HOUSEHOLD.

To Woman Who Toileth.

This wise bit of advice to busy women is given by Julia Anna Walcott in the 'Home Maker':

Place a spray in thy belt, or a rose on thy stand, When thou settest thyself to a common-place seam; Its beauty will brighten the work in thy hand,

Its fragrance will sweeten each dream.

When life's petty details most burdensome seem, Take a book-it may give thee the solace

thou'st sought, And turn its leaves o'er till thou catchest the

gleam Of some gem from the deep mine of thought.

When the task thou performest is irksome and long, Or thy brain is perplexed by a doubt or a

fear, Fling open the window, and let in the song God hath taught to the birds for thy cheer.

And lean from the casement a moment, and rest; While the winds cool thy cheek, glance thou

up at the sky, Where the cloud ships are sailing, like argosies blest:

Bright-winged, they pass lingeringly by.

Then, steal a fair picture of mountain or glen,
A smooth gliding streamlet through green meadows sweet;
Or, if thy lot's cast 'mong the dwellings of men,
Cf some radiant face in the street.

Then carry it back to thy work, and perchance

'Twill remind of thy childhood, or sweetly recall Some long faded page of thy bright youth's

romance, It may be the dearest of all.

a branch of wild roses the barrenest ledge Maketh fit for a throne, while the blossoming

vine Will turn to a bower the thorniest hedge; So will beauty make stern life divine.

The Habit of Not Feeling Well

Some people simply have a habit of not feeling well. They get up in the morning ex-pecting to have a headache, and morning after morning they complain of headache, until it simply becomes a habit. If they stopped real-ly to consider whether their head ached or not it may be they would find there much head it may be they would find there was no head-ache at all. But they have simply got used to saying they have the headache and so they go pn saying it morning after morning, headache or no headache.

or no headache. Instead of sleeping in a well-ventilated room and getting out in the fresh air in the morn-ing and taking in some deep breaths of air, they just settle down to whining about a head-ache. They keep this up until it becomes chronic.

And so it is with many other little ailments. And so it is with many other little allments. They have got in the habit of having some-thing the matter with them, some little pet ailment, and they wouldn't give it up for any-thing. Their friends have all learned just what to inquire about, and they also know just about what answer they will get. Really many times this pet ailment gives its owner no trouble whatever, and he never even thinks of it un-lace he is asked about it or has a chance to talk whatever, and he never even thinks of it un-less he is asked about it or has a chance to talk about it. The truth is the pet ailment is a myth, existing only in the mind of the person who has adopted it. It might be well for you just to watch your-self for a few days and see if you do not com-plain a great many times when there is really little or pothing the matter with you. Watch

plain a great many times when there is really little or nothing the matter with you. Watch yourself when a friend greets you with 'How are you this morning?' Be careful that you do not commence saying that you have a wretched-ly bad cold or you didn't sleep well last night and are feeling miserable, and so on, and so

on. Just habit, iust simply a habit. You don't

feel nearly as bad as you say you do, and as soon as you get through with your usual com-plaint you rattle away talking about something else and are totally unmindful of any ache or ailment of any sort. The truth is you really haven't anything to complain of. It is just a habit, a very bad habit of always say-

just a habit, a very bad habit of always say-ing there is something the matter. Watch yourself, and if you find that you have this habit, commence at once to break it. Say you are feeling well, just fine, and then draw in three or four long, deep breaths and say it again. If there is any little pain or ache lurking around it will flee away in the face of your persistently denying it existence, and you will find yourself truly and wholly free from any ailments whatever. free from any ailments whatever. Get into the habit of saying you are well and

see if it is not a pleasanter and wholesomer habit than the habit of complaining about every little indisposition or temporary bad feeling .----'Medical Talk.'

Sick Room Lamps. (Mrs. H. M. Woodward.)

