

HOUSEHOLD.

High Up And Low Down.

That is what a mother must be, and therein arises the sense of conflicting duties which we mothers suffer so much from. The physical needs, the mental helps and the spiritual aids we long to give our darlings, make 'mothering' a high duty and lowly occupation, in which the most able and intellectual woman finds all her powers taxed to their full limit. Even then she looks longingly beyond at the more that might be done, as she begins each new day with the wish that it could give her three times as many hours to work in.

To these earnest mothers my words are addressed, and the text of my short articles is this: 'Something must be crowded out.' Do not let that something be either your own health or cheerfulness, for a sick or sad mother is a blight on the children. If work presses, set the children at work to help; the command, 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' was meant for them as well as for you, and many a good woman brings up her children in utter selfishness so far as she, herself, is concerned. Teach them to appreciate all you do for them, and to be willing and anxious to help in the home making; yet be always ready to receive their confidences, especially the boys, for they need your help. Do not check them even if they tell you of foul language and filthy practices. The best antidote to that poison is the grave warning and wise advice of a good mother, and you will know which of their companions are corrupt and can gently guide your little lad to purity and virtue.

One of the hardest tasks a woman has to do is to be wise and loving and highminded when she aches with physical weariness, yet of all the work to be done in the world there is none so wonderful in the results achieved as the work of good mothers; they work on the living future. Day by day, their thoughts, their opinions, their wishes, are stamped into the soft natures of their children, to solidify with the swiftly passing years. Let us, then, give good heed to our work while it is in hand; if it be arduous, so shall it be glorious; if it be wearing, so shall the end thereof be peace and joy; if it be sometimes sorrowful, let us hold fast to truth and remember 'sorrow endureth but for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' Let us not forget 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine,' and that the best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman, and, above all, let us not worry, for worry kills ten women where work kills one. 'Work while the day is shining,' and at night tuck the little ones in their warm beds, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord,' and rest, O, happy mother, whose little ones are with thee, gifts of God, thine to love, to lead, and to uplift; and rest thou, too, O blessed mother, whose darlings, gone before, draw thy listening soul nearer to the gates ajar, whence come the echoes of their angel voices!—Mary Hume Dougine, in 'The Housekeeper.'

Meals Between Times.

It is doubtful whether we women eat enough to supply strength counterbalancing the waste of tissue which our busy lives make inevitable. Few of us bring good appetites to our breakfast tables, and most of us know the aversion which one feels in the early day to such substantial fare as chops and steak, or hot griddle cakes, however delicately prepared. The course of fruit, followed by a well-cooked cereal, oatmeal, or wheatlet, this preceding an egg, and the whole finished by a bit of toast and a cup of tea or coffee is the breakfast which nearly all women like best.

We will suppose this breakfast taken at seven o'clock, or at half-past seven, because when men go to business and children to school, and a single maid, or at most, two maids compose the household staff, breakfast cannot be late. Personally, I prefer a late to an early breakfast, and when women are past their first youth, think that whenever it is practicable they should start life's wheels very gently in the morning. A cup of hot milk, slightly sprinkled with salt, with a cracker, if taken while dressing, will do away with the feeling of goneness which is a peculiarly distressing accompaniment of the early morning. Then, a later breakfast, taken at leisure, is a comfort and a luxury.

But when one cannot do what one would, one must do the best the circumstances permit. For many women, their place is at the breakfast table in the early morning, and they cannot eat much then, and therefore ought to supplement the meal with something else by-and-by.

About eleven o'clock, a cup of cocoa and a piece of bread and butter, or else a glass of milk and a biscuit, will give the needed nourishment, and renew the strength which is beginning to wane. This is often a real necessity, too, to children, and while constant nibbling is not to be allowed, delicate little people, or sturdily growing and forever hungry boys should have a refectory midway between breakfast and noon. This does not interfere with the one o'clock meal, which should be a hearty and substantial affair, including meat and a vegetable or two, crackers, cheese, and dessert. If people like pies, let them fill the dessert course at luncheon rather than at the six o'clock or the seven o'clock dinner, which, by the way, should never be a meal for children, whose most important repast ought to come in the middle of the day, unless school hours prevent. In the latter case, children should have their dinner not later than five o'clock.

