

the sewing-machine. 'Bzz, bzz, bzy!' it said. Ray stood and listened. Mother looked up at the end of her seam, and called to him to come in. 'Well, little boy, you look pretty mournful, it seems to me. What's the matter?' she asked, cheerily.

'I want somebody to play with me, mamma, 'cause kitty scratched me, and I don't like her any more; and everybody's busy but me, and I'm not having any fun at all. Katie's making cake, and the egg-beater says 'Busy' all the time; and papa's cutting the grass, and the mower says 'Busy,' and now your sewing machine says 'Busy,' too; and I guess I'm the only one in town that isn't busy!'

'Poor little son!' answered mother, stroking back the tangled hair from his forehead, 'How would you like to take a note to Aunt Mary for me, and bring me back an answer? You can get your velocipede, and ride down.'

'Oh, that would be fun,' said Ray. And in a few minutes he was speeding off over the pavement on his little tricycle. As he rode along, the wheels rattled on the stones, and a familiar sound came to his ear, 'Bzz, bzz, bzy!' 'Why,' he cried, 'I guess I'm busy, too, just like everybody else! That's why I feel so good!'

Little Giants.

(By Charles McIlvaine, in 'Sunday-School Times'.)

There never were any such horrible beings as Jack the Giant-Killer, in the story books, is said to have slain, or such as Homer, the great Greek poet, tells us the gods destroyed. There are big men and big women who are often seen with circuses and shows, along with a hand-organ, and a man to shout and take your dimes if you want to go in the show to look at them. Big people of this kind are called giants because they are bigger than most of us, and we are not used to seeing them. If all men and women were as tall as a church steeple, we would not call or think of them as giants. Children do not think that their fathers and mothers are giants.

Any thing can be called a giant that is very much larger than is usual with other things of the same

kind. For instance, there is the giant clam, the giant cactus, the giant fennel.

The word giant is also used to denote that which is strong—especially that which is strong enough to conquer or get ahead of us. A man or a woman with a great brain put to great uses is called a mental giant. Mr. Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas were mental giants; yet Mr. Lincoln was very tall and thin, and Mr. Douglas was very short and dumpy.

What I want to make plain is that power, not size, is what makes real giants. For there are many things which we cannot see with the naked eye that are stronger than any of us—indeed stronger than all the people of the world put together. There is the particle of poison which gives us ague—chills and fever—that can shake the whole of us until our teeth chatter.

When cold weather comes, go out along the roadside or on the gravel walk, and look how beautifully Jack Frost has put particles of water together, made thousands of ice columns of them, and raised up by them great roofs of earth that rest upon them. See how ice bursts lead and iron water-pipes, and lifts huge stones. I have heard it burst trees in the forests with a noise like a big gun.

Often, when you are in the country, you see the root of a tree which runs through a great crack in a rock. When that root was fine as a thread of sewing cotton it found a tiny place in the rock into which it could enter. The root each year grew larger, and grew until it was stronger than the rock—it split it. Roots are made up of very small cells. Each one of these millions of cells exerts a power or strength while growing. Working together, as they do in a root, all helping, they split the rock. They are little giants. The strongest giant we know of is the tiny cell.

When a man wants to get a great block of marble or granite for a building or a monument, he bores a great many small holes along the line where he wishes to break the block from the mass in the quarry. Then he drives plugs of soft, dry wood into these holes and wets them. The plugs swell and split

the rock. Little giants again. Sometimes quicklime is put into the holes and wet. It swells and bursts the block away. The small particles of lime, swelling all together, do this.

The little toadstool is often a giant in strength. You can find it forcing its way upward—cracking, lifting masses of earth many times its own weight, holding them as Atlas of old is said to have held up the earth. Atlas has two legs; the toadstool has but one. Yet it has the better of Atlas: he had nothing to stand on; the toadstool has.

I have seen whole trees stripped of their bark by one kind of toadstool. The entire flag pavement of a city street was at one time lifted up and tumbled about by toadstools. Toadstools are our best foresters, working night and day. Their cobwebby vines, from which they grow, work in the decaying wood of our forest trees, clearing it away, using it for their own food. They eat off dead branches and dead trees, and fell them to the ground, where they go on devouring them until, after many years, there is nothing left but wood mold. The toadstools change the dead wood and leaves into food for the living and growing trees. If it were not for the little toadstools we would not have any forests. They do a marvellous work.

