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# Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIV. No. 16

MONTREAL, APRIL 16, 1909.

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Post-Paid

'The "Messenger" is far superior to anything I know of for the Sunday School.'—W. Ruddy, Toronto, Ont.

W. Bronscombe 330 30 09

## A Herald.

(Emma A. Lente, in the 'Zion's Herald'.)

'Why don't you sing, Mr. Bluebird?' asked the alert little Sparrow.

'I can't sing! I'm perfectly miserable. Just look at all this ice and snow, and feel that cutting, cruel wind. Sing, indeed!'

'I know the weather's very uncomfortable, but if you'll only give us a song—just one

some of those zero days. Such great snow-drifts, and fierce winds, and so little food!

—oh, how I would sing! But, as you know, I can only chirp—just two or three notes over and over.'

'I won't sing a note until I feel better!' said the stubborn little Bluebird; 'and if you feel like chirping on such a dismal day as this, why, you may, Mr. Sparrow!'

'The people over in that house are very tired of hearing me; some other voice would be a pleasant change. They've had a hard



sweet song of yours—things will brighten up a whole lot,' said the coaxing Sparrow.

'Small good my poor little voice would do to help matters; and any way I believe it is frozen in my throat with this terrible weather.'

'Oh, this isn't so very bad! My, if you'd seen some of the storms we've had up here this winter! And even the sunshine was icy

Why, I nearly lost heart myself more than once, and I'm no coward.'

'No, you seem very brave indeed, but I'm not. If I found any worse weather than this is, I should surely die!' said the disconsolate little Bluebird.

'Perhaps you would. I know you are quite delicate, although your voice is strong, and so very sweet; and if I had it I would sing

time this winter, and they're about discouraged. Some have been sick, and all have been lonesome. You might cheer them very much with a spring carol, if—if you would only make an effort!'

'I can't. I'm homesick and need cheering myself.'

'Well, I really must be going,' said the Sparrow. 'This is my busy day; but I shall be listening in case you change your mind and give us a song.'

But the dismayed and sulky Bluebird fluffed his feathers more closely around his feet, and sat silent on the leafless old apple-tree.

At last the house-door opened, and a man came outside. He swept the snow from the steps, looked up at the gray sky, and, shiver-



ing in the chill wind, pulled up his coat-collar and walked slowly and dejectedly toward the barn.

Then the boys came out ready for school. 'I don't want to go a single bit,' grumbled one. 'I'm so tired tramping to school in the deep snow, an' it's sure to snow some more fore we come back.'

'Oh! oh! How cold that wind is!' said the other. 'I'm tired an' tired of winter; it ain't a bit of fun any more; but I don't believe it's ever going to get warm weather, or anything grow any more.'

'Oh, there must be a change soon,' said the patient mother. 'Only a few weeks now, dears, and spring must come. Perhaps this will be the very last snow.'

At the small-paned window above, sat an invalid with thin white face. No one was so worn and weary with winter as was she.

'When spring comes'—so the old doctor had said many times—'then you will get well in the warm, healing air; but you must stay in until spring is here—stay in and wait patiently!'

And she had counted months and weeks and days, and still snow and-ice covered the ground. Would there ever be any signs of spring? It was so hard to wait!

The Bluebird felt his heart stirring with pity. He knew! Oh, he knew that spring was coming! He had passed her on the way up from the Southland. He had seen the young grass growing in her footprints, and the buds of the trees and bushes swelling under her warm breath. Oh, he knew that she was near at hand! Should he be her herald, and, forgetting his own discomfort, tell the glad tidings to these weary, discouraged people?

He stood upon his perch; he flitted to a higher branch; he felt his throat swelling with an eager stress and then—and then—oh, that song without words! How much it told of hope, cheer, joy, assurance, and ecstasy—a song needing no words.

The children waited breathlessly by the gate. The mother patted the baby's head, and said: 'Listen, oh, listen!' The invalid stood up by her window and smiled; her face grew radiant with hope. The man came to the barn-door whistling under his breath. The clouds parted to let the sunshine through, and the wind, ashamed of its harshness, went quietly away. And the Bluebird, who had been so disheartened and cowed by the storm, sang on and on, feeling his own heart grow warm and glad with the effort he was making to cheer others.

'Hear the dear bird, mother! Oh, do hear! Spring is surely coming now!' and the boys ran gaily off to school, while the mother scattered some crumbs of bread along the fence for the bird's breakfast.

And the busy Sparrow off in the distance chirped: 'Ha! ha! I thought he'd have to sing before long, bless him!'

## Work in Labrador.

DR. GRENFELL'S ORPHANAGE.

Dec. 1, 1908.

Dear Mr. Editor:

The number of children at the orphanage continues to increase. When I left there were sixteen, and I hear that now there are twenty. Strictly speaking, the house should be called 'The Home for Children,' as we do not only receive orphan children, but those, too, whose parents are unable to look after them, the children being starved and sent about in a half-clad condition. Two such cases I will mention. One of the families lived about eight miles from St. Anthony, close to the 'Reindeer Camp.' On entering the kitchen there were found gathered the family, which consisted of the father, mother, three boys and three girls. The eldest, a boy about the age of fifteen, helped his father; the others varied in age from about ten to two years old. The younger ones were all very short of clothing, three of them only possessing about one garment apiece, and no stockings on their feet. The room contained besides a stove, under which lay a lamb of a few weeks in age, a table, a form and one or two packing cases. With difficulty we persuaded the parents to give up two of their children, a boy of eight and a little girl of six. What the change must have felt like is almost more than we can understand. To be stripped of rags and given some warm, clean clothes made an alteration only they

could fully realize. The part they did not at first appreciate was the bath. They are now two of the happiest of the children, though, through so much neglect and degradation, they are not very bright intellectually.

In another harbor, twelve miles away, lived a family in awful conditions. Three attempts had already been made to get the eldest girl, a child of twelve, into the Home at St. Anthony, away from the cramped and immoral conditions she was being brought up in. She entirely lacked education, not possessing the clothes to go to school in, but the parents would not hear of her going, and the girl had been taught to say that 'she did not wish to go.' In spite of the knowledge of these facts, I felt that a fourth attempt must be made to rescue her, so I left one morning in the smallest of our launches—one which is now in the possession of the Moravians at Hope-dale. It did not turn out a very inviting day, for soon after starting the rain came down and also the fog, and there was a breeze blowing 'on shore' which caused a heavy side-lop. On reaching the harbor, I made for the house which I knew to be the home of the family I wanted, but it was empty, and the door barred. I was not altogether surprised for I heard that they had a knack of making themselves scarce when the mission boat came in and they thought they would be wanted. I found the mother and five children, with their grandparents, at the next house. On entering, the room I walked into was quite bare except for a barrel at one end. The next room leading out of the first was a good deal smaller. The walls were covered with old newspapers, a good many of which were peeling off, and so gave them a very dishevelled appearance. The furniture in the room consisted of a stove, a table, two packing cases across which were laid a plank to form a seat, on which were seated the grandparents, a neighbor, the mother, and the girl I had come in search of; the other children were playing in the room. A boat having been sent for the father, who had just gone across the harbor, I sat down with the assembled family, joining in the general conversation, until he arrived. I then asked their leave to take the girl back with me. Both gave their consent, but said that it should ultimately be decided by the girl herself whether she would go or not, and she had no desire to go. But after I had talked to her and asked her to come and see what it was like for a few weeks, and described to her the nice clothes the others had on, she finally consented to come. I knew that I must not let her out of my sight now in case her former feelings got the better of her, so I took her then and there to the launch and soon we were on our way to St. Anthony.

When we had gone a few miles the engine stopped but was persuaded to work again and all went well until we were within four miles of St. Anthony when the engine again stopped and this time nothing would persuade it to move. We had sail up at the time, which added another knot to her speed when the engine was going, but seemed to be of no use to her without its aid; and so the wind being now off shore and the tide also running out, we were conscious of gradually drifting further and further out to sea. The girl began to be somewhat scared, for she seemed to realize something of our plight and I expect had many an inward wish that she had never left home. To our great relief we sighted a schooner and so made signals of distress, waving our caps, and when within hailing distance shouted to those on board to come to our aid. Happily they heard and came close to us and we asked them to give us a tow to a harbor, which they did, nearly capsizing us in the act from the speed at which they towed us. But we were soon safely anchored in the harbor of St. Lunard, where we spent the night in the house of a fisherman, who gave us a warm welcome, he having quite recently been in the hospital. The next day another attempt was made to get the launch to move, but in vain, so there was nothing for it but to walk the ten miles home to St. Anthony, the sea being too rough for us to venture in an open boat. We reached there in the evening without further mishap. I don't think the girl will very soon forget her journey to St. Anthony. For the first few weeks she was very homesick, but seems quite to have settled down now in her new surroundings.

This coming spring we hope to enlarge the orphanage to hold more children. Two thou-

sand dollars having kindly been given for that purpose.