At half-past four or five, when the tea things are brought in, the pretty cups and saucers, the shining copper or silver teapot, the thin biscuits, wafers, or sponge-cake, the family and any informal visitors who happen in, may have a pleasant hour of talk and refreshment to soul and body. Nobody who acquires the habit of afternoon tea ever willingly gives it up, and it does not, in the least, take from the appetite for dinner. On the contrary, the little fillip given the nerves by the five o'clock tea brings one with better heart to the most formal function of the day, the dinner, when labors are over and the household gathered at ease with plenty of time to enjoy a meal.

Last of all, the cup of hot milk or bouillon, just before retiring, are to be recommended, and, when pursued by insomnia, fight that fiend with a crisp cracker or a crust of bread. I think that to eat often and not too much at once is a golden rule for women and children.—Aunt Marjorie, in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

An Ideal Kitchen.

We all know that when a woman does her own work she must necessarily spend half her days in the kitchen. Yet how few kitchens are fit to sit in. Not an easy chair for a tired mortal to sink into, not a book or paper, not a picture on the wall, not a flower in the window.

Let me tell you of a kitchen with a broad side to the south, where, if there is sunshine anywhere, it will shine into two big windows. There is a window looking east, and a window and glass door toward the north for coolness and comfort in the hot weather. The walls are painted a pretty pale tint, and there are pictures, shelves and brackets. The floor is painted and covered with nice, warm rugs, not with uninviting oilcloth, which gives one the shivers to look at, to say nothing of standing half a day, with feet on such cold material.

A big, old lounge stands in one corner, with pillows, covered with pretty and serviceable denim. There are footstools, cushions and easy chairs. Here is a writing desk, where the housewife of a literary turn can jot down a few ideas while the pies brown or the potatoes boil. There is a nice broad table upon which plain sewing and the weekly mending basket held forth. Blooming plants show in all the windows, and in one swings a merry little canary.

The dishes, pots and pans have a little room all their own, called by common courtesy a pantry. The housewife washes the dishes here and kneads the bread. The wood, coal and cobs are stored away in another little room called a wood shed, where is the cistern pump and the dripping well. Opening off the woodshed is a small room with an old cook stove; this is the laundry, and here fruits are preserved and jellies made.

There is a roomy porch on the south side of the kitchen, enclosed with wire screen, where hangs a big, comfortable hammock, with a generous supply of pillows. A table, a few easy chairs and a box or two of blooming flowers in summer complete the furnishings. Not a fly is allowed to intrude in the porch or kitchen, all is orderly, neat, sweet and complete.

Let us have comforts in the kitchen. Let

it be a room in which we need not be ashamed to invite a caller who may drop in for an informal chat, while the bread is baking or fruit stewing—both of which require constant attention. Let the kitchen be a pleasant room and work will lose half its irksomeness.—Nettie Pierce Milholland, in 'Housekeeper.'

Selected Recipes

Oatmeal Breakfast Cake.—Take one quart of Canada oatmeal, says a Western paper, wet with one quart of cold water, and pour it into a baking tin, so that it will stand half an inch deep. Shake down level and bake in a hot oven half an hour, or until it is crisp and brown on the surface. Cut quickly into two-inch squares and serve hot.

Waffles.—Mix at night, one pint of milk, one-fourth of a yeast cake, one pint of flour and one-half teaspoonful of salt. In the morning add one tablespoonful of melted butter and two eggs. Bake quickly in a hot waffle iron. Serve with maple syrup. If a little of the batter is left it can be enlarged, following the proportions of the rule, and cooked the next morning.

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