The yeast plant is a little giant. See how it puffs up bread, biscuit, cakes, and makes them light. It is so small that it can only be seen through a strong microscope. We put a little of it (it is a fungus—toadstool) into a pan of dough. It grows rapidly, makes carbonic acid gas, and this puffs up the dough.

Consumption, smallpox, typhoid and scarlet fevers, measles, chickenpox, and many other diseases, are carried by things so small that we cannot, unaided, see them.

A flea can make us jump, a fly rile us, a mosquito drive us indoors. An ant carries many times its own weight. You cannot hold some of the beetles in your hand. Look at the work of the honey-bee, the enormous hills made by ants, the nest of the mason-wasp; see the tunnel of the groundmole, the holes bored by the woodpecker family, and other work done by hundreds of little giants. Earthworms have buried the ruins of great cities.

A giant is as a giant does.



Drink and Crime.

RESULTS OF INDULGENCE IN INTOXICANTS—HEREDITY OF EVIL.

In his famous book upon 'Crime, Its Causes and Its Remedies,' Professor Lombroso discusses incidentally the liquor evil which he finds to be one of the most prolific causes of the criminality that is so prevalent and so disastrous. Here are some striking paragraphs from this author's great work:

'One of the most fatal effects of alcoholism is pauperism. The alcoholic father has blind, idiotic, paralytic children; and even though they be rich, they must end in poverty, for they can neither think nor work. It is a fact that with the increase in wages, drunkenness and its accompanying crimes also increase. In Lancashire, for instance, with the increase of wages from 8s. to 11s., the mortality caused by drunkenness grew from 495 to 1,304, and the crimes from 1,335 to 3,878. . . . During the famine in London in 1860-61, not a single one of the 7,900 members of the Temperance Society applied for aid.'

In regard to alcoholism and crime statistics, he says: 'Alcoholism is connected directly with crime, both from the social and the pathological point of view. We find a first proof in these statistics, which show a great increase in crime in civilized lands, explicable only by the excessive abuse of alcoholic drinking, the consumption of these liquors being in constant proportion to the increase in crime. . . . Not only are habitual drunkards immoral, but their children are habitual criminals.'

'Alcohol, in fine, is a cause of delinquencies, because some use it to become intoxicated, and others are led to crime by drunkenness; sometimes rascals seek courage in it to commit their crimes, and then try to use it as an excuse. It is certain that many young men are led to crime by drunkenness, and still more certain that the saloon is the place in which criminals meet to plan crimes, as well as the place in which they spend their ill-gotten gains.'

'According to Marambat, of 3,500 convicts examined by him, 78 percent were drunkards, 79 percent of these were vagabonds and beggars, 50 percent of the assassins and 75 percent of the incendiaries were drunkards. Marro found that drunkards stood in the first rank as highway robbers, 82 percent.'

He says: 'It is a well-known fact that far from rendering rigorous temperatures more tolerable, alcohol actually augments the dangers of extreme cold or extreme heat. In the polar regions, as well as in the Indies, the sailors and soldiers, thinking to gain greater power to resist fatigue, really aggravate their condition by drinking alcoholic liquors. In cholera epidemics the occasional drinkers were attacked far more severely than the total abstainers. The mortality among abstainers was only 19.9 percent; among the drinkers, 91 percent.'—'Pioneer.'

Are You Not Mistaken?

(The Rev. George Gladstone, Glasgow, in the 'Temperance Vanguard.')

He who never made a mistake never made anything else. To err is human. But that is no good reason for continuing in folly. Even fools should be taught by experience to become wise. And if we go on repeating mistakes, we cannot escape being filled with the fruits of our doings. We must reap as we sow. Besides, our mistakes may unutterably injure others.

