

HOUSEHOLD.

Conversation.

Scandal implies a malicious intention, and is therefore utterly ignoble. To deliberately pass on from lip to lip some tale that affects the reputation of another, is almost as wicked as to invent a story to his discredit. Besides, stories always grow, like snow-balls, in the telling, and one needs go no farther than a familiar game sometimes played in our parlors, for a pertinent illustration. This is a game in which the leader whispers a sentence to his neighbor, who in turn repeats it to the next, and so it goes the round of the circle, one telling the supposed story to another until it returns to the original speaker. The contrast between the words which are originally spoken and the words which come back after a circuit of the room is the cause of great amusement.

'My daughter,' said a father confessor to the penitent who bewailed to him her sinful indiscretions of the tongue, 'go, and scatter the seeds of a thistle along the high-road, and return to me.'

The command was obeyed, but when followed by a second to gather up these winged seeds, the baffled woman declared herself unable to trace them to their various lodging-places.

'As easily shall you reclaim the seeds of evil sown by careless speech,' was the comment of the wise man.

Grist in the conversational mill is the best remedy against the babble of foolish tongues, the inanity of jokes which are pointless and, the shame of calumny.

May I offer as a suggestion for home conversation the progress of current events? very few people read the newspaper in a manner consonant with its real worth. They peruse the items which are facetious and the daily chronicle of deaths and marriages, also the floating paragraphs which refer to society and its doings. Of the progress of politics, of the wonderful every-day affairs, which are to be set down by and bye in the story of the century, they know little, unless, indeed, they have been taught how to read. Stories of crime, mysterious disappearances, sensations of one or another sort, occupy them to the exclusion of the important topics of real interest.

A class for the study of the newspaper, formed in every household, with the father as its head professor, would open up new realms for conversation. Properly read the daily paper sends one to the encyclopaedia, the lexicon, and the atlas, and is itself a key to the finest libraries.

Grist for the mill! Never to talk unless we have something to say, then always to say the thing which we mean, in English, as pure, direct, and elegant as possible, are good every-day rules. Frowning upon unkind comments in whatever form they come, especially giving the cold shoulder to suspicion, and turning envy and jealousy out-of-doors altogether as forever under a ban, we will not reject kindly gossip, nor refuse to take a warm, cordial interest in all the good which may come to our neighbors. — Mrs. Sangster, in American Paper.

A Pathetic Incident.

It was at the Grand Central Station, and we were waiting for a train. Near us, in the waiting-room, sat an old lady, dressed in the deepest mourning; a young woman sat at her side, who was evidently her companion in the journey.

'Don't you think that we had better telegraph to Mary that we are here?' the old lady asked. 'It seems so strange that she hasn't come to meet us. Maybe she didn't get the letter.'

But just at that moment a lady approached the newcomers. It was very warm, and from her appearance it was evident that she had made a hurried trip to the station. She was not glad to see these travellers, however, for her welcome was anything but cordial.

'We thought maybe you didn't get the letter about our coming,' the old lady said.

'Yes, I got it this morning, but I've been running all over the neighborhood to find you a room, and I'm about sick over it. Whatever possessed you to come to the city in this hot weather, mother?' We haven't a place for you in our flat, and they can't possibly have you at —'s, with their four children. I don't see why you ever let her

come here?' this with a glance of disapproval at the young woman.

'She was determined to come, Mary, and besides I don't see how I can keep her this summer with all those city boarders.'

'What have you got in all those bundles, mother?' the first speaker asked in an unpleasant tone of voice, as her eye fell on several large bundles lying at the old lady's side.

'Clothes,' she answered in a trembling voice.

'I'm surprised that you should have allowed her to bring all that old truck. Where is she going to put it, I'd like to know!' This to the young woman.

'Well, what could I do about it, Mary? She would bring all her things with her.'

'Now, I'll tell you, mother, just what we think best for you to do. As soon as I got your letter, I had John telegraph to N— to see if they could take you in there, and G— said they could make room for you for a few days, but not any longer. And we all think the very place for you to go is an Old Lady's Home somewhere, a real nice one, of course, where you could have your own room and every comfort. You see, you are too old to be running about the country, and too old to be of use to anybody anywhere. Don't you think that is the best thing you can do yourself?'

By this time the old lady was shaking violently, and great beads of perspiration stood out on her forehead. The plan had been sprung upon her in such an unfeeling manner.

The station was crowded with people in the vicinity of this scene, and the faces of the listeners looked horrified. The people who had been obliged to witness this meeting at the station were all in sympathy with the poor old mother, their hearts went out to her, and they looked tenderly toward her.

