

HOUSEHOLD.

False Economy.

Some women entertain curious ideas of what constitutes economy. A fragile little housewife saves seventy-five cents each week because she cannot afford to hire some one to do her ironing. But she never hesitates to pay a dollar a pair for stockings, or two dollars for a pair of gloves, or three for the doctor's visit occasioned by overtaking her strength. Another considers fruit a luxury beyond the reach of the family purse, but she has no scruple whatever in buying new material for the dress which she has worn only a few months, and employing a dress-maker to alter it with the present fashion. We recall a dear woman, the delicate mother of six active children, who would not save her strength by using a carpet sweeper because, she said, 'they do wear out the carpets so.' But the habit of what she called economy wore her out long before the carpets, and the motherless children have the things mother saved instead of her precious self.—American Paper.

Chicken Culture.

Probably what fowls suffer most for at the hands of careless owners, is water. Most of all they enjoy a stream of running water, but as this is seldom available when in confinement, they should be carefully watered several times a day. If this is impracticable have a deep dish partly filled with clean sand and then filled brim-full with water. This keeps the water pure and the dish need not be filled so often, provided it is always kept full enough for them to reach down to it and get a full draught. This is an absolute necessity for them, and to neglect it when they cannot get out to help themselves, is criminal.

Their food must be varied. Here comes in the economic plan. Almost every family has a certain quantity of refuse from the kitchen table. Nothing is better than the meat scraps that are only fit to throw away, and fowls are adepts in picking a bone. And now I shall give a recipe for a loaf for them which one little girl has been known to call 'the chickens' fruit cake.'

How often the potato peelings are thrown out to rot, or burned up in the stove, making a most offensive odor. Take the potato peelings which the dinner process leaves on your hands, boil them for twenty minutes over a quick fire, and then set them aside until after you are through dinner. Then, whatever scraps you have left of vegetables from the plates, beans, peas, tomatoes, in fact, anything—along with bits of stale bread and left over desserts that cannot be made use of again throw all these into the dish in which you have cooked potato peelings, then add two quarts of lukewarm water and a spoonful or two of yeast (the old-fashioned 'emptyin's' that our mothers used are very serviceable here, but even 'store yeast' will do), and now thicken with Indian meal and let rise a few hours and bake. You will have (for them) a palatable loaf of a fine brown tint which looks very much like a large fruit cake, and your fowls are ravenous for it. It has taken a little work, to be sure, but it has been made of material that would nearly all have been thrown away. The advantage is that it cannot grow stale or sour. One meal a day of this, and another full meal of cracked corn, wheat or buckwheat, oats, or a few handfuls of broken rice, and so far as food is concerned, your fowls will be well taken care of. They must also have access to a dish of lime and cracked oyster shells, for the formation of the egg shell. It is well to throw the seeds during some parts of the day on a clean floor over which hay or grass has been plentifully thrown. This gives them the exercise they need, for it is their nature to scratch for their food, and thus get it more slowly. The pan of gravel, or coarse sand, must not be forgotten in this 'outfit.'

They must also have plenty of grass during laying time, and radish or dandelion leaves, burdock or horseradish—in short, almost any green thing. It is also a necessity to let them change their habitat now and then. A good plan is to have a little run-

way two feet wide and two feet high, covered with wire netting, leading into an open space, also covered with coarse wire netting, but high enough to admit of a man, who should spade up the whole enclosure. Here they may come in contact with the fresh earth, and feel as if they were in a new world. The little passage-way, or tunnel, seems to give the excitement of the chase as they pass from it into the larger enclosure. If such an arrangement is not practicable, let them go out of the coop about nightfall, and run about in some glassy place for a few minutes, as we may not know all their needs, and in this way they can forage for themselves. They never wander far at nightfall, and soon go back of their own accord to their roosts. I have known a flock of fifty stay up, and wide awake, until almost dark, to get this one little run; and on rushing out as soon as their door was opened, run over the lawn to where the apple blossoms strewed the ground, and pick and eat them as if they had found their manna. Think what delicious food, and if good food makes a difference in the quality of the eggs, as some hold that it does, surely such food ought to have the premium. Of course our remarks apply only to the poor creatures which have not their freedom. Those people who have great barns and wide fields may be able to let them shift for themselves. One thing still we had almost forgotten. A large box of fine sand for their bath. If this is impracticable, take the fine sifted coal ashes, with a spoonful of sulphur mixed through it, and they will bathe in this box of ashes for hours together, and in this way keep themselves free from vermin. If anyone would follow these few simple suggestions, he may have all the fresh eggs he can use the year round, and never feel the expense which debars so many from this pleasant pastime.—Christian Work.

