

## HOUSEHOLD.

### No Rest for the Mother.

There has been a good deal written about mothers—their goodness, their patience, and their influence. Perhaps it would be a good plan to write a few lines about how to keep the mothers longer out of heaven and longer in the home. To the ordinary mothers—no, there are no ordinary mothers, they are all extraordinary in their particular homes—holidays come rarely. Mary has a party and mother makes a cake. Tom goes fishing, and she puts up a lunch. Even the husband takes a day off, but the kitchen fire is kept burning. It is the mother who 'stays by the stuff,' and in hot weather she is much like Casablanca on the burning deck—no one comes to the rescue.

Now, young people, you love your mothers. You are only thoughtless. You have so long lived in the light of a mother's smile that you have not thought it could grow dim and flicker, and go out forever for you. She has made everyone so comfortable so many years with the ministrations of her deft hands, that apparently there has been no need of any outside help.

Let us take a look at those hands! The wedding ring is worn thin; it slips about on her finger. I think the finger must have been quite white and soft when it was first put on. What makes those joints so large, so out of proportion to the fingers? They became so gradually, not in a day, but after many whole days, in fact, whole years of hard labor. She did not think about her hands, or try to save them, or feel sad about their looks. It was always her husband's, or Mary's, or Tom's comfort, she was thinking about. It seems to me, as she turns to go out of the room, that she is round-shouldered and bends over. I think when she was a bride she was tall and straight. I wonder what would happen if you young people should all look at your mothers with seeing eyes, as we have looked at the mother of Mary and Tom. If you rub them a little with the oil of love and unselfishness, perhaps you will even see more than I have suggested.

See that your mother takes a needed rest before she is called to her long, last one. It may add years to her life. Try if the combined efforts of the family in some little sacrifice will not put it in her power to go away on a visit for a month. If you can't work, it will be a good time for you to learn. If you miss her a good deal, you will begin to appreciate a very little what her work for you has been. It will be better to give her up a short time now, than to lose her forever for lack of a little vacation.—'Union Signal.'

### The Southern Biscuit.

It happened once that a lady visitor came unexpectedly to a New England country home. The housewife, taken unawares, supplemented her stock of bread by making warm biscuits for supper. Probably her skill as a cook was good, for when, well toward the close of the meal, she passed the plate and urged the visitor to have another biscuit, the latter demurred, saying, before she allowed herself to be persuaded: 'These biscuits are so delicious I really don't know how many I have eaten already.'

At which the infant terrible of the family, a little girl who usually had her eyes and wits about her, piped up in a shrill, childish voice:

'I know, I've kept count; and that one makes six.'

Six biscuits at a meal may make a large story to be told as they make biscuits in New England, big, too often, yellow with soda, or soggy and half-baked in the middle; but I want to tell you that six biscuits as they make them down here in the South are nothing. More than once I have eaten twelve at a meal.

Why is it that Northern cooks cannot make biscuits like their fellow-workers in the South? I have tried again and again to pin the Southern cooks down to a recipe, but it is no use. They 'jes' make 'em.' Surely they can have no better flour here than in the North, and yet I guarantee that any one who has travelled here will join with me in singing the praises of Southern warm biscuits.

What are they like? They are small, little larger round than a silver dollar, baked so nearly separate from each other on the baking-tin that all the edge of each is crisp; so thin that the delicate golden-brown top and the no less delicate golden-brown bottom hold between them one thin flake as white as a snowflake, and almost as easy to melt upon one's tongue.

I contend that such biscuits as these are not unhygienic and indigestible. I ought to know: I have eaten enough of them. The fortune of the Northern hotel or restaurant that can put them on its table is made.

This recalls to my mind a railway meal which I had down here recently. Too often the mention of a railway meal in the North brings up a spectre of slippery stools, sandwiches under glass diving-bells, pie, cold, hard-boiled eggs, and something called coffee.

Not long ago I had to leave Atlanta for Birmingham at 6 a.m. Six o'clock of a damp, autumn morning is not a nice time to change cars and start out through a new country. I queried the conductor about breakfast. 'We stop at Tallapoosa for breakfast,' he said.

By my time-table it would be an hour before we would reach Tallapoosa, and by the time we were due there I was watching for the place. I saw only a small wooden station, with no sign of a restaurant. The train barely paused, and started on again. Had I misunderstood the conductor? I caught the tail of his coat as he came down the aisle to ask.