'A mistaken command has lost a battle; a mistaken movement has lost an Empire.' Many a stately vessel has been wrecked, because the captain, neglectful or excited through strong drink, gave foolish orders. And many a young man's life has ended in fail-

ure, because he was swayed by the mistake of another. It is easier to work ruin through our mistakes, than to repair the ruin once it is wrought.

A friend, advising one under the influence of strong drink as to how to get home, said that at the top of the road he would see two cabs, and bade him take the first, for there was but one. Strong drink distorts the vision and dulls the brain. Under its influence, men see confusedly and wrongly. Ready to ascribe their mistakes to anything else except the drink, they often blame where no blame is due. We are told of a man staggering round and round the railings of a public square, and then indignantly exclaiming, 'The scoundrels—they have locked me in.' It never struck him that he had unmanned himself, made himself a staggering, pitiful imbecile for the time.

Through strong drink men doubly play the fool. But mistakes are made about strong drink by others beside those who made themselves helplessly drunken. In most hurtful ignorance of the true character and inevitable results of strong drink, and in foolish prejudice, some maintain a hostile attitude to the temperance reform. For example, many imagine that alcoholic liquor is food. In England beer is regarded as needful to strength, and throughout Scotland some still use intoxicating liquors as 'sustaining.' The mistake has been exposed again and again by the highest medical authority. Any nourishment they have is infinitesimal, while their cost is extravagant.

Those who drink to keep up their strength not only miss the substance in pursuit of the shadow, but they persistently drain away the strength they have. Husks are poor feeding, but strong drink is poorer still. So it is a mistake to suppose that alcoholic liquor is 'good for health.' That mistake has cost so many lives. It is long since hundreds of medical men testified, that alcohol is the parent of disease and the foe of life. And in later years the demonstrations of science have put the matter beyond controversy, that total abstinence helps to clearness of vision and strength of muscle, and steadiness of nerve.

The Puzzled Gentleman From Japan.

A distinguished Japanese official visited New York recently, and a member of the municipal government, who had been in Japan, and can speak the language of the country, undertook to show him around.

'Is that an officer making an arrest?' asked the Japanese, as he saw a man stop a milk-waggon.

'Not exactly,' replied the official; 'he is a milk inspector, and his duty is, under the law, to see that no impure milk is sold in the city. If the milk is all right he will let the milkman pass on; otherwise, he will arrest him.'

'What is impure milk?'
'Milk that has been mixed with chalk or water.'

'Is the chalk poison?'
'Oh, no; it impairs the quality, that's all.'
'Does water in milk make anybody sick?'

'Why, of course not. But when a person pays for milk, he wants milk, not water, which he can get for little or nothing when he desires it. It is a swindle on the public to put water in milk.'

'But you say no one is hurt by it.'
'Feelings are hurt, that's all.'

Soon after they passed a low corner saloon, when the door opened, and a man who came staggering out, tripped, struck his head up against a lamp-post, and fell heavily on the sidewalk, where he lay as one dead.

'What is the matter with that man,' asked the foreigner from Japan.

'Full of benzine,' replied the municipal officer, with a glance of disgust.

'Benzine! What is that?'

'It is a name we have in this country for poor liquor—poison whiskey, you understand.'

'Is there any good whiskey?'

'Oh, yes; there is good whiskey, but some saloons made more money by selling bad.'

'Bad whiskey is a poison?'

'Deadly poison, sometimes.'

'Has the man a license to sell whiskey the same as the milkman has to sell milk?'

'Of course, or he couldn't carry on business.'

'And do you inspect the whiskey as you do the milk?'

'Never.'

'Yet there may be poison in it, while the milk is adulterated with chalk and water, which do no harm in particular, you say.'

'Ahem,' said the city official, twisting about uneasily, 'let's look at the markets.'

At the markets they found officials inspecting the meat which was on sale.

'What do they do that for?' asked the Japanese.

'To see that the meat is healthful,' was the reply.

'If a man should eat a piece of unhealthful meat, would he stumble on the sidewalk and split his head open against the lamp-post, as the man did coming out of the saloon? Would watered milk make him do that?'

'Why, certainly not.'

'Yet you inspect meat and milk, and let men sell poisoned whiskey, which kills the people, as much as they please. I can't understand your country.'—'Epworth Herald.'