Tip-Top Cake.

'Norah, I have a holiday this afternoon, and if you don't object, I'd like to bake a cake. I've got a lovely recipe grandma gave me,' and Marjorie peered anxiously into Norah's face as she spoke.

'Sure, and you're welcome to make all the cake you like, and the oven's that fine for cooking that I was just wishing I had time to make one myself.'

'Oh, I thank you, Norah, ever so much,' cried Marjorie, tying on the gingham apron Norah handed her.

'Now, let me see what I must do first,' she continued, wiping out the yellow bowl in which she always mixed her cakes. 'Cream, one cupful of sugar and one cupful of butter. The only thing I don't like about making cake is creaming the butter and sugar. It's such hard work,' and Marjorie sighed as she wielded the wooden spoon with all her strength. 'Do you know, Norah, that numbers of people use an iron spoon when they mix cake; but I never do, because grandma says it is apt to discolor it. Now, I must beat the whites of three eggs. I don't need the yolks, so I'll make a nice mayonnaise for the salad.'

When the whites of the eggs were sufficiently beaten, Marjorie added them to the butter and sugar.

'One cupful of milk,' she read from her recipe book. 'Grandma says the best method to follow in making cake is to use only half the milk first, and when this is well mixed, to add half the flour. The recipe says two cupfuls of flour and two teaspoonsful of baking powder, so I'll do as grandma says, and use half first.'

As she spoke, Marjorie busied herself sifting the flour and mixing the baking powder with it, and then adding it to the other things, she beat the cake with all her strength.

'You greased the pan for me? Thank you, Norah,' and Marjorie proceeded to turn the cake into the deep square pan that stood on the table.

'The fire's just right,' she said, opening the oven door and pushing the pan in, 'so I won't need to look at the cake until it is baked, and that will be in exactly half an hour. I can be making the mayonnaise during that time.'

In exactly half an hour by the clock Marjorie opened the oven door, and found the cake had risen and was of a beautiful golden brown color.

'I'll try it with a broom straw,' she said, 'and if no dough sticks to the straw, then it's safe to consider it baked.'

'It's all right,' she cried triumphantly,

and taking it from the oven, she turned it carefully from the pan upon a toast rack to let it cool before cutting it.

'What kind of a cake do you call this, Norah?' asked papa, as he helped himself to his third slice. 'I don't remember ever having it before.'

'You must ask Miss Marjorie, sir, she made it.'

'Grandma did tell me the name, papa, but I forgot it, so I really don't know what it's called.'

'I don't care what its name is,' said Jack; 'I call it tip-top.—New York Observer.'

Selected Recipes.

Beef Sausage—Take three pounds of fresh, lean beef, and one pound of fat beef, chopped fine at the butcher shop when purchased, season with three teaspoonsful of powdered sage, three of salt, a pinch of red pepper, one half-teaspoonful of black pepper, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Mix this thoroughly through the meat. Press in a small crock, set in a cold place. It is better for standing a day before using. By straining lard over the crock it will keep two or three weeks. Make a larger quantity when desiring to keep it.

Creamed Potatoes—Scrape new potatoes, put into a saucepan, cover with water, add a little salt, and let boil until tender; drain off the water, sprinkle over a tablespoonful of flour, and pour in a teacupful of cream; stir, take up, dust with pepper, and serve.

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