On looking back at the past three years' work since the orphanage was first started, one cannot help seeing how the work has grown. In 1906, when I first went out, there were but four children, now there are twenty. During that time two of the boys have been passed on; one of them is working for the mission in St. Anthony, and the other has been apprenticed to the mill in Canada Bay. Two of the girls have been trained as useful servants, and are working now in the orphanage as kitchen maid and house parlor maid.

Please continue to pray for God's blessing on the work, for without him we can do nothing.—Eleanor Storr, in 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.'

## Religious News.

The conflicts in India between Hindus and Moslems, which have lately been conducted with such terrible bitterness and even bloodshed, should serve to show that the time has not yet come when the native races can be entrusted with full self-management. Those who condemn so unsparingly British rule in India view all questions from the political side. But it is quite evident that religious questions enter far more deeply into the matter than these critics allow. The hatred between Moslems and Hindus in India is deep-seated, and were it not for the restraining power of an enlightened government there would be more than mere riot. The religious animosities of the East can scarcely be understood by colder Westerns. Until there is greater natural cohesion between the various parties, a firm yet kind guiding hand is needed.

The income of the C. M. S. organizations was \$1,106,655 in 1898, but last year reached \$1,880,520, and in all the other items given the figures have doubled in two decades; thus the stations have increased from 294 to 554; clergymen, 273 to 413; laymen, 283 to 948; total workers, 4,452 to 9,492; communicants, 47,831 to 97,489. The schools now number 2,465, with 146,038 scholars.

As usual at the beginning of each year, 'Medical Missions at Home and Abroad' gave in January a list with the present addresses of all medical missionaries of both sexes holding British degrees or diplomas. They number 385, or, for some reason unknown, less by 10 than last year. Of the 40 societies named, C. M. S. has the largest number, 73; the United Free Church comes next with 60; the London Society, 39; Baptist, 21; Wesleyan, 20; Presbyterian Church of England, 19; Irish Presbyterian, 19; Church of Scotland, 18; Church of England Zenana Society and Propagation Society (S. P. G.), 16, etc.

## Acknowledgments.

### LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Demdu, Bordeaux, \$4.00; A Friend, Carleton, N.B., \$20.00; Total . . . . . \$ 24.00  
 Received for the cots:—Seven Sisters, Muskoka, per T. W. Lovatt, \$2.00; I. O. C., Pasque, Sask., \$5.00; Mrs. Benjamin Ching, Bothwell, P.E.I., \$2.00; A Friend, Toronto, \$1.00; Mrs. P. Clark, Lents, Oregon, \$2.50; Total . . . . . \$ 12.50  
 Received for the komatik:—Mrs. P. Clark, Lents, Oregon . . . . . \$ 2.50  
 Previously acknowledged for all purposes . . . . . \$ 1,953.07  
 Total on hand March 30 . . . . . \$ 1,992.07

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

Those preparing clothing, etc., for Labrador, should remember that all such gifts must be sent early in May to Miss Roddick, 80 Union Avenue, Montreal, to be in time for the first shipment.





LESSON,—SUNDAY, APRIL 25, 1909.

The Gospel in Antioch.

Acts xi., 19-30; xii., 25. Memory verses 22, 23.

Golden Text.

The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch. Acts xi., 26.

Home Readings.

- Monday, April 19.—Acts xi., 19-30; xii., 25.
Tuesday, April 20.—Matt. x., 16-23.
Wednesday, April 21.—Matt. xxviii., 16-20.
Thursday, April 22.—Luke x., 17-24.
Friday, April 23.—I. Thessalonians I.
Saturday, April 24.—Acts iv., 32-37.
Sunday, April 25.—Rom. xii., 1-15.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Have you ever seen a field covered with the dandelion heads that are just little round balls of fluffy white, 'clocks' as we call them? And then have you seen the wind come along puffing over it? What happens? Why the wind blows off and carries away with it ever so many of the little dandelion seeds, each under its little fluffy white umbrella, and is that the end of them? Has the wind blown them away and got rid of them? No, indeed, for they are all prepared for just that very thing, and wherever they fall to the ground they get right to work, push their little selves in, and soon we may find another little dandelion plant growing there. But why do you think we have been speaking about dandelions in Sunday School? Well, you will all remember that we have been studying about the Christians in the old city of Jerusalem and how they grew and multiplied there until the Jewish rulers thought there would soon be nothing but Christians if they left them alone. So these men started to persecute them. That was just like a great wind blowing over the field for it scattered the Christians all over the country, but they were quite ready for it, like the little dandelion seeds, and knew just what to do, for Christ had told them that this very wind would come. So wherever they were blown to they settled right down and soon there was another little Christian church growing up. Suppose one of those little dandelion seeds that got blown away should say 'Well, I don't see why I was blown away from all my brothers and sisters. I don't see any other dandelions around in this place. I don't suppose it was meant for a dandelion to grow here. I'll just lie right down and do nothing and perhaps the wind may blow me off to a better place.' That would be very stupid; and some of these Christians in those days long ago might have said 'I don't see why God sent me out of Jerusalem. I don't see any other Christians round here, so I guess I had better do nothing,' but they didn't, and all set to work, no matter where they found themselves and spoke and worked for Christ. And Christ wants us to do just that. You know Jesus told us that we are all like seeds (Matt. xiii., 37, 38) and that He Himself has put us here in the world to grow for Him. Well, we learned last week about the city of Damascus where some of the Christians were blown to by this great wind of persecution, and how they soon had a fine church growing up there. Now, in to-day's lesson we hear about another city to which Christians came, and this city was called Antioch.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The lesson to-day introduces us to a city of large importance in the history of Christianity, for it is not only the city in which

the Gentile Christians first came to great prominence, but the city that was the centre of Paul's missionary work. It has been said that the history of the church as given in Acts centres about three cities, firstly Jerusalem, the city of Jewish exclusiveness, secondly Antioch, the city of Gentile opportunity, and thirdly Rome, the city of world influence. It is the stage of the conquest of the second city that is reached to-day. Antioch was a city of great importance and of needs as great. The gospel entered here unexpectedly. It was not a move from Jerusalem and was contrary to the usual plans of the Jewish Christians. The word 'Grecians' in verse 20 is properly 'Greeks,' and the verse means that whereas the rest of the Christians scattered abroad preached to Jews only (verse 19), these unknown men of Cyprus and Cyrene, that city of northern Africa, had the courage to take a further step and preach to Gentiles also. Whether they had the authority of the church or no 'the hand of God' was with them and success followed their efforts. The round-about rumor reaching Jerusalem, the elders of the church there chose the best possible man for its investigation in the person of Barnabas. The story is simple and straightforward but how much it tells in these few words,—for he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of Faith; and much people was added unto the Lord.'

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 29.—The Greek word translated 'purpose' means literally 'setting forth,' and is the word in Matthew xii., 4 translated 'show-bread,' 'the loaves of the setting-forth,' the loaves set before, or consecrated to, God. Their hearts were to be consecrated to God. The Greek word 'cleave' is translated 'continue' in Acts xiii., 43, and the exhortation is that of Jesus Himself when He said 'Abide in me.' Jesus is the living Lord, ever present with His disciples, to Him they are to cleave, with hearts consecrated to God's service. If Jews and Greeks carried out this exhortation of Barnabas, there would be no trouble among them, for they would all live together in Christian unity, sons of one Father, brothers of one Lord.

How we may cleave to the Lord. One plain way is by habitual direction of thought to Him, by cultivating the sense of His presence. It is hard amid the whirl and press, but it is possible. How do we keep near dear ones on earth who are absent? Only by thinking about them, and we do not need, if we really love them, to be told to think about them; we can not help it. In the same way, if we are to keep ourselves in that close personal relation to the Christ 'whom having not seen we love,' there must be a great deal more actual occupation of our minds and thoughts with Him than is usual amongst professing Christians. The bulk of our lives is necessarily devoted to temporal things, and, unless we can bring about an alliance between daily work and heavenly thoughts, our hold on Christ will be slack. We cleave to the Lord by obedience also. A little disobedience makes a great separation. We cleave to Him by depending on Him, as a cragsman clutches the rope which keeps him from being dashed to pieces on the sharp reef, or drowned in the heaving billows far below.—Alexander Maclaren, in 'Leaves from the Tree of Life.'

The Effect of Giving on the Giver. An artist was once asked how he would portray a dying church. Would he picture a small, scattered congregation worshipping in a building that was falling to pieces? Instead, he said, the canvas should show a magnificent edifice, with a great organ, richly carved pulpit, and beautiful windows. The striking objects within should be two—a large collection plate in the hands of a Church official, and on the wall a small box marked 'Collection for Foreign Missions' with a huge cobweb over the opening! That church keeps its life and its wealth with gives away its energy and its money in noble causes.

To be in relations not with God alone but with one's fellows, and to serve God in serving them, that is to be a Christian.—A. C. McGiffert.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 25.—Topic—Preaching Christ in the home land. Acts v., 42. (Missionary meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

- Monday, April 19.—The missionary's passion. I. Cor. ix., 16-23.
Tuesday, April 20.—The missionary's danger. Ezek. ii., 3-7.
Wednesday, April 21.—The missionary's faith. Isa. xlix., 1-5.
Thursday, April 22.—His reward. Mark x., 28-31.
Friday, April 23.—The missionary's joy. II. Tim. iv., 6-8.
Saturday, April 24.—The missionary's triumph. Rev. vii., 13-17.
Sunday, April 25.—Topic—Heroes of African missions. Jer. i. 6-12.