When a very subdued light is required in the sick room, the following, which can be made at home, will answer every purpose. For a at home, will answer every purpose. For a glass tumbler or a finger bowl crochet an openglass tumbler or a finger bowl crochet an open-work bag in which it can be slipped, having ribbon or cord to hang it up by. Have a small triangle of tin made at a tin shop and press a small cork on each of the points. These will cause it to float when placed on the liquid. A small hole must be punched in the centre of the triangle, just large enough for a small can-dle wick to be pushed through. Fill the glass half full of water, adding a

dle wick to be pushed through. Fill the glass half full of water, adding a little rosewater or violet perfume, then pour olive oil on top and light the wick. A very soft, subdued light is the result, and there will be the faintest suspicion of perfume in the air. Another light which will answer the same purpose, but which is made in a different way, can also be easily made at home. Take a piece of candle about three inches long and after slightly warming a small wire nail, push it part way into the base of the candle. Be sure that it enters exactly in the centre, as it is is intended to balance the candle and keep it upright in the water. Fill the glass half full of water, place the candle in it in an upright position, and light it. As it burns, the candle of course becomes lighter, so it rises in the water as it grows shorter, and finally it is all burned and the nail falls to the bottom of the class. burned and the nail falls to the bottom of the glass. This light, though not quite so dim as the other, is a very pleasant light for a sick-

The Mother's Influence.

room.

President Timothy Dwight says that his mother 'received her children, from a very early period in their life, into a participation in her own thought and intellectual activity, in her own thought and intellectual activity, and became to them, in this way, a continual-ly stimulating force. She had what is called magnetic power, one of the most uncommon gifts, but a gift of the greatest importance when the education of others is the end to be attained. To live under her influence was an education in itself, and I may truly say that I owed more to her, in the matter of the



awakening of my mental enthusiasm, than to any or all of the teachers of my childhood and youth.' He lays much stress on the edu-cating influence of the family, and adds:-'The children of a household grow most eas-ily and naturally into the religious life, not when the parents are always talking about it, and pressing it upon them, but when the atmosphere of the house is so full of religion that they do not think of living any other life.' The question, 'How I was educated,' he answers: 'I had the right mother.'

Selected Recipes.

Potato Salad.—This is a real German potato salad. Cut one-quarter of a pound of bacon in small dice and fry to a light brown. Have ready cold boiled potatoes, which you will clice and mix with two small chopped or sliced oh-ions, and a little chopped parsley. Mix with a French dressing, and pour into the salad the fried bacon, fat and all. Toss thoroughly, and serve on lettuce leaves. Let it be well chilled before serving. fore serving. To Crystallize Cherries.—Beat the whites of before

three eggs to a froth in a basin, with one gill of cold water; have ready some fine, ripe cherries; take a few at a time, hold them ripe chernes; take a few at a time, hold them by the stalks and dip into the egg; lay im-mediately on a sheet of white paper strewn with sifted white sugar, sprinkle more sugar over the cherries, and roll them about in it till thickly coated all over; leave on the pa-per till dry, then store, sprinkled with sifted sugar, in tins or boxes, in a very dry, cool place. Red currants can be treated in the same manner same manner.

NORTHERN MESSENGER A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.) To Separate Addresses.

each

each. S. S. Clubs. Sunday-school Clubs, ten or more copies to one address, twenty cents per copy per annum. Postage. The above rates include postage for Canada (excepting Montreal City). Nfd., U.S. and its Colonies, also Cuba, Gre at Britain, Mexico. New Zealand, Transvaal, British Honduras, Bermuda Barbadoes, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar, Hong kong. Cyprus, Fiji, Ja-maica, Maita, Trinidad, British Guiana, Gibral-tar. maica, Marta, Friedman, countries not men-tar. For Montreal and foreign countries not men-tioned above, and 50s a copy postaga. Sample Copies.

Sample package supplied free on application. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY And R. R. ACCOUNTING.

\$50 to \$100 por month salary assured our graduates under bon You don't pay us until you have a position. Largest system telegraph schools in America. Endorsed by all ruilway officia OPERATORS ALWAYS IN DEMAND. Ladies also a witted. Write for catalogue.

MORSE SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, Cincinnati, O., Buffalo, N. Y., Atlar Texarkana, Tex., San Francisco, Cal.



EARN OVER \$10 A DAY.

Agents Wanted all over the world. Experience not necessary. Ten dollars a day easily earned taking subscriptions for 'World Wide.' Write for full particulars and our hints for easy canvas-ing. Address the Publishers of 'World Wide.' Montreal. Canada.

WANTED, COPIES OF THE NEW DOMINION Monthly. Bound volumes will be taken, but preference given to single numbers having the covers complete and in good condition. Ad-dress E. B. BIGGAR, 471 West Marion street, Toronto.

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 Eussee Dougall, both of Montreal.

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