

HOUSEHOLD.

Two Mothers.

I noticed her when she entered the car. There was something strangely attractive about her, though she must have been at least sixty, and her face was so care-worn, and the saddest I ever saw. In spite of my great trouble, I found myself wondering about her and sometimes—for a moment—would almost forget my grief. Only for a moment, though. Then the recollection that my baby—my little, tender baby, used only to the loving clasp of a mother's arms, was in that dreadful box in the jolting, baggage car, would come to me in all its terrible reality, and I would forget everything and everybody and remember only my own great sorrow. I wanted my baby; oh, how I wanted him! My heart was aching so for the sound of his little, lisping voice, and the touch of his baby fingers. How could I live without him? Why did God give him to me, only to take him back after that one little year? For weeks I had been so happy planning a visit to my old home with baby. I had told him so much of the dear grand-mama he had never seen; I had looked forward so hungrily to the day when she would take him in her loving arms and cuddle him as only she knew how. And now I was taking him to her; not the warm, laughing, dimpled baby she had longed so to see. The little, still, white-clad figure in the casket seemed another child. And the cruel cars jolted noisily on and seemed to say over and over till I could scarcely keep from screaming: 'Where's baby? Where's baby?'

Suddenly the train stopped, and my husband went out to ascertain the cause. It was a broken rail, and we would be detained about half an hour. I was glad, for baby would have a rest from that cruel jolting.

It was then that she came and sat down beside me—the woman with the sweet, sad face, and almost without knowing it, I found myself pouring out my grief to her. It was such a comfort to me (mine was selfish grief, I only thought of myself), and she seemed to understand. She didn't talk much, but her very presence soothed me. My heart was so full of rebellion that day that I did not want to find comfort anywhere. I was sorry when the train started again. 'I change cars at the next station,' she said, 'and it may help you a little in bearing your burden if I tell you something about myself. I am on my way to B—to see my only son. To-morrow he goes to states prison to serve a life-sentence. I would be the happiest mother on God's earth to-day if I were in your place.' The train stopped, and she pressed my hand and was gone. I watched her as well as I could through my blinding tears till she was lost in the crowd. But those tears were not for baby.

BLANCHE BAILEY KING.

—N.Y. 'Observer.'

A Useful Remedy.

(By S. H. H.)

There is a great deal of virtue often in simple remedies, and to know how and when to use them saves a mother quite a large doctor's bill often, besides relieving the sufferer while having to wait weary hours for him to come. It is in the country that one finds out the good of simple, effective remedies, because there is no drug store around the corner to send to. Your medicine chest must be your drug store, and physician, too, for the time being. Well, what I want to say is to add to your store of recipes one that I know to be excellent and healing; it is a gargle of salt water and borax. It is good for tonsillitis, ulcerated sore throat, and diphtheria, and all such troubles. It must be a strong solution, and used pretty freely throughout the day and night. It will heal without need of a doctor usually. The powdered borax is also useful for ulcerated throat, to touch the ulcer with a small piece of it, as often as you can reach it, until it disappears.

In times of contagion I have heard an old physician say that if one would lave the mouth and tonsils often and freely with salt and borax water or solution, they would escape diphtheria or scarlet fever. It is a fine disinfectant and purifier, therefore its virtues are well known. Still, it is considered such a simple, effective powder that one has to learn its value, and it is only by ex-

perience that I learned its medicinal uses and good. It is a safe thing to have around also where there are little children, and that should go far in its favor, for so often we read sad stories of children being poisoned by the wrong medicine. No danger in this at all. It is also excellent for an irritating cough to let the powdered borax slowly dissolve on the tongue and swallow it. Every family should fortify themselves with a remedy to use in sudden emergencies, and for burns or bruises I know of nothing better; by dipping old linen rags in a strong solution of borax water, and wrapping the burn up in it, all will work well. It will cool and heal the burn, and is pleasant to use. Kerosene is good, but this is better and more pleasant. It is the best all-round remedy that I know of, and it is well for a mother to keep it on hand.—'Christian Work.'

Mother's Library.

Many a poor student has denied himself food and clothing that he might buy books. Motherhood is the noblest of professions, but how many mothers seek to qualify themselves for it by any kind of study or mental discipline? It is commonly taken for granted that instinct is all that a woman needs in order to bring up her children. If that fails her, she is advised to ask guidance of God, and this she conscientiously does, forgetting that our Heavenly Father couples seeking with asking and to a certain extent throws back upon us the responsibility of answering our own prayers. He never enlightens a mind that does not try to enlighten itself, and never gives us that for which we are too lazy to work.

