

HOUSEHOLD.

Happy Homes Needed.

As a case in point; I had a lad sent to me on the death of his mother, who had never had any home-life, and who knew really nothing about living except to sly out of doors as soon as supper was over, lounge around groceries or street corners, and find what entertainment he could with street boys and loafers. As soon as I discovered what his habits were, I spoke to him about them and got a rather ungracious response to the effect that he had always been allowed to go out when he wanted to, and didn't care to sit indoors and be tied to anybody's apron-strings.

It was one of those cases where argument is worse than useless. We had just come home from the country, and the family was scarcely organized. I said not a word, but the next evening, when we were a little settled, I noticed that the boy was beginning to get uneasy, and was looking for his hat. He evidently expected to be called back, but I paid no attention to him, and he went away. No sooner was he out of the house than I brought out some new games. I took special pains whenever the first autumn evening came to have something extremely amusing and entertaining in reserve as a surprise for the children, and one with as many elements of keen enjoyment as I was able to provide. I did this because I had observed that on first coming home and settling down to everyday business again, there was liable to be a restive spirit among the children, and it took some time to get them well into harness. I had that season been fortunate enough to find a number of delightful novelties, and had kept them out of sight up to this time. One of these I brought out as soon as we were settled for the evening.

The children were enthusiastic, and some one asked for Harry and wished him to share their pleasure with the new game. Of course he was nowhere to be found, and I merely said he took his hat and went out, and told the children to make no comment whatever on his absence.

He did not come in until all the young folks were in bed, then he came in a sort of deprecatory, shy fashion, evidently expecting a lecture, in which however he was disappointed. I opened the door myself and said: 'Ah, my boy, are you back?' He answered: 'Yes, ma'am,' said good night and went upstairs.

The children could talk of nothing at the breakfast table but the new game, and expressed regrets that Harry was not there to enjoy it with them. I said: 'But, my dears, Harry prefers to go somewhere else; and you know he is a stranger, and we will let him do that which pleases him most.'

There was a curious look of surprise on the boy's face, but he said nothing. That evening when supper was over, he stayed around, and seemed not in the least anxious to get his hat. I kept the children out of the way, waiting to see what he would do. After a time he started for the door, then came back for a drink of water, saying that he didn't feel very well. I asked him if we could do anything for him; he answered no, and went away, but came back in about half an hour and came to the sitting-room, where I was busy with some sewing. The children were in the front-room at their game. It was a most amusing situation, and I watched the boy with no little interest. He evidently wanted to be invited, but was determined not to give any hint of it. At last I asked him if he would be interested in their amusements; he said yes; then I called the oldest and gave Harry in charge.

To make a long story short that was the last evening that that boy went out of the house alone for his evening amusement for four years. He often said, later in life, that those games and those evenings at the house unquestionably saved him from a career of dissipation. He had never known any such entertainment at home, and did not suppose such evenings possible.—'Ledger.'

Pure Water.

Dr. W. Wymac, Surgeon-General of the Maine Hospital Service, estimates the annual deaths in the United States at 48,000 from typhoid fever—a disease well known to be preventible, the greatest step towards prevention being the securing of pure water for towns. If the life of every victim is placed at one thousand dollars, as many reckoned, it would mean a loss of \$48,000,000 each

year; and as it is reckoned that for every one who dies there are ten persons attacked who recover, there would be the loss of time and the suffering that these endure to be taken into account; and in view of the depressing whole it is a matter of great thankfulness that the true way of its communication and the best way of fighting it have been discovered. Probably at the end of the twentieth century people will look back upon the equanimity with which its attacks are endured, much as we do on the people who, early in the last century, viewed the invasions of smallpox as an inevitable 'visitation of God.' Now that we know how the disease gains access to the system the first step has been taken, and the object-lesson afforded by the immediate reduction of the death-rate, where a pure water supply has replaced a foul one, affords every encouragement to the wise action, which pays money to the iron-pipe maker, and the constructor of filter-beds and garbage-destroyers, instead of to the doctor, the apothecary and the undertaker. As for the suffering and misery thereby forestalled, there are no words to express its amount.—'The Independent.'

Something About Meats.

We weary of the same old stereotyped dishes. All sorts of food, specially the different kinds of meat, need to be varied. Even roast lamb palls upon the appetite when served too often in just the same style. Too much roast pork is not considered wholesome, although accompanied by the indispensable apple sauce. Many will not touch pork at all, unless they 'knew the pig,' and roast beef of the best gets to be an 'old story,' after a while. Poultry is not always within reach, as to place or price.