Our New Competition.

A splendid competition is now open to all boys (outside Montreal) who sell the 'Canadian Pictorial' (10 cents each copy). Valuable prizes will be given over and above all premiums and commissions for the largest total sales of the April, May and June issues, which will each be ten cents. To give all a fair chance, we have made three classes: 1. For boys living in Canadian cities (outside Montreal); 2. For boys in towns; 3. For boys in villages and rural districts. There will be a first and a second prize in each class; the same in kind, but the second prize not quite so costly as the first, of course. These prizes will be overriding prizes, so that every boy knows that he gets full reward for every bit of work he does whether he gets one of these prizes or not, for the prizes will be extras over and above all premiums, commissions or what not.

The first prize will be your choice of:—1. A Rugby or Association Football; 2. A Fishing Rod and Tackle; 3. A No. 2a Brownie Camera with films, etc.; 4. A special quality watch and chain; 5. A selected baseball outfit.

In each case we undertake to give good \$4.00 value as a first prize, for with our special purchasing advantages we can do far better for our boys than they could do with the same money, and we give them all the advantage.

The second prize will be your choice of five similar articles, but up to the value of \$3.00 only. Where money prizes are preferred, we will give as a first prize, THREE DOLLARS in cash; for a second prize, TWO DOLLARS in cash.

Moreover, we have arranged to make it easier than ever to get the same fine quality premiums. For instance, the rubber stamp with your name and address, along with a self-inking pad, we now give for selling only NINE (instead of fourteen) copies at 10 cents; the very same watch for eighteen (instead of twenty) and so on.

Write us for a package to start on, and full particulars of our premiums, competition, etc., etc.

Address, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

CANADIAN PICTORIAL

For use of our readers who already get the 'Messenger' through a club or Sunday School and who now wish to order the 'Pictorial' alone at the SPECIALLY REDUCED RATE of seventy-five cents a year to 'Messenger' Readers.

COUPON.

John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Enclosed find seventy-five cents (75c) which with this coupon will pay for a year's subscription to the 'Canadian Pictorial' (regular rate, \$1.00), according to special offer made to 'Messenger' readers.

Name.....

P. O. ....

Date..... Prov.....

This cut rate good for all Canada outside Montreal and suburbs, also places mentioned in list on second to last page.



# Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.



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

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

**PLEDGE CARDS.**—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

**BADGES.**—We also issue for sale with the pledge

in this office for over 55 years. We have taken the 'Messenger' so long that I don't remember when we started to take it. Our Sunday-school-room is quite large, but on some Sundays it is hard work for the teachers of the different classes to find room for their scholars. I worked at some of the neighbors' places last fall and earned a little money. I am Bugler of No. 6 Company in the 56th Regiment of Grenville. I went out camping at Ottawa and earned about \$15. I put \$10 of this amount into the Traders' Bank. We live on a large hill, and I have four brothers and one sister. I skate with my youngest brother on winter evenings.

RUSSELL DRUMMOND (age 13).

F. I., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am going to describe what a lovely place I live in. My home is on a mountain that overlooks the pretty little village of Five Islands. From our window I can see the Five Islands; their names are Moose Island, Diamond Island, Long Island, Egg Island, and Pinical Island. We can also see the little schooners as they come to the

nine children, and while they were here they loved to listen to me read it, and when they grew up they loved its pages as much as I did, but two of them have gone to heaven, and the rest (except one) are all many hundred miles away.

Your faithful reader,  
MRS. HUTTON.

B., Scotland.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' from a friend, and not having seen any letters from Scotland, I thought I would write one. I have been an invalid for about three years, but I am able to walk a little now. I have found Jesus very near me during my illness. He is always with us, but I think even closer, when we are in trouble. Well, I think I will close. I enjoy the 'Messenger,' and wish it every success.

Your little friend,  
MARY M. WEBSTER.

[We are very glad to hear from you, Mary, but we have several little correspondents in Scotland. Ed.]

B., Man.

Dear Editor,—I think the Royal League of Kindness is a splendid club. I am sending my pledge along with this letter. We had a concert in our school on Dec. 18. I took a part in a dialogue and a couple of songs. There are nearly forty pupils attending our school now. We had quite a few improvements made in our school during the last summer vacation. We have a basement and the furnace put in, and now it is warm.

HILDE HALLONQUIST.

## OTHER LETTERS.

Lizzie Price, P. C., Ont., says 'I received the book and think it is very nice. I like it very much. I got the brooches, too.' Lizzie has been getting new subscriptions for the 'Messenger.'

Gladys M. Mountain, L., Que., writes that her grandma 'went away two weeks ago to visit my aunt in Maine. She expects to be away all summer.'

Alex. McKague, T., Ont., says 'My brother and I have great fun sleigh-riding, as there is a large hill in front of the house.'

D. N. Manely, P. C., Ont., says much the same. 'We have lots of fun here in the winter, as there is a big hill near our place, and we sleigh-ride down the hill.'

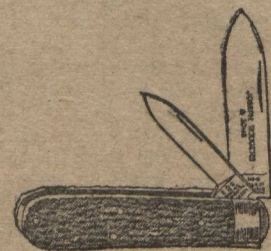
V. S. M., N. W. H., N.S., is thinking of present pleasures. 'I am staying with my grandma now and having a good time. It is getting spring-like and I shall be glad when Mayflowers come again.' This riddle is enclosed:

From a number that's odd cut off its head  
It then will even be.  
Its tail, I pray, take next away,  
Your mother then you'll see.

Two little friends from Clarke, Ont., send us original stories. Both stories have very good morals along the Royal League of Kindness line.

We also received little letters from Alma McLaughlin, C., Ont., Austin F. Atkinson, N. E. P., who got 'big sister Edna' to write for him, and from L. B., Albert, Ont.

## Premiums! Premiums!!



This fine two-bladed knife, made by Joseph Rogers, Sheffield, England. The cut shows style and make. Knife closed is four inches long. A useful tool for the adult, while every boy says 'It's a dandy.' Free for only ONE RENEWAL and THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' all at 40 cents each. John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.



OUR PICTURES.

- 'The Missing Tam.' Jean Longworth (aged 12), C., P.E.I.
- 'Biscuit Jar.' Sadie Findlay (aged 13), B. O., Que.
- 'An Easter Greeting.' Edna Krauter, W., Ont.
- 'Have a Taste!' Allan Field (aged 9), Montreal.
- 'A Briar Rose.' Caroline Hagar (aged 8), A., Ont.
- 'A Child of Palestine.' Hilda Field (aged 12), Montreal.
- 'Easter Greetings.' Pearl Moss (aged 12), L. I., Ont.

- 'A Scene.' Greta E. Perry (aged 12), W. L., N.S.
- 'Flossie.' Edith Whiles (aged 13), L., Ont.
- 'Hasn't Scratched Yet.' Selena L. Elston, W. L., N.S.
- 'A Precious Load.' Muriel Nash (aged 12), A., Ont.
- 'A Stuffed Owl.' Jean Robertson (aged 9), P., Ont.
- 'Maple Leaf.' Dell M. Shipley (aged 12), W. L., N.S.
- 'Wash Day.' Ruth Williams (aged 9), M. M., Mich.

card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar. Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

The names of the new members for this week are Norma A. Boullie, R. J., N.S., Edith G. Calman, A., Ont., and A. E. G. Steen, H., Ont.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live near the shores of the Georgian Bay and have great fun in the summer, swimming and paddling in the water. This is a pretty place, and in the summer it is much appreciated by campers. The winter has been nice and mild, and just enough snow on the hills for dandy sleighing. There is a nice spot on the Bay where lots of people go skating after dark with lanterns. I am in the Fourth Reader and do lots of lessons. I am afraid this letter will not prove very interesting, and so with my best bow, I hope to be your little friend,

EDNA MACGREGOR.

R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Seeing that all the little girls and boys were writing to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write a letter also. My grandfather is 84 years old and is still superintendent of our Sunday school. He has been

wharf to carry away the lumber that is sawed here. In bright days in spring it is nice to watch the little fishing boats go out. Then there are a lot who go out in boats just for a pleasure trip to the Islands, or dulceing, or for clams. I am not always with them, but I always have the pleasure of watching them. I am eleven years old and have about 2½ miles to walk to go to school. My little sisters go with me but we have a lonesome road to travel, as there are no settlers on that road. I cannot go in winter on account of the cold and bad roads. Although it is dreary here in winter, it is beautiful in summer. A great many come here to visit the water falls, just a half mile from our house. They spend the day catching the speckled beauties and return at night with well-filled baskets. Wishing the club ever success,

BLANCHE E. E.

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a little sick brother, and he is only 5 and a half. We milk nine cows. One cow tramped on our little gray kitty. I have a dog whose name is Phil, and we have three horses. I am going on 8 years old.