A young mother, claiming much culture and living in a house full of books, complained that she was sorely puzzled by her little daughter, and could neither understand the child nor control her. Being asked if she had read any books on child training or child nature, she replied, in a wondering tone, 'Why, no,' as if that was the last thing to be thought of. Now, no child can be brought up by a book, and no two children can be treated exactly alike—there can never be any hard and fast lines in child training—but the mother who will read and study the best books written upon the subject will find not only a new interest in her children, but a fund of suggestions that will constantly spring to mind and help her to meet many a difficult problem.—'Congregationalist.'

The Housekeeper's Pencil.

'How did our grandmothers ever get along when pencils and paper were not so cheap as at the present day?' asked a comely matron not long ago.

She wore a pencil and a small pad of paper suspended from her belt; and, as she went about her household duties, the two were brought into frequent use. First she jotted down the various articles to be ordered from the grocer, tearing the sheet from the pad, and placing it on a hook in the kitchen. Then she wrote the programme of the cook's work for the day, leaving it where it could be easily read during the washing of the breakfast dishes. Directions for making the dessert were also written and left near the molding board.

Fastened in the mirror of her own room I noticed a paper telling of her plans and engagements for the day; and on her desk a list of letters which should be written. She also showed me a schedule for a little reception which she was to give the next week; what refreshments were to be served, what dishes to be used, what changes to be made in the arrangement of the rooms.

'I woke up early this morning and planned it all out,' she said; 'then I wrote it down, and now I can dismiss it entirely from my mind until the day comes, which is a great relief. Now I must go upstairs and look up the children's spring clothing; for, if this mild weather continues, they will need it before many days.'

Arrived on the third floor, it was evident that the pencil had done its work there, too. Pinned to the side of each closet door was a list of the contents of the room; every box or trunk bore a similar statement of what might be found within, and each carefully wrapped package was plainly labelled.

'What an immense amount of work this must have been!' was my comment.

'Not half so much as it used to be before I had learned this method, when I had to handle over dozens of the wrong things in

searching for some article needed at once,' was the reply.

There was little difficulty in believing this statement, after watching the speed with which she discovered the things wanted, making it the work of only a few minutes to collect the spring outfit.

'Fortunately for them,' I said, 'our grandmothers didn't have the same need of pencils. Their houses were smaller, their possessions more limited, their entertainments more simple, their bill of fare less elaborate, so they probably never felt the lack of what you look upon as a necessity.'

'You are doubtless right,' was the response, 'but since life has become so complex, I give thanks daily for cheap pencils and paper.' And, after luncheon, when we were ready to go out for the afternoon, this thoughtful mother showed me another sheet which she put where the children would be sure to see it when they came home from school. It read: 'Gone to make some calls, and to an afternoon tea at Mrs. Holbrook's; expect to be back at six; will James please take the package on the library table over to Aunt Kate's; he may stay till half-past five; Ruth must go to the dressmaker's at 4 o'clock, then go to papa's office and come home with him.'

'The package and the dressmaker I knew nothing about when the children left for school this morning,' was her explanation, 'and I have learned by sad experience that maids are quite as likely to get things wrong as right, and such messages bother them anyway.' For accuracy and lack of trouble there is nothing like black and white.

Was it strange that, as we left the house, I felt that I had gained new ideas concerning the importance of the housekeeper's pencil.—Martha Clark Rankin, in the 'Outlook.'

Selected Recipes.

Baked Indian Pudding.—One quart of sweet milk boiled, add two eggs well beaten, with three tablespoonfuls of corn meal, and one of flour, a little salt, one half-cup of sugar, and one-half cup of raisins. Bake forty-five minutes, stirring two or three times while baking. Serve with pudding sauce or with butter.

Nut Salad.—Two cups of broken English walnut kernels, and two cups of celery cut rather fine, not chopped; mix with mayonnaise dressing and serve on lettuce leaves cut into ribbons. **Mayonnaise Dressing.**—Yolk of two eggs mixed with one small teaspoonful of salt; slowly stir in oil until thick, and then thin with lemon juice, and thicken again with oil; add cayenne pepper and mustard if desired.

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