Fifteen Year's Ago.

I wandered to a grog-shop, Tom, I stood beside the bar,
And drank a bowl of lemonade and smoked a bad cigar;
The same old kegs and jugs were there, the ones we used to know
When we were on the round-up, Tom, some fifteen years ago.

I asked about our old-time friends, those cherished sporty men,
And some were in the poorhouse, Tom, and some were in the pen.
And one, the one we liked the best, the hangman laid him low;
The world is much the same, dear Tom, as fifteen years ago.

New crowds line up against the bar, and call for crimson ink;
New hands are trembling as they pour the stuff they shouldn't drink;
But still the same old watchword rings, 'This round's on me, you know!'
The same old cry of doom we heard some fifteen years ago.

I wandered to the churchyard, Tom, and there I saw the graves
Of those who used to drown themselves in red fermented waves;
And there were women sleeping there, where grass and daisies grow,
Who wept and died of broken hearts some fifteen years ago.

And there were graves where children slept, have slept for many a year,
Forgetful of the woes that marked their fitful sojourn here;
And 'neath the tall, white monument, in death there lieth low,
The man who used to sell the booze some fifteen years ago.

—J. S. Holden, in St. Louis 'Globe-Democrat.'

Christian Responsibility.

In the xiv. chapter of the Epistle to the Romans St. Paul discusses this question, and he lays down this, 'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin,' which means not that whatever a man can't do with a good conscience is sin, but whatever a man cannot do without a good Christian conscience. The Apostle tells us all through that chapter that a Christian conscience depends on two things. A man's conscience is Christian when he keeps it always under two things, and of these two we may say the first is an inspiration and the second is a restraint. The inspiration comes from Christ's Cross, and the Apostle lets us see that when he says, 'Destroy not with thy might him for whom Christ died.'

Do not count your drink or meat either dearer to you than Christ counted his life. He gave that for men, and no conduct is on the level of Christian duty unless it is looked at by men as Christ looked at them, unless it sees in men what Christ saw in them, unless it would do for men what Christ did for their sake.—Professor Denny.

Correspondence

Seaforth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I had never written to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write. My papa take the 'Messenger,' and we all like it very much. My grandpa took it for a great many years, and now papa takes it. We live on a farm, and I would not like to live in a town or city at all. I am a girl of twelve years. I go to school every day, and like it very much. I have one little brother. He is two months' old, and is my only pet. I have read a number of books. The names of some are: 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'The Birds' Christmas Carol,' and a lot more. I live near a river and go fishing in the summer holidays.

J. PHYLLIS G.

Louisburg, C.B.

Dear Editor,—I am nearly twelve years old. As my birthday is on July 22, I thought I would write in time to have my name put in the Birthday Book. We have a fine harbor here, and it is lovely in summer. There is a marine hospital being built quite near where I live. It is a very nice building. We expect to have it finished this fall. I have read a great many books. The Pansy Books are my favorites. I read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' a few weeks ago, and thought it fine. Topsy was great. I do not like the Elsie Books so very much. I thought 'Elsie' was too good to be human. I have read 'Sky Pilot,' 'Captain January,' 'Black Beauty,' 'St. Elmo,' 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' and many others. I have just been reading the 'Messenger.' I liked the 'Red Hair Story' very much. I thought it was going to turn out that Liddy threw the burrs into Blanche's hair, but I liked the way it did turn out better. A White Ribbon Army was organized in our Sunday-school some time ago. All of the children that were present joined. The pledges were against drinking, smoking, and profanity. It is vacation again, and no doubt a great many of us are glad. I have two sisters and one brother. They all go to school, but I do not. I have eleven aunts, eight uncles, three great-aunts, three great-uncles, and over eighty first cousins. That is quite a list, isn't it? From your little friend,

CHRISTINE A. M. McK.

West Templeton.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am a little girl eleven years old. I live in the county of Wright, township of Templeton, Quebec. We are living about four miles from Ottawa. We have a good view of the city from here. I am four feet six inches high. There are many kinds of flowers here in the spring, such as dog-tooth violets, trilliums, Dutchman's breeches, Jack-in-the-pulpits, and many ferns. They are very pretty. I have three dogs and two cats for pets. This is a very pretty place in the summer.