To make a substantial and satisfactory dish from what is left over from regular roasts is indeed quite an art, and opens the way for some most interesting experiments in cookery, as well as for the presentation of some most delicious and attractive dishes. If few are to be served, or but little meat is wanted, a forequarter of lamb will do for roasting, and the meat is very sweet, for the 'nearer the bone the sweeter the meat,' is a true old adage, but it is poor economy to pay for so much bone.

So the leg of lamb, with the bone taken out, and put in roasting shape by the butcher, is by far the easier and more profitable way to invest in this particular meat. Stuffing the leg gives a variety, but without this we suppose it roasted, well done, and plenty of rich brown gravy to go with it, and be left, with what is not used, at the first serving.

The next day's dinner can be made very acceptable by slicing, rather thickly, and across the grain, of course, the cold lamb, covering it with the brown gravy, and making it very hot, as to cook it would only make it tough. It is very easy to serve this way, tastes differently from the original roast, and is often preferred to it.

More meat would yet be left from a leg of lamb, of moderate weight, in a family of six. The homely, ragged parts left can be utilized in many ways for breakfast dishes. When finely chopped, and barely moistened with some of the brown gravy, it makes a most delicious hash, plain or served on toast, and some of the chopped lamb, held together by an egg and a little mashed potato, makes a dish of croquettes that no one will object to. The butcher upon request will send home the bones with the meat, which will make the foundation for many a kind of soup. So a leg of lamb is a most economical investment, and one need not weary of the roast either.

A round steak can be treated so that it can make a nice and handsome dinner dish as acceptable quite as a roast. Get a thick slice from a tender part of the round. Trim off all the fat, and cut it in small bits to put under the meat, in the oven. Trim the meat to a long oval in shape that it may look well. Lay it for a couple of hours on a platter, with a half a cupful of vinegar under it, and another half a cupful of vinegar over it. This will make the toughest meat tender, as tender as a porterhouse steak. Then dry off with a clean napkin, and make a dressing of stale bread, crumbled, highly seasoned with salt, pepper, cayenne, and a little powdered thyme, moistened with melted butter, one well-beaten egg, and enough hot water to make it spread easily. Lay the steak in a dripping-pan, with the

chopped bits of fat under it. Spread the dressing smoothly all over the top of the meat, place it in a hot oven and bake twenty minutes, or a little more if the steak is very thick. This is a simple, inexpensive dish and the thyme gives it a special relish.

A plain dinner dish that is also very nice cold for supper is made of a combination of pork and lean beef, a pound of each, chopped very fine, and thoroughly mixed together. Add a level spoonful of salt, a generous allowance of pepper, a little powdered thyme and nutmeg, also a small onion and a few leaves of parsley, all finely minced. To these ingredients add lastly four eggs and a pint of fine bread crumbs. It should be stiff enough to mould into a loaf, yet not too dry. Put into a dripping-pan, and put little bits of butter all over it, basting occasionally with the drippings of butter, till it is a rich brown.—Katherine Armstrong, in N. Y. 'Observer.'

Selected Recipes.

To Fry Fresh Fish. — Cut the fish into pieces, and dip them in a well-beaten egg. Roll in flour or cornmeal, and brown it quick in hot lard; then cover the frying-pan and set it on the back of the stove to cook through. Serve while hot.

Parsnip Fritters.—Take three large parsnips and boil them till tender; peel them and mash them very finely; add a teaspoonful of flour, one well-beaten egg and salt to taste. Make the mixture into small cakes with a spoon, and fry them on both sides a delicate brown in good drippings or butter. Serve them up very hot, and piled upon the dish.

Jam Pudding.—Chop three tablespoonfuls of beef suet fine; add half a pound of sifted flour and a pinch of salt; mix with cold water to make stiff dough; roll out an inch thick on a well floured bread-board; spread thickly with blackberry or currant jam; roll up in a well floured cloth, and steam for two hours and a half. Serve with sauce.

Tapioca Pudding. — Wash a teacupful of tapioca through several waters; and put to soak for half an hour; pour over a quart of milk and let stand on the back of the range until warm; add a teacupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, and four well-beaten eggs; flavor to taste; turn into a pudding-dish, and set in a hot oven to bake for three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot or cold.

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