

## The Household.

### Tested Receipts.

A COTTAGE PUDDING is a cake with a sauce to it, and it is made as a cup cake, with a cup of sweet milk, three eggs, half a cup of butter beaten first to a cream, with a cup of sugar, and three cups of flour into which has been put two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one of soda. The flavoring is lemon, and hot fruit sauce should be provided with it.

AN OYSTER PIE is a nice luncheon or side-dish at this season, and is easily made from fresh or canned oysters. Fill a pudding dish with oysters, small split crackers, cream, more oysters, pepper, salt, and butter. Let them stand on the top of the stove until boiling; then cover the top of the dish with a rich crust quite thick, and bake until the crust is browned delicately. Serve hot. This is a good dish to accompany any kind of fowl or game.

Try the following receipt for one superior lemon pie: Four yolks and two whites of eggs, four dessert-spoonfuls of sugar to each egg, a lump of butter the size of a walnut, and two lemons. Strain the juice of both and grate the rind of one, which strain with the juice. Beat all together, and bake quickly in a rich under-crust. The two remaining whites may be used with four dessert-spoonfuls of powdered sugar, and the grated rind of one lemon to make a meringue for the top.

ROAST CHICKEN are a delicacy, if the chickens are of good quality. Obtain, if possible, chickens with a whole breast-bone, truss them neatly, and let them be carefully singed; put celery dressing inside each chicken; tie a piece of buttered paper or a slice of bacon over the breast, and roast in a moderate oven, basting frequently. Time of roasting, about an hour. About ten minutes before they are done remove the paper or bacon, and sprinkle them freely with salt. Serve with plain gravy in a boat, not in the dish; garnish with thin slices of broiled bacon rolled up.

TRACIALE (MOLASSES) PUDDING.—Half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of suet, half a tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda, salt, one tea-spoonful of ground ginger, tea-spoonful of treacle, quarter of a pint of milk, one egg. Chop the suet as finely as possible, and put it into a basin with the flour, carbonate of soda and ginger. Beat up the egg, mix the treacle and milk with it and stir this into the mixture in the basin, add more milk if required to make the pudding moist. Grease a basin thoroughly, put the pudding mixture into it, cover with a greased paper. Have enough boiling water to come half-way up the basin in a saucepan, and steam for two hours.

BAKED CHICKEN PIE.—Prepare two or three plump chickens, by careful drawing, singeing, cleaning, and cutting off necks, wings and drumsticks. Joint the breasts, sides, and back-bones, and put them in an earthen stew-pot, into which has been previously placed three slices of sweet, fat, salt pork. Simmer till tender. Take out the chicken, strain off the liquor and lay the chicken in layers in a deep dish, alternating with oysters, a few bits of cracker, butter and seasoning to taste. Over the whole pour the strained stock, and cover with a rich paste half an inch thick before baking. Make incisions in the form of leaves and bake slowly one hour. The remainder of a chicken will make a fine soup, with stock in which a veal-bone has been cooked for a base, and celery root for an ingredient.

CRANBERRIES are a winter luxury; stewed and eaten with granulated oatmeal for breakfast every morning, they will make a new liver, or at least make over an old one, so that it is as good as new. For sauce, pick over one quart of sound fruit, to this put two gills of water; cover and let them simmer till the cranberries are tender, then add a good half-pound of granulated sugar, and stir all together till the sauce is a rich mass, and serve in an amber glass dish. A famous housekeeper gives the following as an excellent formula for cranberries: To two quarts of cranberries allow two and a half cups of sugar. First boil the cranberries in a pint of water for a few moments, mash them against the sides of the kettle, then add the sugar; stir continually until they boil up twice, then pour them out to cool.

BEFFSTEAK PUDDING.—("Cheshire Cheese" receipt).—Make a crust of chopped and sift-

ed kidney suet, in the proportion of a half of a pound of suet, freed from skin, to a pound of flour, prepared by mixing with it a small salt-spoon of salt and tea-spoonful of Royal Baking Powder—mix thoroughly, wet with cold water, roll out with as little flour as possible, and line a pudding-mold which has been well buttered. Take two or three pounds of juicy rump-steak, two or three lamb's kidneys, and a small can of mushrooms; cut up the steak, and put a thick layer in the mold. Season to taste, adding a table-spoonful of walnut catsup. Add next a layer of mushrooms, then a layer of kidney, then beef, then mushrooms again, which will fill the mold. Season, adding another table-spoonful of the catsup, if preferred, and cover with paste, wetting the edge, so that it will close tight, and allowing a little room for the swelling of the pastry. Tie in a cloth which has been dipped in boiling water and floured, and steam two hours; or boil gently for the same time, keeping the pot replenished with boiling water. Oysters may be employed in place of mushrooms, but it will not then be "Cheshire Cheese." Beefsteak Pudding, though it may be very good.

