoned with sweet herbs, salt, and pepper. Cook slowly until all the liquor is absorbed and the rice is tender, then add two tablespoonfuls of butter, and half a teaspoonful of lemon juice and cook a few minutes longer; add a well-beaten egg and more seasoning, if desired, and a tablespoonful of minced parsley. Turn out to

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cool; then form into croquettes; dip into beaten egg, then into bread crumbs, and fry a light brown in deep fat.

STEWED EELS.—Put into a saucepan one quart of cold water, two-thirds of a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of peppercorns, one small red pepper pod, a blade of mace, one-half of a bay leaf, half a dozen allspice berries and one thinly-sliced onion. Heat and simmer for fifteen minutes. Cut two pounds of eels (previously skinned) into two-inch lengths, wash, drain and drop into the saucepan. Cover and simmer gently for fifteen minutes. In serving, the liquor may if desired be strained and slightly thickened. To make a good cold dish remove the fish as soon as cooked add to the liquor one-quarter of a cupful of good vinegar and boil until re-

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duced a little more than half then pour over the fish and chill; when cold it will form a soft jelly.

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