MAMIE K.

Springfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for several years, and like it very much. I got a Bagster Bible this year for getting four subscribers, and last year I got one of your fountain pens, and I was very much pleased with both of the premiums. I am in the fourth grade at school. My papa is a station agent on the Halifax and South-Western Railway, and I am learning telegraphy in his office. I have two brothers and one sister. For pets we have a cat named Blackie and two rabbits. My birthday is on Jan. 9. I am ten years old.

RAY P. D.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have never written a letter to the 'Messenger,' so I will now. I have no brothers or sisters. My little twin brother and sister died. Mamma and I like the 'Messenger' so much. I both get it at the Sunday-school and subscribe for it. We distribute them around to folks in the hospitals and to others. I have given my heart to Jesus. I hope all the boys and girls will, too. My birthday is on June 30. I was nine years old on my last birthday.

CLIFTON C. C.

Kingsey, Trenholm.

Dear Editor,—My mother died when I was two years old, and I have lived with my grand-

pa and grandma on a farm ever since. It is about two miles and a half from the Methodist Church, Trenholm, Que., and about seven miles from Richmond Station. I never went to school very much. It is about a mile and a half, and I have to be carried in winter; there is no school in summer. I have had very good teachers.

FLORENCE MAY B.

Wilsonville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I just passed into the senior fourth. I was twelve years old on February 29. I have only had two real birthdays. I had one last February. Mamma was going to have a party for me, and invite my first cousins, of which I have between thirty-five and forty. Does any of the little readers have more than that? I was sick for nearly two months about that time, so I did not have it. Is there any little girl whose birthday is on the same date as mine?

VERA V. N.

Hibernia, Queens Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write you a letter. I have been getting the 'Messenger' for almost two years. A lady sent it to me for a present last year, and this year papa gave it to me, and I would not want to do without it now. I live on a farm. I have one brother ten years old, but no sister. I love flowers. My favorite flower is the rose. I have planted quite a lot of flower seeds this season.

Lelia E. S. (aged 13).

Harbor Buffett.

Dear Editor,—This is the first year I have taken the 'Messenger,' and like it very much, and I am going to take it again this year. I have three sisters and one brother; two of them are married and one is living on Belle Isle, Conception Bay. My father is a fisherman. We are living in Harbor Buffett, but we are going to Belle Island to live. I have one little niece, named Ethel Jane, and she is a great pet with us. I have two grandmothers living, but no grandfather. We have two cows and five sheep.

EDITH E. D. (aged 14).

Cape Sable Island, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from Cape Sable Island, I thought that I would write one. I do not go to school now as there is none. The school closed on June 10, as we are having a new school built. My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for eight or nine years, and we could not do without it. I have two sisters and four brothers, and I have two sisters and one brother dead. My youngest brother is in Yarmouth. I am the youngest of the family. My father is a fisherman. My oldest brother is married. I have one little nephew, and he is very cunning. I attend the Advent Church. We are going to have our church building fixed over this summer. I have one grandfather and one step-grandmother. We live near the shore, and it is very pretty in the summer time. My brother was home from Yarmouth this summer, and he stayed for a week. We have a Band of Hope, and I belong to it. Our pastor's name is the Rev. William H. My father went to Boston last fall. I shall be fourteen years old on October 26 next, and I have a brother whose birthday is the same day.

E. E. N.

Travels of a Missionary Magazine.

Mr. Walter Sloan, speaking at a meeting of the China Inland Mission, said: 'A lady in London made it a part of her service for the Lord to collect periodicals, missionary papers, and others, and to put them in large bags to go down to the East End to one of the places where foreign sailors come, and to give them these bags containing these papers, in the hope that they would read them when they went to sea, and in that way some of them might be led to Christ. Amongst the papers that were put into these bags there were often copies of "China's Millions," the organ of the China Inland Mission. A Norwegian sailor got one of these bags, and took it over to his own land. This was in the year 1886. It so happened that two Christian ladies were brought into contact with this man, and somehow or another this paper which he had so

brought fell into their hands. They had never heard of the China Inland Mission before, but by this link they got into connection with it. They heard of the special way in which the missionaries trusted God for their support, and looked directly to Him; and this commended itself very much to them. It seemed as though this was just the line of work that their own hearts longed to enter upon; and ultimately they came over to London, and went out to China in connection with the mission.'