PLUM PUDDING.—One half pound of kidney suet, half pound of raisins (Smyrna and Malaga mixed), half a pound of fresh bread crumbs, one table-spoonful of flour, six ounces brown sugar, four ounces orange peel and citron mixed, a little salt, one-fourth of a grated nutmeg, a pinch of pulverized ginger, half dozen eggs, a small cup of sweet cream, and one of currant jelly. This is sufficient for a good sized pudding. Stone the raisins, and soak them in the melted currant jelly. Now trim the beef kidney-fat and chop it very fine, with one spoonful of flour, mix it well with the crumbs of bread, brown sugar, and the eggs; then add the raisins, the peel, the salt, nutmeg, ginger, and last of all, and after it is all well mixed, add the cream. Spread all this in a napkin, well buttered, fold up the corners of the napkin and tie to the level of the pudding, so as to make it round; then plunge the pudding into a saucepan of boiling water, and let it boil at least four hours—constant boiling. Take out and let drain in a sieve; cut it from the top so as to keep on a level, then turn it out on a dish, removing the napkin carefully, so as not to disturb the fine part of the pudding. Sprinkle with a little alcohol. You may apply a match to the pudding when it is on the table. Serve the sauce separate. This pudding may be cooked in a mould, the mould well buttered, and the pudding tied in a napkin, also well buttered. Boil four hours.

### Scarcity of Servant Girls.

The agricultural returns to the Ontario Bureau of Industries are just published for the month of November in a pamphlet of fifty pages, and very instructive reading. It is. The great difficulty which the farmers of Ontario have to endure is the scarcity of servant girls. The wages of hired men have fallen from \$20 to \$17 per month, while girls' wages have risen fifty per cent.; but young women are scarcely to be hired at all. "Girls for housework are hard to be got at any price," says Mr. C. H. Kitchen of Townsend. "It would be a good idea to import good girls." "Plenty of girls to marry," says George Huskin of Artemesia, "but not to work in farm houses at milking cows." "Domestic servants are very scarce," writes Thomas Loyd Jones of Burford, "which is a great drawback to our wives, who are nothing better than white slaves. What with raising a family and doing the drudgery of a farm house, this state of things will have a most damaging effect on the rising generation." The case in North Grimsby is still more interesting. According to Mr. J. W. Van Duser, "servant girls are scarce, and those we have are getting to be good organ players." So in Whitechurch, according to Mr. M. Jones, "there is a lack of domestic servants. The agent convinces a family that an organ is the only thing to afford uninterrupted happiness, and when a girl can play 'Old Grimes is Dead' she is no longer a domestic servant." At Haldimand, as we are told by George Kennedy, "the girls have all got above hiring; we cannot get them for love or money." At Yonge also, according to Mr. Thomas Moulton, "girls for servants are scarce, but for wives they are plenty."

The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example,

## Young Folks' Department.

### Two Doughnut Boys.

"Oh, dear!" said Ray, his blue eyes full of tears, "he's such a hateful boy, that Tommy Briggs is, mamma. I wish I didn't ever get acquainted with him. I wish his father didn't live so near Uncle Jack's farm."

Mamma Trevor looked at her boy's flushed little face and smiled; but she didn't say a word until she had taken Ray to the wide kitchen and sponged forehead and dimpled chin, blue eyes and rosy mouth with clear, cool water.

"Now, what is it, dear?" she asked. "It's Tommy Briggs," said Ray, putting out his lip again. "Oh, mamma he is so mean and hateful."

"Ray, Ray! that isn't the right way to talk even about those whom we believe are our enemies," interrupted mamma gently. "Do you think it is?"

"No'm," Ray answered honestly, winking pretty fast; "but I can't help it mamma. I know Tommy Briggs is my enemy, and a good deal worse. Why, mamma, don't you believe—"

Ray stopped and shut his white teeth together with a snap. Mamma didn't smile this time. She spoke very soberly:

"Well, dear, go on. What did Tommy do?"

"You know that big, nice apple Aunt 'Rusha gave me this morning, don't you?" Ray swallowed a big sob. "Twas the very last one she had, 'cause she'd kept it wrapped away in tissue paper all winter to see how long it would keep, and there came a little tiny speck of rot on it, and she gave it to me. 'Twas the very last one, you know; and it smelled just as nice, and the rest won't be ripe for a long time. And I started to go out where the men are mowing to show it to Uncle Jack, and when I was going across the pasture Tommy Briggs ran up behind me and grabbed it, and ate it every mite up but the bones, mamma, and didn't give me even so much as a bite. Don't you think he's a real mean, bad boy, mamma?" Ray's face was flushing up again as fast as ever it could.

Mamma looked pretty sober, though she almost had to laugh about the bones.

"I think he did very wrong, dear," she said; "and if I were in your place I would kill him."

How astonished Ray looked at that. He could hardly believe his ears.

"Why mamma," said he "what do you mean?"