NORMAN McLENNAN.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for twenty-five years and it has become to me like one of our family. I had



# BOYS AND GIRLS

## The Legend of the Snowdrop.

(Agnes W. Storer, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')  
A garden lay bare, and brown, and cold,  
One day, when the world was not as old  
As the world we know to-day.  
Flowers were snug in their warm earth-bed,  
Dreams of summer in each pretty head,  
Sweet dreams of the month of May.  
One stalk was there without a flower,  
Little green leaves its only dower,  
And it sighed for blossoms gay.  
'I will go seek me bright petals fair,  
Brave I will be to do, and to dare,  
Through the earth I'll push my way.'  
So up through the earth so hard and brown  
It pushed, to what once was flower-town,  
All on that cold, wintry day.  
Brown ghosts—the flowers bright last year—  
Stood stiff and rustling in ranks so sere,  
No petals to give had they!  
The poor little stalk with bare, green head,  
Almost discouraged quite faintly said,  
'Oh, where are the flowers gay?  
'I'll unfold my leaves and look around,  
Perhaps one sunbeam can yet be found  
To warm me with his bright ray.'  
Now the sun that day was not in view,  
But silver-lined clouds, of dark gray hue,  
Dropped snowflakes to earth away.  
The green little stalk stood brave and straight,  
Wondering what was to be its fate  
If the cold white snow should stay.  
But two soft snowflakes in pity fell  
On its poor bare head, and hid it well,  
As they close together lay.  
'We will take care of you, dear, wee thing!  
Keep you quite safely until the spring!'  
So the snowflakes white did say.  
And while they lay on the small, green stalk,  
Jack Frost passed by, just out for a walk,  
On that cold, late winter's day.  
He saw the snowflakes together lie,  
And, pausing, breathed o'er them—like a  
sigh—  
'May you thus forever stay!'  
Next morning a wonder did appear,  
The snowflakes were petals, white and clear,  
Set in ordered, fair array.  
The little green head was now the heart  
Of a lovely blossom, set apart  
As herald of spring's first day.  
And that is how the first snowdrop came,  
And its namesakes now look just the same,  
Demure and sweet, 'tho not gay,  
As in the garden, bare, brown and cold,  
They grow each spring, if the world is old,  
The world that we know to-day.

## The Moon Feast.

The moon peeped in at my window one night, and said: 'Why don't you tell the boys and girls about the Moon Feast?'

So I said, writes a missionary in China: 'Why, of course I will!' and now I am just going to write it all down for you, even before I have had my breakfast.

On the eighth month of the Chinese year, and for a long time before, my Chinese children begin getting very excited and looking forward to 'the fifteenth day of the eighth month,' just as you count the days to a holiday at home.

'Seni, the Moon Feast will soon be here. Do "you" worship the moon?' 'Why, you "know" I don't!' I replied. 'Whom do I worship?'

'"I" know! You worship the true God.'

'Of course, I do. I worship God, not the things which God made. But shall I tell you what I am going to do on the fifteenth day of the eighth month, when everybody is worshipping the moon? "I" am going to thank the true God for making such a beautiful moon and putting it in the sky.'

I let them think about that a little while, and then we sang our new hymn. Do you know, I think God let me choose that hymn 'just' at the right time, for I chose it, not thinking anything about the Moon Feast. I just thought it would be a nice one for them to learn and so I got our Chinese teacher to go out and buy a big piece of white calico and write the hymn out in Chinese characters. And what do you think it was about? The moon!—and the sun, the stars, the blue sky, the rainbow, and the flowers. It says all these beautiful things are made by God, and

though they have no speech or language, they tell us that God is in heaven and loves us all.

So we called it our Moon Hymn, and we learned it by heart—one verse a week. Then, one day, when I was busy writing, I heard a lot of little voices calling:

'Seni, Seni, come out and look!'

They so often come and call me when I am busy that sometimes I sit quite still and don't make a sound until they go away, because I have not time to talk to them. But this time they called so long that I went out to see what was the matter.

'Look, look,' they cried, and I looked up at the sky and there was a beautiful double rainbow.

'Who made it?' I asked, pointing at the rainbow.

'The Heavenly Father,' they all cried at once. Then—'Oh, Seni! You pointed at the rainbow. Won't your finger grow crooked now? For they have a superstition that if you point at the rainbow your finger will certainly grow crooked.'

'Oh, no,' I said, and showed them that it was as straight as ever.

'But won't it be crooked when you grow old? People "say" so!'

'People don't understand,' I told them. 'The Heavenly Father made the rainbow, and He would not let it harm us because we pointed it out to other people.' So the Moon Hymn taught them about the rainbow, too.

Then the fifteenth day of the eighth month arrived, and everybody laid in a store of moon-cakes, big cakes that look like heavy mince-pies, made of nuts, and sugar, and fruit, and pork, and all sorts of things. Every child had a lantern ready, and when night-time came there was a great calling for Sinshang and Seni to come out. We went into the garden, and there on the other side of the fence was a little crowd of children, each carrying a lighted lantern at the end of a bamboo. Some of them were made of colored paper, shaped like lotus-flowers, some had pictures on them, and some were made of the shells of ducks' eggs and chickens' eggs, with lights burning inside. But the prettiest of all was made out of a green fruit, something like a melon, on which one patient mother had carved a number of pretty pictures for her baby, so that when the lantern was lighted the light shone through most beautifully.

The merry little faces looked so happy, lighted up by the lanterns; and above them all the big, round moon shone down through the trees and made a path of light on the broad fish-pond near by. We all stood there and sang our 'Moon Hymn':—

Night has the stars and moon,  
Daytime white clouds, blue sky.  
They cannot speak, but all do tell  
Of the great God on high.

Then they trotted away to join all the other children playing in the street, and we went back to the house.

'That' part of the Moon Feast I liked very much, but afterwards there was a part I did not like at all. About nine o'clock everybody prepared to worship the moon. Those whose front doors looked towards the moon worshipped at their front doors, but those whose front doors looked the other way worshipped at their back doors. Just underneath our windows our neighbor, 'Little Goose's' mother, spread a tiny table with fruit and cakes and other good things as an offering to the moon. Then they lighted some incense sticks and placed them on the table.

All down the street people were doing the same thing, and from every side came the bang, bang of long strings of red crackers. I had told the children—'When everybody else is worshipping the moon, we will thank God for making the moon and giving it to us.'

I think some of them remembered, but it 'must' be hard when your own mother teaches you to worship the moon, to believe that she is making a mistake and the foreigner is right! Will you help me to win these little girls for Jesus, by praying for them every day? Then you will be missionaries, too, for your prayers will go up to heaven from America, and the answer will come down in China? So that is just as if you were in China yourself, working for Jesus.—The 'Christian.'

## The Use of Prayer.

A Bear Story.

A few years ago a missionary from Labrador was taking dinner with a family in London. At the table he told stories of his adventures and of the danger from wild animals when they were stranded on a lonely beach. Before he left the home he asked his friends to pray for him. In the family was a boy who remembered that request. Night after night he asked God to protect his missionary friend, especially from bears.

A year passed and the father, knowing of his boy's interest in prayers, wrote the missionary and asked him if he had had any further adventures with polar bears. In a few months the answer came. The missionary said that, although so far he had been protected from the attacks of bears, he earnestly hoped his boy friend would continue to pray for him.

Not long after this the missionary set out to visit a lonely place many miles from the mission station. He was in a boat with two natives at the oars. Suddenly they swept round a rocky corner and were about to steer through a narrow arm of the sea, when they saw on a steep precipice overhanging the water a large polar bear, which seemed waiting to spring on them. 'Master,' said a rower, 'shall we not turn back? The bear can reach us in one bound, upset our boat, and plunge us into the water.'

For one moment the missionary paused to think, then he said cheerfully:

'No; there is a boy in England who has been praying that God would protect me from these bears, and He will do it. In His name I go on to my duty.'

They rowed on as far from the coast as possible, but the bear had selected his prey. With one mighty effort he sprang into the water and came swimming towards the boat. Quick as a flash one man fired at the foe. Instantly the water was dyed with blood, and one could see it was with difficulty the bear reached the shore. A second shot secured the victory, and after a few minutes the bear lay dead on the beach.

'Now,' said the missionary, 'I will send one paw to my boy friend in London, whose prayers God has wonderfully answered.'

That paw was treasured by the boy for years, and the man who tells this story has seen it himself.—The Mission Dayspring.

## Mrs. Chisholm's Way.

'Elsie,' said Laura Canfield, as the girls waited on the threshold of the Chisholm home, 'if you'd told me we were going to see a blind person, I should have begged off. Blindness breaks my heart. That's one reason I've run away for this visit to you.'

'You mean on account of your Aunt Mercie?'

'Yes. It's terrible, Elsie. We can't express pleasure in a thing we see without the unhappy feeling that she can't see it, too. We're getting so that when there's a beautiful sunset, or a fine illustration, or anything pretty, we just point at it silently so she won't know the difference.'

