

old. I am in the third book. I don't go to the school any more. We have seven horses, and sixteen head of cattle, and thirty-five hens, two turkeys and six pigs. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.'

JOHN R. G.

Ponoka, Alt., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I have been thinking for sometime of writing you, but some way or other have not done it yet. I enjoy reading the 'Northern Messenger' very much. We are so far from town that I am not able to go to Sunday school and church, so I study the Sunday school lesson out of the 'Messenger.' My aunt has sent me the 'Northern Messenger' now for over five years.

We came here a year ago last April. My father came up the first of March to see how he would like the country. He was very much pleased with the country, so he sent back for us to come. Grandpa, grandma, and a girl that is staying with grandma, mamma and myself, besides a man that was working for papa. Grandpa came with a carload of settler's effects for himself and papa. The rest of us came in a passenger train.

We lived in Toronto, Canada, about eight years ago, and then we went to Rapid City, South Dakota. Rapid City is in the foothills of the Black Hills. The Black Hills is a great mining country. There are a great many small towns in the Hills. The hills from a distance look black because they are nearly all covered with pine trees. I would like to live in a sugar country. We never got any sugar in Rapid City. We arrived in Ponoka April 6, stayed there a little while, and then we moved out in the country. We are now living on Indian Reserve land, six miles south-west from Ponoka. My father bought one hundred and sixty acres, which we are living on, and we have a homestead besides. Grandpa has the same amount of land that we have. We all like the country very much. I like it so much better in the country than in town. We have three horses and three cows, a calf, a pig, and eighty-two chickens. I like to go after the cows at night. My father has in crop fifty-two acres this year and it is all looking fine. We have very heavy dews here. The sunsets and sunrises are lovely here; they were pretty enough in the Black Hills, but they are far prettier here.

There was a picnic in town on Dominion Day. Last winter the men around here got out saw logs and hauled them all on our place not far from the house. This summer a saw-mill came in here and is sawing them up into lumber. They expect to finish to-morrow if nothing happens. My father was a blacksmith before he came up here, and now he is farming and doing a little blacksmithing, too. I have not gone to school since a year ago last March. I miss my school very much.

EMILY C.

(What a nice letter you write!—Ed.)

Heathcote, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I would like to see a letter from Heathcote in the 'Messenger.' School has closed. I am eleven years old, am in the Junior Third Book. I tried for Senior but failed. We live close by the Beaver river. My father runs a saw mill. I have one sister and two brothers. My sister is going to school in Meaford. She intends trying for her second. My eldest brother is in Solsgirth, Manitoba; we expect him home in the fall.

GLADYS L. J.

IS PLEASED.

A correspondent who has specially requested that her name shall not be mentioned writes concerning books she received from this office: 'The books have arrived in excellent condition. They are so well bound and the print is beautifully clear and large.'

EDITOR'S NOTE.

Letters received from the following were not quite interesting enough to be printed. But the writers are thanked all the same for their trouble.—Russel E. B., John R. Graham, Alice M. C.

HOUSEHOLD.

When We Make Bread

(By Eleanor W. F. Bates, in 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

'When I make bread,' said the Domestic Science expert to the class of ladies whom she had been invited to address on cookery, 'I make it so good that it is always eaten to the last crumb, and thus I dispose of the problem of caring for left-overs as far as bread is concerned.'

'Of course,' said Mrs. Smith, after the lecture was closed and the lecturer had donned her handsome bonnet, resumed her immaculate gloves, bidden a stately farewell to the class and been driven to the depot, 'that is the ideal, as far as bread is concerned, for which we are all seeking; but don't you suppose she ever meets with poor yeast, or inferior flour? Isn't she ever interrupted while mixing or baking her bread? And if her bread is ever so good, doesn't she ever have children at the table who wantonly break bread, or grown people even who take more on their plates than they are able to dispose of? And if these sinners do leave pieces of bread, what does she do with them?'

'I know what I do with all the pieces of bread from the table,' airily said Mrs. Smith's sister. 'I give them to the hens.'

'Then you are a wasteful little thing,' replied Mrs. Smith with the candor which we expect from our relations. 'I make toast of every whole slice which is left.'

'What kind of toast?' asked Mrs. Brown. 'Why, any kind that you would cut a loaf for. Sometimes plain dry toast, or water toast, or milk toast, or cream toast.'

'Water toast?' said Mrs. Brown, inquiringly.

'Yes—didn't you ever see any. Toast your slices very brown on both sides, keep them in the oven till all are toasted, then take a bowl of boiling water, and put in a little salt and just as much of your very best butter as your conscience will let you. Dip each slice of toast into the water and lay them corn-cob fashion in a dish to serve, pouring over the top the water that is left. There won't be much, but it will be rich and good. It ought to be made quick as lightning, and eaten right off, or else it will be mushy.'

'Well, now, did either of you make bread griddle cakes?' said Mrs. Johnson, joining the group. 'My mother used to have them, and I really think they were better than any other griddle cakes I ever tasted. She used to soak her pieces of bread in sweet milk and when they were soft, rub them through a cullender. Then to about a quart of the bread and milk mixture, which was about like a thick batter in consistency, she would add three or four eggs, a little salt and nutmeg, and a tablespoonful of sugar.'

