

HOUSEHOLD.

'Savin' Mother.'

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
Between the fire and the lamplight's glare;
His face was ruddy and full and fair.
His three boys small in the chimney nook
Conned the lines of a picture-book.
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,
Laid the table and steeped the tea,
Deftly, swiftly, silently.
Tired and weary and weak and faint,
She bore her trials without complaint,
Like many another household saint,—
Content, all selfish bliss above,
In the patient ministry of love.
At last, between the clouds of smoke
That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke:

'There's taxes to raise, an' int'rest to pay,
And ef there should come a rainy day,
'Twould be mighty handy, I'm boun' to say,
T' have sumphin' put by. For folks must die,

An' there's funeral bills and gravestuns to buy,—

Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh.
Besides, there's Edward and Dick and Joe
To be provided for when we go.

So 'f I was you, I'll tell ye what I'd du:
I'd be savin' of wood 's ever I could,
Extry fire don't du any good;
I'd be savin' of soap, an' savin' of ile,
And run up some candles once in a while;
I'd be rather sparin' of coffee an' tea,
For sugar is high,

And all to buy,
And cider is good enough for me.
I'd be kind o' careful about my clo'es,
And look out sharp how the money goes;
Extry trimmin'
'S the bane of women.

'I'd sell off the best of the cheese and honey,
And eggs is as good, nigh about, 's the money.

And as to the carpet you wanted new,
I guess we can make the old one du;
And as for the washer an' sewin' machine,
Them smooth-tongued agents so peaky mean,
You'd better git rid of 'm, slick and clean.
What du they know about women's work?
Du they kalkilate women was born to shirk?'

Dick and Edward and little Joe
Sat in the corner in a row.
They saw their patient mother go
On ceaseless errands to and fro.
They saw that her form was bent and thin,
Her temples gray, her cheek sunk in;
They saw the quiver of lip and chin,
And then, with a warmth he could not smother,
Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother:
'You talk of savin' wood and ile
An' tea an' sugar, all the while,
But you never talk of savin' mother!'

Errors of Diet.

It is not a generally understood fact, but a fact, nevertheless, that some of the wealthiest and most luxurious appearing people live on the plainest food. There are children in the families of millionaires who would no more be permitted to partake of such meals as are given to the children of many a laboring man than they would be allowed to use articles that were known to be poisonous. Many a mechanic's little ones live on meat, warm bread, all the butter they want, and that of an inferior quality, coffee as much as they choose, and cheap baker's cake, which is in itself enough to ruin the digestion of an ostrich.

The children in one family make their breakfast of oatmeal or some other cereal and milk, with bread at least twenty-four hours old, a little, very little butter, sometimes none at all. The breakfast is varied by corn bread well done, a little zwieback and sometimes stale bread dipped in egg and cracker crumbs and browned with butter. A fresh egg is often the only article outside of farinaceous food that they are allowed. For dinner, which is in the middle of the day, they have some well-cooked meat, one or two vegetables, a cup of milk if they like it, or weak cocoa, with plenty of bread and butter and a simple dessert. Supper,

which is a very light meal, frequently consists of graham crackers or brown bread and milk, and sometimes hasty pudding and milk, or the pudding eaten with a little molasses or maple syrup.

A few days ago, in a call at the house of a workingman, there were five children seated at a table, on which was a large dish of meat, swimming in gravy, in which potatoes had been cooked. These potatoes were saturated with fat and almost impossible of digestion by any person of ordinary constitution. There were hot rolls, soggy-looking, and smoking from the oven; parsnips fried in lard and reeking with the grease; stale cucumbers, shrivelled and wrinkled, were soaking in cheap vinegar; and were liberally dosed with salt and pepper. A pile of cheap cakes, sufficient to fill a good-sized four-quart measure, stood on one corner of the table, and two pies, with crust containing so much lard that they looked absolutely greasy. There was coffee, dark and rank-looking and worse smelling, and this the children were indulging in quite as much as they pleased. They ate like little wolves, with an unnatural and ferocious appetite. Two of them had pasty, unhealthy-looking complexions, one was evidently suffering with some skin disease, the elder of the group had an ugly-looking eruption on his face and ears, and the entire lot were living examples of the results of a mistaken system of feeding. It was no surprise to the visitor to hear, a few days later, that two of them were very ill, one hopelessly so, with cholera morbus.

That the death-rate among such people does not increase with frightful rapidity is the one thing that thoughtful persons and philanthropists never cease to wonder at.