'Is she going to live with you after this, Laura?'

'Oh, yes; she's father's only sister, you know, and she hasn't another soul belonging to her except an adopted daughter, who doesn't know any more than to send her a water-color landscape for a Christmas present. Think of that—to a blind woman! Wasn't it heartless—or at least thoughtless?'

'Y-yes. It wouldn't be if you sent it to Mr. Chisholm, though. But then, Mrs. Chisholm has a way—'

The door opened, and Mrs. Chisholm greeted them brightly. 'Just see, Morton!' she cried, as she led the way into the sitting-room. 'It's Elsie Brooke and her friend, Miss Canfield, and they've brought us this great bunch of red partridge berries, all nestled in among glossy dark-green leaves. Aren't they lovely?'

Laura thought she had never seen a smile so beautiful as the one on the face of the courtly man who rose to meet them.

'It's a real taste of the woods, isn't it?'



he said, as his fingers caressed the leaves and berries. 'Where shall we put them, Mary?' and he seemed to look at his wife through the dark glasses that shaded his eyes.

'Right here in the bay window, where we had the yellow blossoms yesterday.'

'Oh, yes! With the green of the maple-tree outside for a background.'

'And the sunlight filtering through in patches,' she prompted.

'To be sure! Mrs. Chisholm never leaves out the sunlight,' he added, turning that beautiful smile to the girls again; and Laura found herself doubting that this could be the Mr. Chisholm who had been blind for twenty years.

A minute later he handed her the photograph of his one grandchild.

'Isn't that a fine boy for six months?' he asked, proudly. 'See the shape of that head, and those little chubby arms—pretty, aren't they? The picture came this morning, and we were as excited as two children. We could hardly wait to get it open.'

Laura almost gasped. He was totally blind; Elsie had said so. And yet, listen! He was talking about the squirrels in his yard now.

'They're as tame as kittens,' he declared. 'You ought to have seen them this morning! They'd let Mrs. Chisholm and me get close to them, and then they'd run a little way ahead and look back at us as saucy as you please. They flirted with us.'

'Well,' put in Elsie Brooke, gayly, 'I can't blame them a bit, if Mrs. Chisholm had on the pretty blue gown she's wearing now. She looks so lovely I can't help speaking of it.'

Mr. Chisholm reached for the hand of the little woman at his side. 'She always looks beautiful to me,' he said, tenderly. 'And—what is more, my dears—the whole world looks beautiful to me, and has for twenty years, through her eyes!'—*Youth's Companion.*

### Did You Ever Think.

That a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation?

That, though a loving thought may not seem to be appreciated, it has yet made you better and braver because of it?

That the little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness day by day are really greater than one immense act of goodness once a year?

That to be always polite to the people at home is not only more ladylike, but more refined, than having 'company manners'?

That to judge anybody by his personal appearance stamps you as not only ignorant, but vulgar?

That to talk and talk and talk about yourself and your belongings is very tiresome for the people who listen?—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

### Good Friends When You Know Them.

A unique work is being done in the Natural History Museum of New York in teaching children to overcome their fear of animals. It is a part of their instruction in natural history, actually a first step, and a necessary one, for until they have overcome their feeling of repulsion to an animal or insect they are not able to study it properly. Through the self-consciousness of fear they do not take in the details of the subjects brought to their notice.

A few children have in some ways more privileges than it is possible to give entire classes. They are the ones who are most likely to become intimate friends of toads and snakes. One little boy who has been a regular visitor at the Museum for some time has a live garter snake all his own, which still, for obvious reasons, makes its home at the Museum. He calls it 'My own snake,' and handles it with delight, though not very long ago he trembled at sight of the large stuffed animals of which the children are less likely to be afraid.

'In the matter of being afraid there is no difference in regard to sex that I can see,' says Mrs. Roesler, the instructor. The little girls are no more afraid than the boys. It appears to be a matter entirely of disposition or education. A small boy may bluster a lit-

tle more of his lack of fear, but the little girl is no more timid. This is particularly the case with the smaller children. They are much less likely to be timid than the older ones. Then perhaps the girls may show more fear. There is a tradition about that, and we are great followers of tradition.

'The little children will overcome any fear that they may have in one or two experiences, and play with the reptiles, toads, and snakes, that people have come to regard as unpleasant. That is a matter of education. The poets have written about them—Shakespeare referred to snakes and to toads as the most loathsome of animals, and used them to represent everything noxious, gruesome, and horrible.'

'That children learn their fears from older people was shown the other day, when, in

was a natural instinct in the cat. At one time cats had to eat birds to live, and possibly dogs had to eat cats. To be sure, this cat was well fed and did not need to eat the robins, and the dog was thoroughly ashamed of what he had done.' That put a different light upon things. In regard to death, I teach the children that it is an affair of nature.

'When the children have studied the mammals they are enough interested to talk about insects, and we start with the butterflies, which are pretty, with which they are familiar. As snakes and toads eat insects that brings us naturally to them. Now to the disagreeable animals; we do not consider that there are disagreeable animals. When the children have become thoroughly acquainted with the snakes we have to look out for them,



passing through the hall with a couple of live snakes that I was carrying to the children, I saw a little boy who was there with his father, and I asked him if he would not join the others.

'Oh, no,' the father said, 'I would not dare have him. I do not like to be near snakes myself. I am afraid he would dream of them.'

'In the meantime the boy, who was a very little fellow, was watching the snakes very placidly, with no expression of excitement or anything but a mild interest.'

'Children I was with last Summer came to positively dislike a cat of which they had previously been very fond because it climbed to a nest and killed robins in which they were interested. After we returned to the city their dog caught a kitten under a stoop and killed it, and the children immediately disliked the dog.'

'Now, children,' I said, 'you were angry with the cat because it ate the robins, and now you are angry with the dog because it has killed the cat. The robin gets its breakfast every morning by eating worms, and if it didn't eat the worms the worms would eat the trees, and then what should we do? It

or the little people will maul them to death in their interest.'

'The children are taught that there are poisonous snakes and taken to see those we have here on exhibition. There are only four kinds in America. The rattlesnake and the copperhead are the only ones in this part of the country. There is the water moccasin in the South and the elaps, also in the South, but this has such short fangs that it could not cut through a shoe or a dress.'

'It is strange that almost all the children dislike spiders, and it is difficult to overcome the feeling. I don't like spiders very well, myself, and we have no live ones here that they can handle. There are many venomous ones. Those that we have here have a threatening attitude. I am going to have the children hunt webs this summer and find different kinds, and describe them to me in the fall.'

One day the Children's Room had an experimental opening. It was a stormy Saturday, there were a large number of boys out, small urchins of all classes, with a few little girls. The latter had been having natural history instruction at the Museum, but the boys, who happened to be present, were new to it all, and their delight was unbounded. They gazed at Tip, the elephant that came to an untimely



ly end in Central Park a few years ago, with unusual interest, and with the clay which was given them on the kindergarten tables, a feature of the room, modelled likenesses of him as well as of the smaller animals set before them.

They watched the awkward gyrations of a tortoise that was placed on the table with great glee, and the tortoise as he was being photographed put his head out of his shell and held it well up in the air, posing for his picture, the children said. Of the two snakes brought out the 'beloved snake' of the small boy visitor to the Museum, was one, and another was a hog-nose snake, which bears a close resemblance to a rattler.

One of the little girls played with the latter with great delight, letting him coil around her neck, and caressed a toad which she held in her hand, a big fellow—*Bufo Americanus* is his professional name. He was dug from a burrow he had made in his Museum home where he was taking his winter's nap, and brought out to see the children, very gaunt, with his skin hanging loosely on his big frame, and only his bright eyes showing his healthy condition. To some of the boys who handled the snakes and toads they were the first they had ever seen at such close range.

'If the children understand animals,' says Mrs. Roesler, 'it will prevent the indiscriminate destruction of them which we have now. I was driving in the country with a friend when a black snake crossed the road in front of us, and the chauffeur, turning the machine we were in, ran over and killed it. I called to him, but it was too late.

"I always have that done," said my friend, "and every snake about the grounds is killed for fear they will hurt the baby."

"And an intelligent woman, as you are," I observed. "There are no harmful snakes around. It would be better if you let the baby play with them."

'Black snakes have teeth, but they are not venomous, and every snake will run if it gets a chance. And both snakes and toads are important to agriculture in eating destructive insects. Toads are nocturnal in their habits. They feed largely on moths, and they will do a great deal to destroy the cutworm moth, one of the farmers' greatest enemies. They eat many houseflies. That is something people can do if they wish to kill things. Let them fight the housefly with the millions of germs they are said to carry.'

'Shakespeare's exquisite lines about the gem-like beauty of the eye of the toad are paralleled by the Oriental saying regarding Christ, that in passing a dead dog which was being kicked by every passerby he paused a moment and said, "Pearls are not whiter than its teeth." The marvels of nature are seen not only in the birds and the butterflies, but in the humblest kinds of animals, which children may readily be taught to admire.'—The 'Times,' New York.