Fresh Air.

An employer, says the 'Youth's Companion,' who had attended a free lecture on hygiene recently supplied fresh air to a workroom where some dressmakers had long served in a close atmosphere. After a few days the women complained that the fresh air gave them such appetites that they had to pay a third more for their meals, and that unless wages were increased they would prefer to go back to the close atmosphere. Investigation showed that the women had accomplished more work in the ventilated room than ever before. The employer wisely raised wages, and has since added better lights to the improved ventilation.

Easy to Help Down.

A father bade his son set up some bricks endways in regular line a short distance apart, relates an exchange. 'Now,' said he, 'knock down the first brick,' and the boy obeyed, and all the others fell with it.

'Now,' said the father, 'raise the last brick, and see if the others will rise with it.' But no; once down, they must be raised singly.

The father continued: 'I have given you this object lesson to teach you how easy it is for one to lead others astray, but how difficult for him to restore them, however sincere his repentance may be.'—'Catholic News.'

Rebuked by a French Scholar

A celebrated French scholar of the sixteenth century, called Muretus, who was of insignificant appearance, was taken ill on a journey and carried to a hospital where he was not known. His illness was an uncommon one, and the doctors decided to try an unusual cure; one foolishly said to another in Latin, thinking their patient would not understand, 'We may surely venture to try an experiment on the body of so mean a man.' 'Mean, sirs!' exclaimed Muretus, speaking to their great astonishment in Latin also, 'can you venture to call any man so for whom the Saviour of the world did not think it beneath him to die?'—'Ram's Horn.'

Her Religion in Her Face.

The story is related of a young lady missionary in Japan who was travelling on one occasion by steamer from one seaport to another in the island kingdom. On the same boat was a Japanese merchant, so worried and depressed by business reverse that he was seriously contemplating suicide. He saw the foreign lady quietly watching the beautiful view with such an expression of peace and absolute satisfaction on her face that he really could not refrain from looking at her again and again. She was a stranger to him, but he longed to ask her the secret of her happiness. His own restless, burdened heart cried out for the inner calm which could so stamp its impress upon the countenance.

In his distress and desperation he felt that he must know. He ventured to address her, and his profound respect was evident in both his words and his manner. He unburdened his heart and asked if she could give him the secret of the wonderful peace which told its own sweet story to those who looked upon her face.

It was her rare privilege to tell this suffering soul of Jesus and his redemption, and the forgiveness of sin which alone can bring with it the 'peace which passeth all understanding.'

—'Ram's Horn.'

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HOUSEHOLD.

Kitchen and Conveniences.

THE HOMELIER DUTIES.

(The New York 'Observer'.)

The care of dainty silver, glass and china is interesting work, and perhaps that is why we see so much space in the woman's columns devoted to it, but the kitchen sink heaped with pots, pans and other paraphernalia peculiar to a boiled dinner, in all their stages of soot and greasiness, is not so inspiring; neither is a stove bespattered by bacon and liver, the dripping pan from a lamb roast, and the vegetable kettles that usually accompany it, especially if in addition there is a beanpot left soaking from the previous meal.

The long-handled dishmop and the dainty, white apron which the newspaper's ideal housekeeper is supposed to use, do not seem just in place, so let us hunt up a serviceable apron of gingham or dark print, roll up our sleeves and get to work to see if we cannot make these homelier duties pleasanter.