'Oh, no,' he said, 'we stop at the hotel'; and even then the train was slowing up again.

When we were stopped I went out and found that we were halted just across the village street from a neat country hotel. There had been a rain in the night, and part of the street was muddy. A puddle was just beneath the car-steps.

'Oh, hold on!' cried the conductor to the passengers who had crowded out on the platform, when he saw the mud. 'Don't get off here. Wait a minute.' Then he waved a signal to the engineer, the train drew half a car's length ahead, and we stepped off dry-shod.

A pleasant-faced young man stood at the hotel door and welcomed us. I wish I could make my readers see that dining-room. The neat, white-spread, home-like tables were set in front of a huge fireplace in which a glorious fire of pitch-pine crackled. The conductor came in and sat down to eat with us, so we had no need to worry about the train.

Fried chicken, eggs, fried oysters, corn bread, biscuits, coffee, milk, buttermilk, plenty to eat and plenty of time, and at a price less than that of almost any railway restaurant in the North.

Is it any wonder that when I went back to the train, warmed, fed and rested, I carried with me so bright a memory of that room and meal that after this I shall always, when I can do so, plan to take that same train again?—'Kitchen Magazine.'

### Household Hints.

Cutting corns only makes them grow more. Soaking the feet and rubbing them with pumice stone is much better, and if persisted in, say used twice a week, will keep the feet in splendid condition.

When a dose of unpleasant medicine is necessary, particularly with children, its disagreeable taste may be almost wholly concealed if peppermint candy is taken just before the medicine. This is a better plan than taking something after the dose.

When ink is spilled upon linen, try dipping the damaged material in pure melted tallow. The hot tallow seems to absorb the ink, and, after washing, the stain will be found to have disappeared.

When the fingers are stained in peeling fruits, preparing green walnuts, or in similar ways, dip them in strong tea, rubbing them well with a nail brush, and afterward wash them in warm water, and the stains will disappear.

I wish to emphasize the fact which so many husbands and wives seem to forget—that marriage is on one side as much a business contract as any other partnership, and demands the same kind of business treatment. The husband is the earner, the wife the distributor of capital, and of the two

her work is really the more complex and difficult. The only way to carry on this business partnership successfully in a financial way, and without friction personally, is to put it on a cash basis. It is right that the wife should insist on having an allowance.—Helen Waterman Moody, in 'Ladies' Home Journal.'

A good deal of work may be saved about the house by careful thinking. Bare floors save some work in the line of sweeping, and are said to be healthful, surely they must be more so than dingy, dusty carpets, that are filled with microbes and disease. Carpets are comfortable for winter use in certain places; certainly the kitchen should be exempt from carpeting, for here it is that the household labor in a great part is done. And the carpet, if there is one, cannot be kept clean without great effort. An oiled floor is a thing to be desired; and a painted one is not to be despised, but a kitchen floor covered with linoleum, will save more than enough work in a year to pay for itself. It is one of the simplest matters to keep such a floor clean. It is as easily swept as a bare floor, and the wiping it off with a damp mop, or clean cloth will not take long. Here is one way in which labor may be economized and the time spent in better ways.—Rose Seelye Muller, in 'N. Y. Observer.'

### Selected Recipes.

**Celery Sauce.**—Heat a large tablespoonful of butter in a small saucepan; stir in a heaping spoonful of flour and dilute with a gill each of cream and chicken stock; add a pint of diced and cooked celery, and season to taste with red pepper, nutmeg and salt.

**Sponge Cake.**—Two eggs, three-fourths cup sugar, small piece of butter, rub well together. Add five tablespoonfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls baking powder, one cup of flour. Beat well and bake in a shallow pan.

**Soups of Odds and Ends.**—This is made from scraps, or bits of meat and vegetables that are left over from one or more meals. For example: The bones of a porterhouse steak; a mutton chop; a tablespoonful of hashed meat; a hard boiled egg; chicken bones; one or two cold potatoes; turnip; two or three spoonfuls of cold boiled rice; meat gravy and bits of pork, ham, bread, etc., may be used. Put all together in a stewpan except the bread. Cover with cold water and let simmer for an hour; put in a pint of beef stock, letting it simmer gently for half an hour longer. Serve hot with square pieces of toasted bread placed in the bottom of a tureen, over which the soup may be poured, straining if desired.

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