### The Wolves and the Baby.

Here it is, the dead of winter. Snow is on the ground, on the trees, on the house-tops. And we are all just in from a romp with a sledful of rosy-cheeked children. Of course, the only proper way to top off the evening is to tell a story. And so, as we all gather round the grate fire, and Tommy, who has been busy with the nut-crackers, gets quiet, and sister surrenders the poker to papa, and all the rest of the little folks get 'settled' for a listen, we tell the story of how a little baby

was saved from the wolves in a Canadian forest one winter day. And here it is, just as it was told:

One time a papa and a mamma were driving through the woods in a sleigh, and they had a little baby with them. The baby was asleep on some straw in the back of the sleigh, all covered up with blankets, and just as snug and warm as could be. They had so much to carry in the sleigh that this was the best place to put the baby, and the mamma could just turn her head and see the little baby's nose peeping out and see it sleeping so quiet and so fine. The horses—two of them—went spanking along the road, for the big log teams had worn it nice and smooth.

Suddenly the mamma gave a start. They were just in the middle of the deep woods, miles away from anybody. She had heard some strange sound. She said to the papa: 'Stop; I hear something like a cry.'

The papa pulled hard on the reins and brought the horses to a stop. Then they heard the cry again, and plainly. So did the horses. They sprang forward as soon as they heard that cry. It was the cry of wolves, and they were coming after the sleigh, a whole pack of them, in full cry.

So sudden was the start of the horses that the sleigh was almost lifted from the ground. At the same instant the mother turned round to see her baby, but it was gone. Out on the roadway was a little bundle, and little pink fingers were buried deep in snow and a little voice was wailing with cold and fright. Mamma gave a scream. Papa stood up and yanked the lines like a crazy man. The horses were pulled up to a second stop, but wild with fear and almost uncontrollable. Mamma was out of the sleigh in a twinkling, and, running to her little bundle, snatched it up as if it were a feather and dashed back to the sleigh. How she got into that rocking sleigh she could not tell now, but the half-crazed horses seemed to feel it the instant she got in, and then away they dashed, papa holding the reins, mamma the baby, and baby holding its breath. It all hadn't taken long, but so swift ran the wolves that now they could be seen away back on the road.

It was a wild race, children. The horses were galloping for their lives, and at every jump the sleigh seemed to clear the ground. But faster came the wolves. They were now so near that their red tongues could be seen, and their howling was terrible.

Then papa said: 'Wife, put the baby down in front at our feet. Then take the reins. You must do this at once.'

The baby was put down and a double-barrelled shot-gun taken up. Then papa turned and levelled his gun at the pack.

Two flames leaped out of the barrels, and two of the front wolves fell over and others yelped and limped. Then what do you suppose happened? The whole pack stopped and jumped upon the dead and wounded wolves and tore them to pieces. My, how they

growled and yelped and fought over the dead and hurt wolves.

'Well, then papa loaded his gun and the horses ran on like the wind, but soon the wolves were after the sleigh and soon they were almost near enough to leap into it. Then papa fired both barrels at them, and again there was yelping and scattering of the pack, and some more dead and wounded for the live and hungry ones to eat up.

So it went, till the horses were almost tired out and the night was coming on.

Suddenly mamma gave a cry. 'I see a light,' she said.

'All right,' said papa. 'And I've got one more load for the gun. God help us now.'

Once more he fired, and two more wolves just ready to leap at the horses, fell dead.

The horses made a desperate effort, and the sleigh shot out of the woods into another highway, and there was the lighted house—or hut—of some woodmen.

They heard the shooting, and soon men, women and dogs were running out to see what was the matter. At this the wolves stopped, the few that were left, and without a whimper started back for the forest.

Men held the trembling horses, strong arms took the mamma and the baby, and soon all were in the little cottage.

They warmed up a nice bottle of milk for the baby, and soon it went to sleep. Aren't you glad the wolves didn't get the baby?—'Sunday School Messenger.'

### The Largest Hats in the World.

(Anna E. Jacobs, in 'Sunbeam'.)

What would you think of a hat that was so large it would safely shelter your father, mother, sisters and yourself under it, should a sudden rainstorm come up? The men of Corea like these enormous hats and would not feel properly dressed without them. These hats look like great flower pots set on a round table six feet across. The crowns are nine feet in height and three inches wide, much like a chimney on a one-story house. How do you suppose these large, round head coverings are kept on? Under the brim is a small closely-fitting cap, held on by a padded string which ties under the ears. The material of these hats is bamboo so finely split that they are like thread; and lastly, they are varnished to keep out the sun, the rain and the wind.

You know that the Corean people always wear cotton clothing; so these big hats protect them far more than our hats possibly could do. In the rainy season a cone of oiled paper is attached to the big bamboo head coverings in the shape of a tunnel, so I suppose that the rain pours off of them just as water does off a duck's back. A Corean keeps his hat on when we should take it off. Soldiers wear black or brown felt hats decorated with red horse hair or peacock feathers, and hanging from the sides, over the ears and around their necks are oval balls of porcelain, amber and a queer kind of gum.

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# LITTLE FOLKS

## The Gardens of Mary and Harry.

The lovely spring-time had come, and Mary's father was making his garden.

'You and Harry shall each have a garden for your own,' he said. So he gave them each a piece of ground for a garden.

'I shall plant beets, corn and beans in mine,' said Harry.

'And I shall fill mine with beautiful flowers,' said Mary.

Harry planted his garden first.

looking garden. Why are those dolls there?

'Those are my labels,' said Mary. 'The one above the pansy seeds has a purple dress. The pink one is over the sweet peas, and the blue one shows where the forget-me-nots are planted. Isn't my garden pretty?'

'I never saw such a girl,' said Harry. The next morning Harry asked Mary to have a race to the garden. When Mary came to her flower-bed she saw a



Mary went out to look at it, and to plant her seeds.

'How bare your garden looks,' she said: 'and what are those pieces of paper?'

'They have the names of the seeds written upon them,' said Harry.

'Well, I don't think they look very pretty. I wish my flower-bed to look pretty, and it shall, too.'

Harry laughed and said, 'How can it look pretty before the flowers grow?'

'You shall see, Harry Gray. I know what I shall do.'

A few days later, when Harry came home from school, he saw Mary in the garden. She was working busily, and called him to come and look at her flower-bed. There were paper dolls in gay dresses standing about.

'Well, I must say you have a funny

border of shells around it. An old rattle which belonged to the baby was standing up in the middle of the bed.

'Why, Harry Gray, what have you been doing with baby's bells?'

'I planted some blue-bells for you and that is the label,' said Harry; then he began to laugh.

'What are you laughing at, Harry Gray?'

Harry began to sing,—

'Mistress Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?'

Mary laughed then, herself, and answered,—

'With silver bells and cockle shells,  
And pretty maids all in a row.'  
—'Children's Second Reader.'

## The Door of the House.

There were idle thoughts came in the door,  
And warmed their little toes,  
And did more mischief about the house  
Than any one living knows.

They scratched the tables and broke the chairs,  
And soiled the floor and wall,  
For a motto was written above the door,  
'There's a welcome here for all?'

When the master saw the mischief done,  
He closed it with hope and fear,  
And he wrote above, instead, 'Let none  
Save good thoughts enter here.'

And the good little thoughts came trooping in,  
When he drove the others out;  
They cleaned the walls and they swept the floor,  
And sang as they moved about.

And last of all an angel came,  
With wings and a shining face,  
And above the door he wrote:  
'Here  
Love has found a dwelling-place.'  
—Selected.

## Because Rolla was Plucky.

'It's too cold to go to Sunday school,' said Rob. He had built a snow fort the day before, and had never thought of minding the cold. But this was Sunday and things seemed different, explains Ambrose Jennison in an exchange.

'It's going to snow again, so I don't believe I'll go either,' said Nettie. She had been out playing sometimes when the big flakes pelted her cheeks and powdered her eyelashes, and thought it all fun. But it never occurred to her that she could go to Sunday school in a snowstorm.

Just at that minute little Rolla Bacon went by. Rolla was a mite of a girl, who was just getting big enough to go to Sunday school by herself. She caught sight of the children's faces at the window and waved her muff in greeting. Then she turned in at the gate and climbed up the steps.

'Are you mos' ready?' she asked, as Nettie opened the door. 'Cause grand-ma said I might stop for you, if I liked.'

'Why, you see—' Rob began, and then he faltered. It struck him that to tell this little girl he was not going to Sunday school because it was cold would seem very foolish. What would she think of him?

'I didn't know but it was going to snow. Don't you believe it is?' Nettie asked.



THE WOMEN'S EDITION OF THE 'WITNESS.'

'I don't know. But I like the snow, don't you?' said little Rolla.

'Ye-es. Why, yes, I do,' said Nettie. 'Come in Rolla, I'm not ready yet, but I'll hurry.'

'And so'll I,' said Rob, clattering up stairs, to put on a clean collar.

And that is how the three children instead of one, went to Sunday school. —'Home Herald.'

A Cat's Tricks.

