

HOUSEHOLD.

From Yeast to Loaf.

(By Miss Martha Frances Rankin.)

"You did not think that I would come. Now did you really?" greeted young Mrs. Richards, as her friend and nearest neighbor, dear old Mrs. Perkins, assisted her in removing her wrappings.

"Yes, I did, indeed I did. I know your proneness to long walks, and, moreover, I was well assured something more formidable than Jack Frost's grip would deter you, notwithstanding the thermometer is below zero. Well, I'm ready for you; that is to say I made the yeast yesterday."

There was a faint shadow of disappointment in Mrs. Richards's face which happily the old lady did not detect.

For Mrs. Richards possessed that rare tact which is born of true benevolence of heart. Therefore, she restrained her words: "Oh, I wanted to see you make it." But instead, she merrily laughed as she exclaimed:

"I'm ready, too," at the same time opening her grip and drawing therefrom that which caused Mrs. Perkins to stare in mute surprise with arms akimbo.

"Well, now, if you don't look for all like that pretty Miss Baker." Mrs. Richards had adjusted to her head the daintiest white cap, and then an apron of the snowiest white linen, which covered and protected her dress.

"I acknowledge the compliment," (with a charming courtesy) "though I am not fortunate enough to know who 'pretty Miss Baker' may be."

"No more you don't; for she is neither here nor there, I guess. Her picture is in all the papers. Now if I had called her Miss Baker Chocolate (interrogatively) wouldn't you understand?" A merry peal of laughter from the younger housewife and would-be pupil of the dear old lady of many years' experience of delicious bread-making, made the farm cottage ring musically and brought a light of gladness and amusement into the dear old heart, reflecting its magic charm into the face; which, notwithstanding its many wrinkles, was kindled into beauty; emphasizing the fact that age is not so much a matter of passing years, as it is the condition of heart; the presence or absence of contentment of spirit.

"How very good in you to bother with me. No, I will not say bother," as the dear woman remonstrated at the imputation. "I know you are as glad to teach me as I am to learn. And, dear Mrs. Perkins, mischievously shrugging her shoulders, 'Ned is always saying: 'This is lovely.' But that little hesitation prepares me for the qualification that is sure to follow: 'Almost as good as mother's.' But I know it is not, and I am determined to have it so. If bread is the staff of life, I want mine the best staff possible. Oh, I must not forget my note-book," as she drew one from the grip. The two went into the kitchen, which was a model of neatness and convenience.

"First, I'll tell you how to make the yeast," Mrs. Perkins said.

"And I will be very attentive, and jot it down," replied Mrs. Richards.

"You might head it 'soft yeast,'" confided the old lady.

"Ready," answered the young housewife, holding her pencil in position.

"Early in the morning," began Mrs. Perkins.

"It's as good as 'once upon a time,'" interrupted Mrs. Richards.

"You mustn't stop me," commanded her teacher.

"Early in the morning," repeated Mrs. Perkins, "put to soak two yeast cakes in one pint of warm water. Be sure they are fresh. When soft, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of flour. Set in a warm place. At noon boil twelve potatoes, strain through a colander, pour on this one quart of boiling water and one quart of cold water. When cold enough add the mixture prepared in the morning, and set in a warm place to rise. When risen add two tablespoonfuls of salt. So much for the yeast. Keep in a cool place.

"To make your bread, use one quart of this yeast and no other wetting, except just enough hot water to warm the yeast. Add two tablespoonfuls of lard, flour to make a stiff dough. Put in a warm place to rise. Bread mixed in the morning will be ready

to bake before noon. I make my white bread just the same. Now dearie," concluded Mrs. Perkins, "if you want any more information, come again. Provided you use the best flour, you cannot fail."

"I will not fail if perseverance avails," assured Mrs. Richards, with girlish enthusiasm.

"How did your bread come out?" asked Mrs. Perkins a few days later, as Mrs. Richards gaily announced that she had gone into the bread-making business.

"Fine. I have difficulty to keep the bread-jar supplied. One week I make the entire wheat, the next the white. I think I have given your receipt to a dozen of my friends, and each declares the method and the bread the most delightful. Ned says it is 'delicious,' that means as good as his mother's."—Ithaca, N.Y., 'Observer.'

How They Solved the Problem

A TRUE STORY.