The minister's wife had a quiverful of children, and she laughed a little as she said, 'I, too, have had the problem of pieces of bread, but I solve it differently from any of you. Like Mrs. Smith, my whole slices go into the covered toast-dish, but my small pieces I dry in the oven very dry, roll and sift them, and feed them to the children in a cup of milk. This is a variation of their accustomed bread and milk, and it is a great success. I salt the crumbs very slightly.'

'Why, I dry and roll the bread crumbs, too, but I use them for crumbing croquettes and such things,' said a bystander.

'And for bread puddings,' said another.

'And for turkey dressing,' added a third. 'I ought to have said that I dry and roll all kinds of bread,' amended the minister's wife, 'when I have the children's meals in mind, such as bits of johnny-cake or graham or rye bread. These served fresh and crisp in new milk are really toothsome. When I have white bread crumbs alone, I sometimes save them for croquettes or to fry oysters or kindred dishes.'

'People have got beyond old-fashioned dishes nowadays,' said old lady Stuart, 'or else I'd tell ye all about brewis.'

'Indeed we haven't got beyond old-fashioned dishes. We value them more than ever. Do tell us, dear Mrs. Stuart!' was the chorus which arose.

'You can make white bread brewis or brown bread brewis,' said the gratified old lady, 'and you make them almost alike, only

brown bread brewis needs to be cooked a good deal longer. You must dry your bread in the oven; break it first into as little bits as you can handle; boil a quart of rich milk, and when it comes to the boil, put in a big lump of butter. I shouldn't think a cupful of butter would be too much for a quart of milk. Stir till the butter is all melted, then stir in the bits of bread and keep stirring till you have enough bread-bits to make it about as thick as your breakfast porridge. You must salt it, too, a little. You can eat white bread brewis in a few minutes, but brown bread brewis needs to be left to simmer for a while on the back of the stove.'

'Thank you, Mrs. Stuart,' said the minister's wife, closing her note-book, where she had been jotting down directions.

'Yes, I thank you, too,' said young Mrs. Graham. 'I never knew before what to do with my brown bread left-overs. I have several slices very often that I don't know what to do with.'

'Why, didn't you ever make brown bread coffee?' asked Mrs. Stuart. 'And you with a family of little children! Children always like brown bread coffee, and it's good for them for a change. You want to break up your brown bread—I mean rye-an'-injun bread, not graham nor cornmeal—and brown it in the oven till it's hard as a rock and almost burnt. Then take a quart of boiling water or less to a heaping cup full of brown bread and let it boil fifteen minutes at least and longer if convenient. My daughter keeps a big old coffee pot on purpose for brown bread coffee. Of course if the water boils away, add more boiling water. Strain it, and serve with hot milk—about a third milk to two-thirds coffee; and don't forget that children like everything pretty well sweetened!'

'If I dared to,' whispered a young girl, 'I should like to tell them what we use bread crumbs for!'

'Tell me,' said the girl she addressed.

'For scallops! We scallop everything, particularly in winter, and bread crumbs are ever so much nicer than the cracker crumbs that so many cookbooks call for. We had an onion scallop yesterday and a veal scallop last Sunday. Last week we had a scallop of asparagus tips—oh! it was lovely!—and I heard mamma say she thought a tomato scallop would be good with the roast beef to-morrow.'

'Well,' laughed Mrs. White to her next door neighbor, as the ladies moved on their homeward way, 'my manner of disposing of left-over bread is so commonplace that I didn't like to offer it, but the fact is that the traditional bread pudding generally absorbs every crumb I have left. Like the Domestic Science teacher, I like to have my bread so good it is always eaten in its original form. As this isn't always possible, I fall back on bread pudding. If the superfluous bread is sliced, I butter it, put it in a nappy, sprinkle a few sorted and dried currants or stoned raisins between the slices, pour a sugarless custard over it, let it stand an hour—'

'How many eggs in your sugarless custard?' inquired the neighbor statistically.

'Four to a quart of milk—then bake it another hour or until it is well risen in the middle.'

'And how about the bread pudding made with crumbs, not slices—since you are giving out information?' continued the neighbor.

'Oh, every cookbook tells you how. I like best a layer of jam, then my sugarless custard thickened with bread crumbs poured gently over, not to disturb the jam. Both these puddings, of course, lacking sugar, need a sauce, liquid for the jam pudding, and hard sauce for the bread and butter.'

'Thank you, dear, and good-bye,' said the neighbor. 'I'm going home to try some of these ways of using up stale bread.'

Orangeade.—Squeeze the juice from eight large, tart oranges, two large lemons and one small pineapple. Add to the fruit juices two quarts of water, and sweeten to taste. The best way to extract the juice from the pineapple is to peel and shred it, cover it with sugar and let it stand for several hours. Then drain off the juice, rinse the fruit with a part of the water, in order that no flavor be wasted, and put the pulp through a fruit press to save what remains.