My cat has a very bad habit of scrambling up people's backs. He loves to get up on my back when I am making candy and watch me measure the contents. He loves above all things to get up on the piano while I am practicing and walk very ceremoniously up and down the keys, as much as to hint that my playing was poor.

One evening, a very stately gentleman in a dress suit was walking down the street, and he stopped to tie his shoe lacing, and as I saw my cat approaching his back, I discreetly stepped back and watched from behind the bushes.

The man started to straighten up, but kitten was too quick for him, for, before the man knew what he was doing my cat was on his back.

The man jumped very unceremoniously and grabbed kittie from his back. He glanced sheepishly around to see if anyone was looking, and proceeded on his way. I glanced across the street and saw a little urchin grinning at me, having witnessed the performance.—'Boston Herald.'

Wise Old Jack.

Jack was a wise old cart-horse in our village. Often, when a child, I used to stand at the door of the shop of John Hall, the blacksmith, and see him shoe old Jack, says a writer in an exchange.

How cheerful it was, of a cold day, to see the fire flame up as John moved the bellows up and down! And then, when he took up the horseshoe in his iron pincers, and laid it on the anvil, and made the sparks fly as he hammered, how intently would I watch the scene!

One day Mr. Hall's boy, in shoeing Jack, drove a nail the wrong way. Jack did not find it out till he had gone home, and then the nail began to pain him a good deal; so what did he do but open the gate and limp back to the blacksmith's shop!

Mr. Hall saw him coming, and knew at once that something must be the matter. Jack came in, and held up his lame foot, as much as to say. 'Please take off my shoe.' Mr. Hall took it off, bathed the foot, and replaced the shoe, whereupon the old horse trotted back to his master's farm.

Jack was always very playful. He liked to have a bit of fun with his master, and would run round and round the pasture when the latter came to harness him. But he never kept his master waiting more than two or three minutes. It was all meant as a joke.—'Home Herald.'

To help in the circulation of the 'Women's Edition' advance coupons have been issued at five cents each, good for one copy if presented on day of issue. The coupons are in strips of ten, and those who sell fifty coupons will have their names entered on the 'Honor Roll,' and those who sell one hundred coupons may send their picture for insertion in the 'Portrait Gallery of Parks and Playgrounds Helpers.' Coupons may be had by applying to Mrs. F. H. Waycott, Convener, Circulation Dept., Care of 'Witness' Office, Montreal. All assistance will be gratefully appreciated by the committee.

TWO LIMERICK CONTESTS

To stimulate interest in the Women's Edition and also to gather in the many little donations towards the Playgrounds Fund, two Limerick contests have been arranged. The results of both contests together with the best last lines and the brightest and cleverest original Limericks will be given in the Women's Edition and will undoubtedly form one of its most interesting sections.

HOW WOULD YOU END IT?

Oh, the Montreal women are bright,  
They will edit the 'Witness' some night.  
The next day our old town  
Will be turned upside down.

Contest No. 1

This will be for the best last line to be submitted as an ending to the incomplete limerick printed at the top of this announcement. Fill out the coupon printed below and enclose ten cents, in coin or stamps, as a DONATION to the Playgrounds Fund. Send it in as soon as possible, for all entries will be numbered as opened, and should two persons hit on the same line, the first in order will be the only one for whom that ending will count. Entries in this competition must be addressed:

Aunt Limerick,  
Care The Women's Edition,  
'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Contest No. 2

Besides prizes for the best last lines to the above, prizes will be awarded for the best wholly original Limerick on the Women's Edition, in which the words, 'Women' and 'Witness' must appear. These Limericks must also be accompanied by ten cents as a donation to the Playgrounds Fund, and must be received before the end of April, but in this case the address will be:—

To the Editor,  
Original Limerick Competition,  
Care The Women's Edition,  
'Witness' Office, Montreal.

N.B.—The same person may send in as many entries as desired for either or both competitions—the more the merrier, but to count for the prize each entry must be accompanied by ten cents as a DONATION to the Playgrounds Fund.

In sending in your version of the last line use the following coupon and send it with 10 cents in coin or stamps, to 'Aunt Limerick,' Women's Edition, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Form for 'How Would YOU End It?' contest. Includes fields for Name, Address (in full), Date, and a P.S. note: 'I enclose ten cents as a donation to the Playgrounds Fund.'

THE PRIZES.

The Prizes will be awarded as follows:

For Last Line Limericks  
One First Prize  
One Second Prize  
Twenty-five Third Prizes  
Fifty Fourth Prizes

For Original Limericks  
One First Prize  
One Second Prize  
Five Third Prizes  
Ten Fourth Prizes

Aggregating Ninety-Four Prizes, value over \$150.00.

More prizes are given in the 'Last Line' contest, as that will naturally attract more entries, but for that very reason it will be easier to win the prize in the 'Original Limerick' contest for those who enjoy the fun of writing verses and have the happy knack.

The prizes will be:—

FIRST PRIZE.

One 3-yard best quality Canadian flag, (British manufacture), of real double-warp wool bunting, canvas bound, roped and toggled, all ready to hoist.

SECOND PRIZE.

One 2-yard Canadian flag, quality identical with above.

THIRD PRIZE.

One year's subscription each to 'World Wide' and the 'Canadian Pictorial,' to be sent either to his own or any other addresses the winner designates.

(To Canadian addresses outside Montreal, one six months' subscription to the 'Daily Witness,' or one year's subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' may be substituted for either of the above.)

FOURTH PRIZE.

One year's subscription to either 'World Wide' or the 'Canadian Pictorial,' to be sent to any address the winner designates.

(To Canadian addresses outside Montreal, one six months' subscription to the 'Daily Witness,' or one year's subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' may be substituted for the above.)





### His Choice.

A gentleman, going into a merchant's office, was struck with the following inscription, on a postal card, nailed to his desk:

WHICH?  
WIFE OR WHISKEY?  
THE BABES OR THE BOTTLES!  
HOME OR HELL?

'Where did you get that, and what did you nail it up there for?' he asked the merchant.

'I wrote it myself and nailed it there. Some time ago I found myself falling into the drinking habit. My business faculties were becoming dulled, my appetite failing, and I constantly craved alcoholic stimulants. I saw tears in the eyes of my wife, wonder depicted on the faces of my children, and then I took a long look ahead. I sat down and half unconsciously wrote that inscription. Its awful revelation burst upon me like a flash. I nailed it there and read it a hundred times that afternoon. That night I went home sober. I have not touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since. You see how startling is its alliteration. I have no literary proclivities. I regard that card as an inspiration. It speaks out three solemn warnings. One from the altar, one from the cradle, and the third and last from—' Here the man solemnly shook his head and resumed his work.—'S. S. Illustrator.'

### How Drink Shortens Life.

(Duncan A. Dobie, M.D., in the 'White Ribbon Bulletin.'

Twenty years' experience as an examiner for life insurance companies has impressed me with the undoubted superiority of the total abstainer as an insurable risk. Opportunity to make careful observation and comparison has been afforded me, by my having made examinations for many different companies.

The most important and most striking points to be noticed in the examination of a large number of risks are the less frequency of the heart beat, and the more composed mien of the total abstainer.

The average rate of the heart beat, sitting, in one addicted to stimulants, is from 72 to 84 per minute, while the average rate for the abstainer is 60 to 66. This shows a saving in favor of the abstainer of 12 beats per minute, or 20 percent.

An average heart beats one hundred thousand times in 24 hours, and is estimated by physicians to expend energy sufficient to lift 100,000 pounds through one foot of space. The heart of a total abstainer beating 20 percent less would lift 20,000 pounds, or ten tons less every twenty-four hours. This saving is accumulated as a reserve to be called upon in an emergency. As all other physiological functions are accompanied by the expenditure of vital energy, it is reasonable to

assume an equal saving of energy in the conduct of all the other vital processes of the body.

The ability of any machine to withstand shock depends upon its physical structure and the workings of its parts. If two steamships collide, their survival will depend upon this structural resistance. When the human organism suffers from the shock of infection by disease, its survival will depend upon this vital power of resistance, or, in other words, upon the reserve energy that has been stored up, and the greater amount of this reserve energy, the greater the chances of survival of the shock. These reasonable deductions are verified by my observation in hospital and private practice.

It is a notable fact that a total abstainer stricken by typhoid fever, pneumonia, or other infectious disease, or suffering severe physical injury, such as fracture, will show more recuperative power and greater vital resistance, by reason of this accumulated reserve, than one whose vital powers have been dissipated by the use of alcoholic or narcotic stimulants. The abstainer will also show a quicker response to stimulation where this may be indicated. Such infections, therefore, more frequently prove fatal in those accustomed to stimulants, and, according to reliable statisticians, the actual death rate is 25 percent less among abstainers than among those addicted to intoxicants.

### How to Use Money.

(By Alice M. Guernsey.)

'Spring is coming! Use your money for cigars. You'll not need it to buy coal.'

