

## HOUSEHOLD.

## Waste Not.

(By Lina Orman Cooper, Author of 'King Baby,' in 'Home Words'.)

There is one spot connected with most homes which is anything but sweet! I mean the dust-hole! Its contents are manifested when the corporation dust-cart comes on its unsavory rounds, and anyone who has walked behind it knows that he has done so at the risk of typhoid or other kindred evils. Decayed vegetables, mouldy bread, offensive meat bones, sour tea-leaves, filthy rags: all these items make up the contents of that terrible scavenger's covered cart, which periodically patrols our highways.

Now, I want to show the readers of 'Home Words' that such a monstrous heap of rubbish as is bi-weekly collected from their individual dust-bin should never be called into existence.

Let us take the things mentioned in detail, and see how best we may use our own rubbish. That each portion of that load is valuable, is shown by the fact that every large city provides an army of rag-pickers, who live on the proceeds of their industry. They make use of what we throw away. Ought not each thrifty housewife try to do the same?

We will take the bone nuisance first. We all know how rapidly bones grow sour if put away with the smallest particle of flesh adhering to them. Well, we must never so lay them by. When a mutton bone, (or any other one) leaves the table almost bare, finish the job at once. Scrape off each tiny scrap of meat. Some of those bits will pass through a mincer and provide rissoles or mince for the goodman's supper. Gristle and skin must make their way into a stock pot. I hope every occupant of a sweet home possesses such a utensil.

If you do not, a large crock with a cover will answer almost as well. This earthenware pot must stand all day on the range, whilst into it every morsel of refuse from the table must go. Every night this stock pot must be emptied, and the pot itself cleaned. The next day a firm white stock, fit for soup or gravy, will be strained from it. Flavored with curry powder, this is easily turned into mulligatawny. Mixed with boiled vegetables we get purée from it. Colored with tomatoes, we find an appetizing broth. Thickened with farinaceous foods, we turn out really satisfying soups. All these, as you see, owe their existence to our once despised bones! But they have not yet done their work. We want them to act as fuel! Take the now clean, dry 'osseous deposit,' and when the dinner is done, burn it. 'But the awful smell!' I hear some of you objecting. There will be none, my friends, if you proceed as I advise. After the principal meal of the day make up a small fire of round coal. In the heart of it put the bones, covering them with a layer of dampened slack, or coal dust. Put the rings in place, and pull out the dampers of the range. Fumes of all sorts are then warranted to go up the chimney. When teatime comes, rake up the live embers and you will find no trace of bone.

Vegetables must be treated in the same way. Potato peels, turnip rinds and tops, carrot scrapings—all these are priceless as fuel-savers if burned before they have time to grow offensive. Tea-leaves should be hoarded if we want to keep our homes sweet. They are useful in gathering dust off a carpet. Then they and the dust they have helped to damp must be burned in the fire.

Bread is perhaps the most reprehensible object in a dust-bin. Every scrap of it can be put to a good use by a conscientious housewife. Rough bits or half-slices left at table may be soaked in skim milk, put in the oven and rebaked. They will emerge therefrom in the shape of 'pulled bread.' This will be a delicious addition to the supper menu. Pieces too small for this can be left on a tin overnight in the oven. Crispy golden brown, these scraps may be crushed with a roller or a glass bottle, and put away. When wanted for frying purposes they are found all ready, and greatly enhance the appearance of our fresh herring or fillets of place. Our new loves are also not deprived of their due allowance of 'soft.' These dried crumbs are useful in more ways than one. A cupful of them materially lightens suet puddings of every de-

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scription. A safe formula for their use is the following:—Always give equal parts of breadcrumbs, flour and suet. Then you can add varieties of flavorings. For instance a cupful of fine crumbs, a cupful of carefully shred suet, and a cupful of well-dried flour form the initial foundation of treacle, apple- or ginger puddings. By itself, even, it is not to be despised.

Crusts of clean bread make good bread and milk for baby's breakfast. They also form the principal ingredient in Queen shape. Soak well in boiling skim milk; beat up with a fork; add the yolk of an egg; cover with a layer of any kind of jam. Bake a golden brown and mask with a veil of white of egg whisked up with a knife on a cold plate. One egg, after this fashion, consolidates and ornaments a pudding at the same time.

Croutons of bread are easily made. With the top of a tin cut out clean circles; fry in boiling fat; when done; scoop out the centre and fill with minced meat of any kind, or with stewed fruit. Piled up high, and respectively dusted with chopped parsley or fine sugar, the casseroles look dainty and most appetising.

## The Mother's Work.

A mother writes to mothers in the 'Union Gospel News,' saying:—'Whether the old saying that, "The hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world," be true or not, true it is that our boys and girls of to-day will be men and women when we are gone. The responsibility resting upon us is tremendous. Yet "His grace is sufficient."

'Some busy mother may say, "I have not time." Here is the answer I got six years ago when I made a like excuse. "You have all the time there is." I felt hurt at the time, for I had five little ones to care for besides the house work. And every mother knows something of the sewing required—besides other things too numerous to mention.

'However, I adopted the plan of taking twenty minutes at least every morning for reading the Bible; and beginning with the youngest child (three years old), we all prayed aloud, myself last, the Spirit leading each one, and sometimes we sang a helpful hymn. The children now feel that they could not do without the help derived from this half-hour together. Their lessons are more easily prepared and character strengthened. In the home I find enjoyment in the tasks that at one time seemed irksome. I loved books, music and painting—these have all taken second place.

'You may tremble at the sound of your own voice—as I did, especially when strangers were with us—but he whom you seek to honor will strengthen you, and what once seemed a cross will become a joy.

'We may only be atoms in this great ocean of humanity, but the hairs of our head are all numbered. Let us be faithful in our rocking, being alive unto God.'

'Let us pray for each other, remembering that Jesus says, "If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts to your children, how

much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him," and "Whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved."'

## Sunny Rooms for Health.

The rooms occupied by children should be made bright, light and pleasant. It is seldom thought of as much as it should be, how essential to the health of children, plenty of light—especially sunlight—is. One reason why poor people's children thrive in the face of most adverse surroundings is that they are nearly all day out of doors in the full light of day and in the air. Keeping children excluded from sunlight and putting them in dark, gloomy rooms, is similar to caging a young bird and keeping it always in the shade; it will soon droop and lose all brightness, becoming dull and songless. Some children look pale and delicate, although surrounded with every comfort—nay, luxury—well fed, well looked after, and the real cause is often want of light—want of sunlight—and want of cheerfulness in the people, and in the rooms they inhabit.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

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