

will please send me the song entitled 'My Grandfather's Clock' I would be much obliged. My address is: Millie Stinson, Dawn Mills, Ont.

Debec, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm; we have two cows and a young calf. I have two sisters and one brother. I have a tame rabbit, it is all white. My brother has a bicycle and I can ride on it. There is no school here now. I am in the third book. My birthday is on July 19.

JAN M. C. (Aged 10.)

Souris East, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I have never written a letter to the 'Messenger,' so I think I will try now. I live on Prince Edward Island; the woods and the flowers are very beautiful. I attend the public school every day. I am eight years old. I am in the fourth reader. After school I spend most of my time up at Dr. Muttart's; I go out to the woods with Gussie and the Doctor. The last day I went out I got a cup of raspberries; they were nice big ones. I like going out to the woods very much. To-day I had a cold and I could not go to school. Our teacher's name is Miss Dumphy. I read a letter in the 'Messenger,' and the little girl was asking if any other little girl's birthday came on Oct. 7? Mine does; my next birthday I will be 9 years old; I am always glad when my birthday comes. I have no brothers nor sisters. I have no cats nor dogs to play with; I used to have a cat, and I played hospital and I had the cat for the doctor, and every time I would get through with her she would run downstairs; I had to hold her while I did have her; she ran away one day and never came back; but I think I am going to get another little white one. I like to tie a string around a spool and run around the house with it. I like animals very much. I read a good many stories about them. RAY.

Gibraltar, Ont.

Dear Editor,—There are two churches near our place, one a Presbyterian and the other is a Methodist; I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger' there; I like reading it very much, especially the letters from the little girls and boys. We live ten miles from Collingwood town; we have to go down a great big mountain when going to Collingwood; there are no more hills to climb but one after we go down the mountain. I live on a farm. I have one sister and six brothers. I go to school every day; the school-house is just across the road from our place; our teacher's name is Miss Newell, and all the scholars like her very much. I am in the third book. I hope to see my letter in the correspondence page. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, Jan. 3.

JESSIE McF. (Age 13.)

Strathcona, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Although I have received the 'Northern Messenger' over two years, this is my first letter. In a recent week's 'Messenger' I saw a letter from California, written by Viola Van Wagner, of Santa Cruz, California. Mamma was born and raised in Corralitos, Cal., which is a village not far from Santa Cruz. I, too, was born in Corralitos. We have not been living very long in Ontario. Papa is a pepermaker, and he doesn't stay long in one place unless he likes it. We have travelled through California, Oregon and Washington and across Uncle Sam's mountains, plains, and rivers to Cleveland, Ohio. But the most pleasant trip was from Cleveland to Montreal; we had a very good view of two of the great lakes, Erie and Ontario, and the Niagara Falls. I am a member of the Baptist Church of Lachute, Que. There are only two churches here, the Church of England and the Methodist Church; I attend the Methodist Church, Sunday-school and Epworth League. I am glad to say there are no saloons nor hotels here. We all enjoy reading the 'Northern Messenger' very much and wish it every success.

LILLIE J. HUNTER.

(This is a nicely-written letter.—Ed.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Old-Fashioned Custards

(Mrs. Helen E. Richardson, in the New York 'Observer'.)

'Just listen!' exclaimed Dorothy, as she lifted her head from the cookbook she had been studying for the last half hour. 'We Twentieth Century people might read this chapter on custards with profit. I'm going to try some of them.'

'Wait until I go back to college; mother's receipts are good enough for me,' spoke up Ted, flashing a contemptuous glance at the ragged and time-stained book that Dorothy had found up in the attic. Nowise daunted, however, Dorothy continued to compare and ponder.

'Fastidious Ted may be glad to sample them,' she mused, tying on a big apron, and taking an anxious survey of the pantry shelves. Eggs and milk were at hand; as also were sugar, nutmeg, and cinnamon; but 'ground rice,' 'potato flour,' 'loaf sugar,' and 'rose water,' here was a dilemma.

Suddenly Dorothy remembered a bottle way back in the corner of the top shelf that she had come across one day. How long it had been there she couldn't tell; years, and years, she guessed, at any rate ever since she could remember.

'Dear grandmother must have made it,' she soliloquized, handling the bottle with tender care. It certainly looked ancient enough to warrant the remark; Dorothy removed the stopper and took a long delighted sniff.

'I've half a mind to wait till Ted goes back; he doesn't deserve anything so delicious,' she murmured.

She decided not to meddle with 'ground rice' and 'potato flour' until she knew more about them; and as this receipt was the only one requiring loaf sugar she had her material at hand. At the dinner table Ted gave a contemptuous sniff when Dorothy placed a dish of custard beside his plate, remarking as she did so:

'Mother's custards suit you so well, you may not like this; I shall not compel you to eat it.' He tasted, and ate the whole, remarking, when he had finished:

'It isn't half bad, after all, Sis, but it is the flavoring that redeems it. What did you flavor it with? something new, I reckon.'

'Rosewater, made by Grandmother Reburn. It's an old-fashioned extract, my dear; pray don't mention it to your college friends.'

Following are the receipts that Dorothy found in the old cook book, introduced by these general remarks:

'In making custards, always avoid stale eggs. When eggs are used, the whites should be beaten separately, and put in the last thing. Never put eggs in very hot milk, as it will poach them. Always boil custards in a vessel set in boiling water.'

Boiled Custards—Boil a quart of milk with a little cinnamon, and half a lemon peel, sweeten it with nice white sugar, strain it, and when a little cooled mix in gradually seven well-beaten eggs, and a tablespoonful of rose water. Stir all together over a slow fire till it is of proper thickness, and then pour it into your glasses. This makes good boiled custards.

Another way—Take six eggs, leave out the whites, mix your eggs and sugar together with some rose water, then boil a pint of rich milk and put in the eggs; let it simmer a minute or two, and stir it to prevent its curdling.

Baked Custard—Two quarts of milk, twelve ounces of sugar, twelve eggs, four spoonfuls of rose water, and one nutmeg.

Cream Custard—Eight eggs beaten and put into two quarts of cream, sweetened to the taste, a nutmeg and a little cinnamon.

Common Custard—Boil a pint of milk

with a bit of cinnamon and lemon peel, mix one tablespoonful of potato flour with two of cold milk, put in a sieve and pour the boiling milk upon it, let it run in a basin, mix in by degrees the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Sweeten and stir it over the fire a few minutes to thicken.

Rice Custard—Mix a pint of milk, a pint of cream, an ounce of sifted ground rice, two tablespoonfuls of rose water, sweeten with loaf sugar, and stir all well together till it nearly boils, add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Stir and let it simmer for about a minute, pour it into a dish or serve it in cups, with sifted loaf sugar and a little nutmeg over the top.

Potato Cakes—A cupful of finely-mashed potatoes, as much flour, and an ounce of butter, with a teaspoonful of baking powder, and half as much salt, rub them well together, then make into a stiff paste with an egg and very little milk. Roll out to a full inch in thickness, score the cakes into quarters, crush the surface with milk or dissolved butter, and bake to a rich brown. Split open, butter and eat whilst hot.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'