So reads an advertising board on one of the main streets of Chicago. What do you think of that advice? Suppose we put it in another form: 'Spring is coming! Throw two dollars a week into the fire. You'll not need it for coal.' Or put it in this way: 'Spring is coming. Use your money to buy arsenic. You'll not need it for coal.' What! Arsenic is poison! Well, what if it is? Some people take it. But it kills them? If you think so listen to this true story from an English physician:

'Smoking produces disturbances  
In the blood,  
In the stomach,  
In the mucous membrane of the mouth, causing enlargement and soreness of the tonsils, smoker's sore throat, etc.,  
In the heart.  
In the organs of sense, causing confusion of vision, bright lines, and luminous or cobweb specks, . . . . . inability to define sounds clearly, and the occurrence of a sharp, ringing sound, like a whistle or bell,  
In the brain,  
In the nerves, leading to paralysis in them.'

Is it any wonder that another says: 'This does not leave very much of a man but his skin and bones'? Is not arsenic about as safe as tobacco, after all? And is slow suicide right? Dr. Willard Parker, of New York, says: The poison [of tobacco] is slow, but in the second or third decade its virus becomes manifest. . . . . The duty of abstaining from the slow killing of one's self by this poison is as clear as the duty of not cutting one's throat.'

Does that sound as if buying cigars was a good way to use money?

## HOUSEHOLD.

### Symptoms of Old Age.

Here are the three deadly symptoms of old age: Selfishness, stagnation, intolerance.

If we find them in ourselves, we may know we are growing old—even if we are on the merry side of thirty. But, happily, we have three defences, which are invulnerable; if we use them, we shall die young if we live to be a hundred. They are: Sympathy, progress, tolerance.

The first is the hardest to most of us, because our little prison of the actual is so immensely important to us. There is no denying the fact that when you have a toothache yourself it is hard to have to consider other people's aches. But it can be done, though it generally involves physical effort, for we must bestir ourselves and act; the mere feeling of sympathy expressed by action is a poor, useless thing; but the soul, determined not to grow old, can force the body to such physical effort, though there is no denying that it is hard work.—'Harper's Bazar.'

## 'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

### 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.



PATTERN FOR REFOOTING STOCKINGS.

Paris Pattern No. 2780.

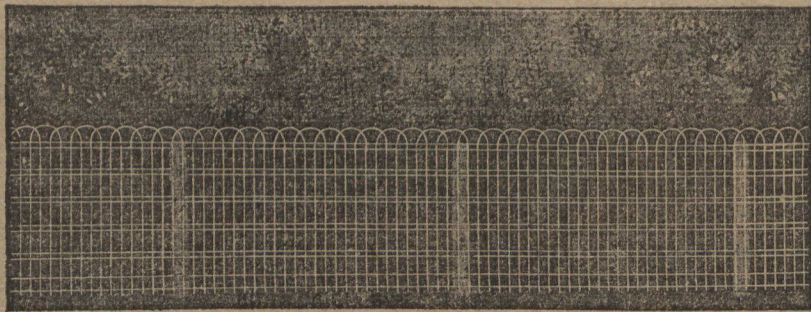
This pattern will be a joy to the economical mother, who often throws a stocking away because the foot and sole are beyond any more darning, though the leg part is absolutely good. These feet may be cut from the legs of old stockings or from very fine French flannel if they are for late autumn or early winter wear, but will be found especially useful for the stockings of lisle thread or silk, which wear out so quickly. They should be very carefully joined so that the seam will be as unnoticeable as possible. Two styles are given, and if one follows the printed directions carefully she should experience no trouble in either the making or the joining of the feet to the leg portion. The pattern is in eleven sizes—6 to 11 stocking size. No quantities are given for this pattern, as the new sole is cut from the leg portion of an old stocking, the pattern itself being the required size.

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.



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## Testimony From a High Authority as to the Value of Orange Meat

**I**N an address to the Canadian Association of the Master Bakers at their Convention, held in London, Ont., August 14th and 15th, 1906, Professor Harcourt, of the Guelph Agricultural College, said, among other things, as follows: Various types of breakfast foods may be roughly divided into the following classes:— 1st, The uncooked, such as granulated oats, etc., which require long cooking to make them palatable and aid digestion; 2nd, Partially cooked, such as rolled and flaked grains. In this process the cell walls are ruptured by the crushing, consequently, they require less time in their preparation for the table; 3rd, Cooked foods; 4th, Foods termed pre-digested, such as Orange Meat, etc.

A large number of foods have been analyzed, and some of the results are incorporated in the following table. In nearly every case the figures are the average of a number of analyses:

|                              | Calories per gram. |
|------------------------------|--------------------|
| Orange Meat . . . . .        | 3,968              |
| White Bread . . . . .        | 2,721              |
| Entire Wheat Bread . . . . . | 2,486              |
| Graham Bread . . . . .       | 2,610              |

This shows the great advantage in favor of Orange Meat as a heat producer.

atoes may be ripened by wiping dry and exposing them to the sun.

### Mother and Child.

One of the most difficult things for a mother to understand is the existence in her child of characteristics fundamentally different from her own.

Every mother wishes to have a noble son. Few mothers realize that such sons are made in the nursery.

Every child that is born into the world bears the burden of the mistakes and follies of his ancestors written indelibly in the tissue of his body and the limitations of his brain.—'Times.'

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

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SELLING our 5c. and 10c. Seed Packages. All your friends and neighbors want them for Spring planting. Boys and girls make \$6 to \$12 a week after school and on Saturdays. Agent in re-ordering says: "Seeds sell like wildfire." Don't wait until too late, write at once to

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### To Care for Food.

It is quite as necessary and important to know what care food requires after purchasing as it is to know how to select such foods. Through carelessness and ignorance the loss is sometimes very great. The meats and poultry should be placed in a cool, dry atmosphere. Meat or poultry should not rest against each other. Chops and steaks should be arranged so that they will not rest on each other. If the poultry or meats are to hang, they should be suspended with the tender and choicest part down. Hang turkey and poultry by the feet, mutton and lamb by the shank bone.

Do not allow fresh fish to soak in water. If it is to be kept over night or several hours, keep in a cool place until ready to cook. Then, after cleaning, dip into water, wash quickly and wipe dry.

Butter should be kept where it will not absorb odors, and if purchased by the tub or

### LADIES' SUITS, \$7.50 to \$18

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firkin should have a cloth over the top and a layer of salt half an inch thick. When a pound or more is to be taken from the tub, lift the cloth from one side, and when the amount is taken, place the cloth back and spread the salt over it. When several pounds are purchased at a time, put it in a tin or agate pail, wring a cloth out of strong brine of salt and water, and lay the cloth over it, then cover with the tin pail cover. When taking butter from the tub, take it in even layers and not from one side.

Milk and cream should be kept from all foods, as they too readily absorb any flavor emitted. Eggs, too, should be kept in a cool, dry place and handled carefully, as rough handling breaks the membrane that separates the yolk and white. All small and soft fruits should be scattered on large platters and not kept in the baskets in which they are purchased, as their own weight crushes them; and when scattered one can see the over-ripe and imperfect fruit and remove it before further damage is done to the perfect fruit. In buying peaches by the basket, they should be placed on a shelf and not allowed to touch each other, and the riper ones used first. To-



### Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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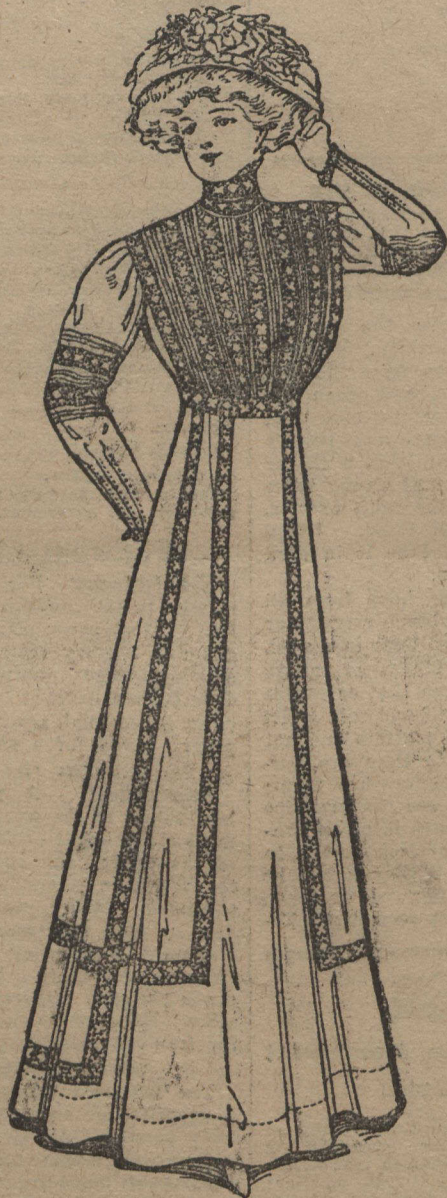
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**T**HE SEMI-PRINCESS GOWNS illustrated are chosen from among hundreds of styles in our stock as being typical of the styles that are in vogue in both Paris and New York. The original models we have carefully copied, and we offer these two numbers at such low prices that will bring this section of our big Cloak Department to the notice of all Canadian ladies from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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