"I mean," mamma answered, gently, "that I would kill the naughty spirit in Tommy's heart with a good deal of kindness."

Ray understood and tried to look interested, though a little doubtful.

"I don't hardly know how," said he; but I'll try next chance I have."

"That's my good boy," Mamma Trevor said, kissing first one round cheek and then the other. "Your chance will come soon enough, dear."

And so it did. That very day was baking day, and when Aunt 'Rusha was frying cakes she remembered Ray's disappointment, and fried two rich, plump, brown doughnut boys for him.

"These are to pay for the apple you lost," said she laughing. "You must look out sharper this time, dear."

"Yes'm, Aunt 'Rusha, I will," said Ray. "Oh, thank you ever so much."

Then he went out under the vines on the back porch, and sat down on the steps with his doughnut-boys, waiting for them to cool. And pretty soon who should come along but Tommy Briggs himself! He was barefooted, and his straw hat hadn't a sign of a brim. He looked over the backyard fence, and his sharp black eyes spied the doughnut boys.

"Oh, gimme one!" cried he. But he didn't believe Ray would do it, all the same. He looked ruggish, and ready to run away in a minute if Aunt 'Rusha should look out at the door.

As for Ray, he looked at the two puffy doughnut-boys, and then he looked at the at the mischievous face that was a little dirty, too, peering over the fence. Then he started and ran down to the gate.

"Yes, I'll give you one," said he smiling pleasantly and then he handed Tommy Briggs the largest one of the two doughnut-boys. "They're real nice," said he.

You can't think how surprised Tommy Briggs looked. He was so surprised that he couldn't say a word—at any rate he

didn't; not even "Thank you." But he took the doughnut-boy Ray reached out to him, and scampered away, and Ray thought that was the last of it.

"Anyhow, though, I don't b'lieve he'd snatch my apple again," said he to mamma, "by the way he looked."

"I don't think he will myself," said mamma. And she thought to her self though she wouldn't have said it to Ray for the world, that if he would he must be a very hard-hearted little boy, indeed.

But that wasn't the best of it. Nobody had even thought of strawberries being ripe but the next morning when Uncle Jack opened the kitchen door he found a little box of them, red, ripe and sweet, on the threshold. Around the box was pinned a bit of paper very much soiled, and on this was printed in uneven letters:

These is for the little boy wot I took his apple. I'm sorry, an won't do it agen. From TOMMY BRIGGS

"Now what do you think?" asked Uncle Jack.

And Ray's blue eyes fairly danced as he ate his strawberries with sugar and cream.

"Now isn't that the best way to make folks good?" he asked. Isn't it, mamma?"

"I think it is," said mamma, kissing both rosy cheeks again.

What do you think?

### Give the Boys a Chance.

Frank and trustworthy boys carry their honesty on their faces, and when such are needed for services, or desire any favor, an intelligent person is not only excusable for putting faith in them, but may confer a great encouragement and benefit by doing so. A gentleman of wealth and high official position says:

Somewhat more than fifty years ago I was appointed midshipman in the navy and sent to New York. I was only 16 years old, and being of a delicate make and small stature, did not look more than 11. My previous life had been spent in the country, and I knew nothing of city ways or business proceedings. Payday was the 30th of the month, but I wanted some money on the 20th, and passing through Wall street I went in a broker's office and said:

"You lend money here, do you not?"

"Yes."

"I want to borrow \$20 for ten days," I said.

I did not then understand the quizzical manner with which the broker looked at me before replying:

"You shall have it and I won't charge you any interest for it either."

He gave me the money and I signed the receipt; and I need not add, the twenty dollars were promptly returned at the expiration of ten days. I am sorry that I have forgot the name of the broker. I mentioned the incident many years afterward to a gentleman who said it was the most extraordinary story he had very heard of a Wall street broker, of all men.

Another case happened in Washington about fifteen years ago. I was standing on the porch of Willard's Hotel, when a little boy with a bright, honest face said to me:

"Please, sir, lend me twenty-five cents to set me up in business. I want to buy some newspapers to sell."

I replied:

"My boy, I haven't got twenty-five cents, but here are fifty cents, and when you want to return it you will find me at this hotel."

"Thank you," said the little lad, "I will bring it back."

I never expected to see him or the money again, and considered it a donation; but in the evening as I was walking up and down, in the entrance hall, my coat was pulled by a little new-boy, and I turned and beheld the youngster who had applied for a loan in the morning, with the same bright face that had attracted me then.

"Well, my little man, what is it?" I said, as though I didn't know him.

"I have brought back your fifty cents, sir," said he, "and I am ever so much obliged to you. I have made more than a dollar clear profit with your money."

"Continued in our next," as the fellow said when he poured out a glass of wine.

Leaves are light, and useless, and idle, and wavering and changeable, and even dance; yet God has made them part of the oak; in so doing he has given us a lesson not to deny the stoutness within because we see the lightness without.