The parents of these children would undoubtedly have said that they gave the little ones the best they could afford, but this was just exactly the cause of all the trouble. They gave them too much and too expensive food. A proper diet would have cost a third of the money, and would undoubtedly have saved health and doctor's bills, to say nothing of their lives.

The great mission of the reformer and the philanthropist is to educate and illustrate. Because things taste good is no sign whatever that they are best for children, or grown people either, for the matter of that. It is possible to cultivate a relish for simple food, and those who take the trouble to do this are amply repaid for it in the increased variety of flavors that they find, and the knowledge that they are pursuing the course that leads to health, wealth and peace of mind.—New York Ledger.

Criminal Carelessness.

The deaths resulting from carelessness in the placing of poisons makes an appalling list. One can scarcely take up a daily paper without finding some fatal mistake recorded. Two bottles, one containing cherry syrup, the other carbolic acid, are left side by side on the dresser. A child coughs in the night; the mother fills a spoon from the wrong bottle, and before the doctor arrives the little one is past help.

A servant in a boarding house put a bottle of insect poison in a bedroom closet. A gentleman and wife engaged the room. In the evening the wife became suddenly ill. Medicine was prescribed to be given at intervals, and the husband, after administering a spoonful, placed the bottle in the closet. An hour or two later, taking from the closet shelf the same bottle, as he supposed, he gave her a second dose. But it proved to be the bottle of insect poison, and the patient died before morning. Which of the two was the more to blame, the careless maid or the man who poured out the liquid without making sure that he had the right bottle, is an open question.

Morphine placed in the same chest or drawer with quinine has more than once caused a fatal blunder, and strychnine has a similar record.

If it is necessary for poison of any kind to be brought into the house, let the bottle be plainly labelled and put beyond the reach of children, and where there will be no danger of any member of the family mistaking it for medicine. But the safer way is to keep no poisons of any sort on the premises. The danger is similar to that of keeping loaded firearms in the house—there is always a possibility of their falling into the wrong hands.—Christian Work.

A Hint About Clothes.

As the cold winds of winter sweep around our homes and howl about the corners of the streets playing havoc with thin clothing and creeping through the threadbare places with chilling touches, we think of the poor. But how many have done what they could to relieve these? Do you not know some needy family, some worthy ones, who might be helped quietly, with things that you do not need yourselves?

What is the use of laying by old flannels, and half-worn gowns for the moths to ruin and thus torment yourselves in later days; why not simply bundle up whatever you can spare—sell to the ragman?—no, my friend, not that, give the things to those who will make use of them, who really need them. Such gifts can be made and no one's feelings hurt if a little tact is used. A great deal of good can be done in just this way, if people would only think a little and then act upon that thought.

Numbers of women who have a mania for rug-making, or rag carpet weaving will cut up woollen garments that might have been made up for poor children and kept the little bodies comfortable through many a long winter's day. These women think they are very saving, but is it so? They may save the rags in a way, but how about the shivering children all over this broad land? How many, many there are, who will not only go cold, but, alas, hungry many times this cold winter! Have we no responsibility in regard to these? How would it seem to us if our own little ones were denied the necessities of life, let alone the comforts? If our own were lacking, and some good, kind friend offered us partially worn clothing to cut over for them, would we take them thankfully or would we in pride turn aside? Certainly we have no right to such a pride.—Rose Seeley-Miller, in N. Y. 'Observer.'

Selected Recipes.

Coffee Cake.—Use a coffee cup for a measure. Two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful each of molasses and very strong coffee, three-quarters cupful of shortening, butter and lard, or butter and drippings, one pound of raisins and currants, four cupfuls of flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls each of cloves and cinnamon.

Egg Cutlets.—Cut cold hard-boiled eggs into thick slices, egg and bread-crumbs them carefully. Before the dipping, season the crumbs with salt, pepper, a little celery salt and finely chopped parsley. Melt butter in an iron spider or saucepan, and lay in the egg slices when the butter is hot enough to brown them lightly, but avoid the burning heat, which gives a bitter taste. Serve with a white sauce, made with stock, or a tomato sauce. In making a tomato sauce, stew together tomato, butter, salt and pepper, with a little chopped onion, which has been fried in butter for fifteen minutes. Strain carefully and stir into equal portions of melted butter and flour, well thickened. Cook till the sauce thickens. This is a good sauce for macaroni, or anything that requires a tomato sauce. Where canned tomatoes are used, take one-half a can; a tablespoonful each of flour and butter will suffice for thickening.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more to different addresses, 25c each.

Ten or more to one address, 20c each.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 50c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouses Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

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