As in every profession, system and preliminary aids, also improved machinery, simplify the work in a kitchen. It is the unsystematic woman who never has any dishwasher, who allows her rice kettle to dry up, and her fire to go out when she most needs it. If one has been broiling a steak with all the draughts wide open she should not forget to regulate them before going into the dining-room for the fire may have spent itself and be beyond repair when the meal is finished. It often happens that one must fry something when the stove is fresh from the polisher's hand. A cover may be used, but it serves to toughen the meat or fish beneath, so when frying anything that 'sputters' one should use a large piece of asbestos paper, having a hole the size of the stove hole cut from the centre, placing it before you put on the frying-pan. This costs but a trifle, and with care will last years, and save the stove from all grease and spatter. If one lives where asbestos paper cannot be obtained, she can imitate a friend who uses a large sheet of thick brown paper, but she should be careful it does not fire when placing it.

Always remember to put cold water in the kettle in which rice, oatmeal and other gelatinous foods have been cooked; fill it as soon as the viand has been turned out; and set it back upon the stove; by the time you are ready to wash it the obstinate scrapings are thoroughly loosened and the kettle is quickly washed. In clearing away the dinner leave the table in order for the next meal, and this includes refilling the salt shakers and other trifles that if left undone make awkward moments for the woman who is both mistress and maid. Do not put the dishes and kettles helter-skelter in the sink, pile plates and other dishes by themselves, making room to work in.

We sometimes grow weary with the oft-repeated injunction to 'wash the glass and silver first,' but careless housekeepers need frequent reminders, and it is not a fashion merely, but an economical and cleanly habit, for only the cleanest towel and freshest suds will give glass the perfect polish. If other articles have been wiped first, the towel is of course damp, and one has to rub glass several minutes, and even then one's labor is not rewarded by a clear lintless surface, but the same towel may be used for the china unless there is much of it.

Save soiling your dress sleeves by pushing them up on the arm and slipping rubber bands about them, the ordinary kind used about documents, having them hung near the dishpan when not in use.

Regarding soap and dishcloths, we find the former not economical, a piece soon melts away, especially if it drops beneath the submerged dishes; we prefer to make the suds at the outset, using a small teaspoonful of pearlina to a dishpan two-thirds full of quite warm water, objecting to very hot water as it dulls the luster of expensive china, and is apt to crack glassware. As hot as the hands can be comfortable in is a safe rule for dish-water.

Some are deluded with the idea that cotton crash for two to five cents a yard is more economical than linen crash for five to ten

cents a yard; it is not, it hard and unyielding, and does not absorb the water, at least not until it is nearly worn out, then it leaves the china and glass linty and it soon grows gray. Good linen crash wipes and polishes without effort. A cake of mineral soap and a wire pot chain are indispensable for the more obstinate cases of 'burning on.'

Experience has convinced us that the less contact we have with soot the better the condition of our hands and temper, so we dispose of it before washing the kettle or pan, rubbing it off with old newspapers which we burn at once; the surplus grease of the frying pan, also the greasy line that forms about the dishpan after the last dishes are washed, are disposed of in like manner. If the tea-kettle and tank are washed and wiped once each day they will keep clean and bright.

To keep the stove clean we wipe it off with an old soft cloth, black from usage, first drawing a clean paper bag over our hand to protect it from the rag, and so the actual blackening is successfully put off. In caring for ashes, blackening the stove and all such work, we most cheerfully recommend our paper bag gloves, which cost nothing, and are always at hand. Do not consider the kitchen work finished until the sink is sweet and clean. Sprinkle a little pearlina about it, particularly above the waste pipe, pour on a little hot water, and with a small scrubbing brush, that comes for the purpose, and costs but five cents, wash both sides and bottom, then with a more liberal amount of water rinse it down, rinsing the brush too; in caring for a granite sink, the brush is positively necessary, for the tiny indentures catch and hold the sink waste.

Many use kerosene upon a rusty iron sink, but saltless grease is much safer. When stoppage occurs use chloride of lime, a small quantity, then boiling water.

Economy in cooking utensils means a great waste of valuable time, and yet it is not always the cost of a coveted article but the neglect to purchase it that keeps it out of our kitchen. We get accustomed to using the old-time wooden tray and chopping knife, and think we would like a patent chopper, as the advertisements look so attractive, yet we put off sending the mail order, or when in town it slips our mind altogether. A lady had a pancake turner given her not long ago, and she is wondering now how she ever kept house without it; 'to think that it only cost five cents,' she said.