(By Fidis, in 'Union Signal'.)

"One thing is certain, we can't go on as we have been doing," said John Dudley, "the ice has given out."

"And there is no money with which to buy a separator," added John's father, from across the breakfast table.

"We can't get the cream from the Sunday's milk with the appliances we have, and I don't think there will be any harm in sending it to the cheese factory, as our neighbors do," continued John, in a tone that rather belied his words.

Martha Dudley listened in silence. It had been one of the unwritten laws of the family ever since the cheese industry was started in the neighborhood that the Sunday milk should be kept at home and made into butter later in the week. At first many other families had followed the same custom, but as dairies increased in size it became less and less convenient to do so, and one by one the farmers laid aside their scruples about the Sunday work at the factory, until the Dudley family was the only one in the neighborhood that did not send away milk on that day.

It was Saturday morning. The problem must be settled in some way before night. The heat was intense, and there was no prospect that it would be less for weeks, perhaps months to come. As Martha Dudley went about her household duties that morning it was with this constant prayer in her heart, "Lord, show us how to honor Thee in this sore strait. Deliver us from partnership in the sin of taking from our fellow beings their day of rest."

The little farm on which the Dudley's lived was not yet paid for. It required great care to make the income it yielded cover the interest and expenses. Any loss on the milk would prove a serious matter, but as the day wore on, the conviction became a certainty in Martha's mind that the milk must stay at home, even if it should be wasted. She knew that the other members of the family would be as glad as she to avoid departing from the precedent so long established, if only a workable scheme could be devised for keeping the milk until Monday morning. When evening came she had her plan.

John brought water from the well and filled the large milk cans, while his father strained the milk into the aerator, then poured it into the little channel cans belonging to the creamery, setting them into the cold water until morning, when they were placed in the cool sweet cellar. The morning's milk was treated as the night's had been, and with clear consciences the little family went to join in the worship of the day.

Monday morning dawned, hot and dusty. Three anxious faces bent over the milk cans to note the result of the experiment, and three broad smiles soon announced that it was successful.

Before the close of the season the Dudleys had proved that milk thoroughly aerated and quickly cooled to sixty degrees, would keep sweet for thirty-six hours, even if the temperature of the place in which it was kept reached seventy degrees.

The next season they patronized a creamery. As the heat of the summer increased, the butter maker began to fear he would have trouble with the kept-over milk. It stood to reason, he said, that, even if it was

sweet when delivered, it would sour in the vat before the rest, and produce unequal ripening and the loss of some of the butter. To prove his theory, on Monday morning he quietly set aside samples from the cans of old and new milk. At night, when he examined them, he was surprised to find that the milk which was one day old, had soured, while that which was two days old was still sweet.

One summer evening as the Dudley family were enjoying the coolness of their broad verandah, the cheese maker passed.

"How stooped and old Ben looks," said father Dudley, "he is smoking himself to death."

"Yes," answered John, "he says he must smoke to keep up, working as he must seven days in the week. He has no Sabbath, and the men who draw the milk seldom attend church; they say they couldn't get around in time after going to the factory. Let's talk this matter over with the farmers and see if we can't get them to try our method, then at the next patrons' meeting bring it before them, and see if we can't start a ball rolling that will work a revolution in this dairy business!"

"What's all this about?" called a cheery voice, as their pastor, whose approach over the lawn had been unnoticed, appropriated a vacant hammock.

"This Sunday business is just what has been worrying me," said he, after they had told him the whole story, "only not being farmer I did not know how to find the remedy. I'll preach some sermons on 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,' and 'Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work,' while you will give the practical illustration of how it may be done on a dairy farm. I feel as though a revival had already begun!"

"There's a mountain of work to be done before we shall see this matter readjusted," said John.

"But it is one of the removable sort," hopefully suggested his mother.

"According to your faith be it unto you," spoke the pastor, while father Dudley's deep bass voice replied, Amen.

Squash Pie.—To one quart of squash add a cup and a half of granulated sugar, one tablespoon of ground ginger, one tablespoon of cinnamon, one teaspoon salt, half a pint cream, four eggs, one quart scalded milk, one-half a nutmeg grated, juice and grated rind of one lemon. Line a deep pie dish with paste, fill with the mixture and bake till the filling is set. This quantity should make four pies.

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