

but you see we grow ours in winter. I think that must be a very funny country of yours. Mamma says you have rain all the year round, but we only have rain in the wintertime. We have to resort to irrigation, and we have what is called pumping-stations, and the water is pumped up from rivers and wells into ditches, running all over the country; then the water is dammed up and the water overflows its banks, running over the land, and watering it. This is done only in summer time, when there is no rain. By irrigation we can grow two crops instead of your one, in the same year. We have lots of rattlesnakes out here, which is the largest snake we have. Have you got any big snakes up there. We grow lots of peanuts and walnuts over here. Some farmers have from sixty to a hundred acres of them alone. We have lots of big trees, some twelve and fifteen feet in diameter, mostly redwood, pine, cedar and spruce. Mamma tells me to put in these four lines, and it will show you what a nice country we live in:—

'Where leaf never dies
In the still blooming bowers,
And the bee buzzes on
Thro' a whole year of flowers.'

Write through your paper telling about your country, please.

ELSIE MAY G. (age 11).

P.S.—I hope this letter is not too long. I tried to make it as short as I could. My mamma came from Ontario.

Edmonton, Alta., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I live in northern Alberta, near the town of Edmonton, and so I am going to try and give you a short description of the town. Edmonton is situated on the north bank of the Saskatchewan river. The population is about 3,000. It contains a number of large brick stores and dwelling-houses, four banks, six hotels, and three schools. The Protestant public school is a three story building with ten rooms. Edmonton is growing rapidly, and we hope before long it will be the greatest city of the west. There are three railways surveyed through the Edmonton district.

I live on a farm, and have a cat, a dog named Max, and a calf. I am twelve years of age, and am in the fifth class.

IDA McL.

Bradford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I live in a very pretty village. I go to school, and am in the second reader. My teacher's name is Miss P. She lives about five miles from here, and she wheels back and forward winter and summer. She is a good teacher, and everybody likes her. She has been here for a number of years. Our school has been closed down for a couple of weeks on account of the scarlet fever. There are two cases in town. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is on the same as mine, December 9. We intend moving to the farm in a short time. I like the farm a good deal better than the village, because we have more room to play.

EDNA GRAY W.

Collingwood Corner.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy of eight years of age. I am in my papa's lumber camp. I go to school every day, and am in the third reader. My birthday is on the eleventh of May. I wonder if any other little boy's or girl's birthday is on the same day as mine. I like to read the Correspondence and Little Folks' pages. Collingwood is a small town, and has quite a large river flowing through it. It is called the River Philip. I have no little brothers, and only one sister, who is in heaven. I have over forty cousins living. I have two grandfathers living and one grandmother. I have two pet dogs and one little kitten. I had a pet pigeon, and our cat killed it. I was so sorry about it. Our pastor is the Rev. John G. This is my first year for taking the 'Messenger,' and also my first letter. I was eight years old last May, and will be nine this May coming.

E. M. A.

A NEW STORY.

A New and Thrilling Story has been secured for the 'Messenger.' It will run serially, beginning about one month from date, and will extend about three months. The

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HOUSEHOLD.

Breakfast Experiences.

(Adelaide G. Merchant, in 'Advance'.)

'Breakfast!' exclaimed Mrs. Wilmer, who was visiting Mrs. Peters, from a neighboring city; 'if any of you have ideas on the subject, please let me have them. That meal is a perfect bugbear to me.'

'If you had two hungry boys to feed,' replied Mrs. Price, 'you would have no trouble except to be enough of it.'

'That is just the trouble,' rejoined Mrs. Wilmer; 'my husband is not hungry. He does not want any meat for breakfast, and he hates made-over dishes, hash, etc.'

'I have known men who scorned "hash," but would eat a "mince" with great relish,' remarked Mrs. Ripley dryly. She was older than the other ladies present, and had at one time kept boarders in the city, though now she lived in this small town.

'Just what do you mean?' asked Mrs. Wilmer, with interest.

'Chop your bits of cold meat very fine, season pretty highly, add a little Worcestershire sauce, if you like. Make it moist with gravy left from your roast; if you have none, be extravagant and use a spoonful of cream. Boil some eggs hard, beat your mince hot, pile in the centre of a hot platter, be sure it is hot; arrange the sliced eggs around your meat. Give it to the man, with a muffin, or some toast and coffee, and I'm mistaken if he doesn't eat it.'

'It does sound appe'izing,' said the young housekeeper.

'Your boys, Mrs. Price,' continued Mrs. Ripley, 'perhaps will not mind if the meat is a trifle coarser and the platter not quite so hot, but delicate appetites must be given consideration, and really this dish is not so much trouble as it sounds.'

'My great dependence for breakfast is eggs,' said Mrs. Peters, who had not spoken before.

'Oh, that is very well for you, who can always have them fresh,' replied the visitor.

'But, then one soon gets tired of eggs, always boiled or fried,' remarked another of the company.

'But there are so many ways to cook eggs,' exclaimed Mrs. Peters. 'One can vary almost indefinitely.'

'Tell me some of them; you know I am quite an inexperienced housekeeper.'

'Baked or shirred eggs, as some call them, are easy and appetizing,' was the answer. 'Butter slightly an earthen plate you are not afraid to put in the oven. Beat

the whites of the eggs stiff and pile on the plate. Drop the yolks at regular intervals into the beaten whites, add salt and a bit of butter to each; bake until the yolks are cooked, which will take only a short time. Eggs may be cooked in the same way without beating the whites; the latter plan gives a prettier appearance.'

'That is what I want, something that looks tempting,' interrupted the young housekeeper.

'Then scrambled eggs, everybody knows how to cook.'

'Please tell us your way,' interposed Mrs. Price; 'I find sometimes I know less than I think I do.'

'Beat the eggs slightly, adding a spoonful of milk for each egg. Pour into a hot spider and stir until the whites are set, seasoning of course. They should be served the moment they are done. A variation of this is to serve on toast, a spoonful on each slice. Then there is the infinite variety of omelets.'

'Oh, yes, I can make an omelet. I learned that in cooking classes,' exclaimed the city lady.

'Try adding a little chopped chicken or cold boiled ham; spread on the omelet just before turning over. Another variety is to spread with jelly in the same way. Any kind of cold meat chopped fine can be used.'

'Let me add a word,' said Mrs. Peters. 'To have your breakfast a cheerful and well-served meal make a rule that the family all sit down together, not come down at different times, when the food is cold and unappetizing, or, what is more trying, demanding something special.'

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