There are indeed a great number of useful articles on the five and ten cent counters, the little tins to drop eggs in and keep them whole and round, the frying basket to fry doughnuts, pancakes, fruit fritters and French fry potatoes, which drains them so nicely and fries them so evenly; the little iron kettle chain for clearing sticky kettles, the lemon borer, that removes the juice and strains it from seeds at the same time; the potato and vegetable masher, that leaves the potatoes light and snowy, the tin jelly or ice cream mould, the graters that grate the lemon or nutmeg, without grating the finger, the glass that measures the teaspoonful, gill, etc., and many other little articles that save us time and strength.

Among the patent articles recently seen at the Food Fair held in Boston, was a crystal washboard, of thick glass, that would not wear through and tear the knuckles like zinc, an ideal cake tin, with an adjustable bottom, which made 'sticking' utterly impossible, a mop wringer that is attached to one side of the top of the pail, the mop to be slipped between its wooden rollers, springs supplying the pressure needed to wring it dry, and in this way one need not stoop or wet the fingers in the least. The operator has simply to stand and pull the mop between the rollers. With this device one can use very hot water, and solutions of lye or carbolic that are sometimes necessary in housecleaning or after contagious diseases. Its advantages in cold weather when washing porches and steps will be easily recognized, too, and yet it is not an expensive article. There are many kinds of meat choppers, but one can now get a good one for \$1 or \$1.25. A bread raiser is also a great convenience; it is similar to an ordinary tin bread pan, but is supplied with a close fitting cover. It costs, I believe, only fifty cents, yet women still continue to cover their old time pan with a towel or tablecloth and have a quarter of an hour's work in scraping off the dough the next morning. A graining pan that will make low-priced beef and tough fowl tender is a convenience that should be found in

every home where economy is necessary and will pay for itself many times over.

The oyster broiler is also a useful little article and can be used for fish, bacon and other viands that are prone to drop to pieces or curl at slight provocation. Every kitchen should boast a pair of scales, and every dairy a dairy thermometer. A good supply of kitchen spoons, knives, forks, etc., is also a blessing, and light weight kettles of agate should take the place of the old back-breaking iron dinner pot, which with the iron tea-kettle should now be classed among the antiquities.

Hot Weather Hints.

The secret of culinary blunders and unsavory concoctions is usually careless measurement. 'A cupful,' in this department, as in standard books on cooking, means the half-pint baking cup, marked in thirds and quarters, which is used by cooks. 'A tablespoonful' means a spoon rounding as much above its rim as below. 'A level spoonful' is a spoon holding enough to just fill it to the edge of its rim.

It is only after measurements have become second nature by long experience and practice that the apparent 'slap dash' style described in Table Talk, under the head of 'The Personal Equation in Cooking' is possible:

An appetizing dish of eggs and cheese is the following, called Swiss eggs: Spread the bottom of a small ornamental earthenware pudding dish with two tablespoonfuls of soft butter, and cover this with thin slices of nice cheese. Break open four large new eggs, and place them on the cheese without breaking the yolks. Season the dish with pepper and salt, pour two or three tablespoonfuls of rich cream over the mixture and then cover the top with grated cheese. Bake until the eggs are nicely set and the dish a delicate brown. Garnish with tiny sprays of parsley and serve in the baking dish with thin slices of toast and an acid preserve.

A simple dish of grated cheese and toast is appetizing on the supper table at this season. Toast six rather thin slices of stale bread, lightly, over a quick fire. Butter each slice as it comes from the toaster, and, moistening it a little, cover with grated cheese to about the thickness of the slice. Keep the toast near the fire in a covered dish until it is ready to serve.—'Union Gospel News.'

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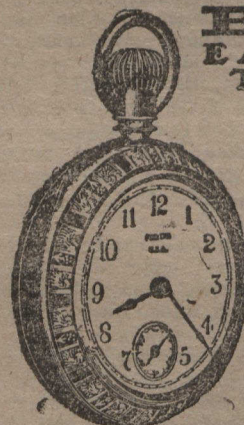
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