It was our train time, and we had to go, and do not know what was done with 'mother,' but as we passed we heard the poor old soul timidly ask: 'How is John?' and the answer, 'Oh, he is well, but of course he could not leave his business to come up here in the middle of the day to meet you.'

The pitiful, disappointed, distressed look on that poor old mother's face has been before us ever since we saw it that day in the station.

We know nothing of the circumstances of the case, only as we judged from the conversation we heard. But we knew that those younger, stronger women, who evidently did not wish the burden of the care of their own mother, did a most cruel wrong in the manner they treated the one who had done her work in life, and by reason of age and feebleness could not be of use to them any longer. Oh, the pity of it all!

Passing to the outgoing train with a dear child at hand to see that mother got off all right, and that she had all the comforts necessary for the journey, we thought how thankful a mother ought to be for good, thoughtful, loving children, children who do not feel that they have no room for mother, but who are always glad to have her come to them, and always sorry to have her go away. — New York Paper.

Insidious Anodynes.

A warning to persons who are in the habit of taking patent medicines and of treating themselves for real or fancied ailments, was issued a few days ago by Dr. George F. Shrady, the famous New York physician. The doctor has found a large increase of late among the habitues of morphine, opium and cocaine and has set himself to discover the cause. He believes that it is not due, as it formerly was, to the prescriptions of physicians, who have now learned that there is a serious danger in prescribing anodynes for their patients. They know that it is better for their patients to suffer pain than to acquire the knowledge of a drug that may enslave them. But, while the physicians have been more careful, the public has gained the knowledge of these dangerous anodynes in other ways. Dr. Shrady says that many of the remedies advertised to alleviate pain induce an appetite which is worse than the pain itself. Multitudes of men, and a still larger number of women have in this way acquired an insatiable craving which demands to be periodically satisfied with ever increasing doses. The remedy gives them relief from suffering, and they have recourse to it whenever they have a headache or any trifling malady until they become so accustomed to taking it that they cannot do without it. Many of these remedies contain opium, morphine or cocaine, and

the patient unconsciously contracts in taking them, an appetite which he cannot shake off when he tries. — Christian Herald.

Unwelcome Caller.

Jack Frost came to the window-pane,
And softly tapped with his icicle cane;
'Excuse me!' I said, 'the doors are tight,
And I'd rather you wouldn't come in
to-night,'
So he scratched his name over the glass,
And the baby sneezed as she heard him pass.
— Child's Paper.

Household Hints.

Scour ironware with finely sifted coal ashes.

Purify jars by soaking them in strong soda water.

Rub stains on silver with salt and a damp cloth.

Wash out machine-oil stains at once with soft cold water and soap.

Soak mildewed clothes in buttermilk, and spread on the grass in the sun.

Always salt the steak after it is broiled. In this way the juices are retained.

Hold a fruit-stained article over a bowl, and pour boiling water through the cloth.

Clean a carpet with a broom dipped in a very weak solution of turpentine in hot water.

Put a lump of camphor in an air-tight case with silverware to keep it from discoloration.

Brown discolorations on baking dishes or cups may be removed by rubbing with flannel dipped in whiting or in salt.

Wash a red damask tablecloth in weak hot suds, with a handful of salt added, speedily rubbing out and scalding a few moments, then running through a wringer, and starching.

Letting clothes hang after they are dry, or letting them hang through a storm or in windy weather, to slap about, is not conducive to long wearing, or to help the good-man's pocket-book.

Lemon juice will whiten frosting for cake, the grated rind of an orange strained through a cloth will give it a yellow tint, and strawberry or cranberry juice will produce a pretty shade of pink. — Exchange.

Selected Recipes.

Potato Salad.—Take four or five good-sized boiled potatoes, mash and add one-half teacup of cream or milk and beat until light. Season with salt, pepper, celery seed and one small onion, chopped fine. Put one-half teacup of vinegar in a saucepan, and when nearly to boiling point stir in two well-beaten eggs. Stir constantly until it thickens, then pour over the potatoes, beating all well together. Put in salad dish and garnish with celery leaves or parsley.

Jellied chicken.—Boil until tender, in enough water to cover, one chicken. Remove when done, and let water boil down to one quart. Cut the meat into small pieces. To the water add three-quarters of a box of gelatine, soaked, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce and salt and pepper to taste. Slice one hard-boiled egg, add to the chicken, pour over it the strained liquor. Mix well, and put into square mold. Set it in a cool place to harden.

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