

HOUSEHOLD.

Boys at Home.

('Christian Work.')

Every mother can not only save herself much trouble and labor by teaching her active boys certain lessons having to do with their sports, but she can at the same time teach lessons of propriety and neatness that will follow the lads to manhood, and fit them to appear always the gentleman indoors, no matter how rough and tumble the costume while sporting or exercising outside. How many times I have heard poor Bridget or Norah's angry protest when over her clean kitchen floor went clumping the muddy boots of the young lords of the house, who simply would not take the trouble to draw off their boots just inside the door. And such a sight as the hall closet would present where rubber boots, fishing rods, skates, caps and various articles of clothing were thrown helter-skelter anywhere they happened to land. 'Oh, dear! I suppose this medley is inseparable from a family of children each having his favorite sport,' says one mother, in a tone of discouragement. It is in this same well furnished house that a caller will hear a heavy step along the carpeted hall, then see a boy's rather rough-looking head peeping into the parlor. 'You might as well come in, Mrs. — will excuse your looks,' the mother says, as, half proud, and half ashamed, she adds, 'Tom has been out rowing,' — or, perhaps fishing — 'and he doesn't look exactly in trim to receive callers,' and 'Tom' comes in, seats himself near the door, makes his dog lie down beside him, and proceeds to relate recent experiences, evidently thinking both his appearance and his talk exceedingly sportsmanlike and smart.

In contrast to this, I have visited in a family where the preponderance of boys has not been regarded as a reason why there should be an increase of work or disorder. Trained to the enjoyment of a variety of outdoor sports, with means of gratifying the taste for them, these lads were not only obliged to divest themselves of rubbers or boots coated with mud in close proximity to the kitchen mat, but they were not allowed to enter hall, dining-room or parlor until their slipped feet were neat and noiseless. Fishing poles, skates, and now and then a set of oars, had their appropriate place in a convenient cubby, while outside accoutrements for driving, fishing or running with the dogs on a hunting expedition had also their place in a side closet. As a rule they did not expect to enter their mother's presence until they had made themselves fit for the dinner table, in house jacket or clean blouse. To present themselves, dog at heel, in library or parlor when a caller was present, would doubtless have been at the expense of omitting the next day's sport entirely. The inherent sense of propriety fostered by judicious training would have rendered such an infringement nearly impossible.

'Oh, I could never make my boys so particular!' exclaims some housewife who yet reads these lines with longing eyes.

'Oh, yes, my dear madam, you could; nothing easier, only—begin early enough. Let little master form a habit of leaving his little rubbers near the door when coming in from his first play days and hopping gingerly over to his slippers; let the little girls learn the same thing on coming in from school or play, then have hooks low enough for the little outside garments to be hung on, and you will have little embryo ladies and gentlemen, too self-respecting and with too much consideration for both mother and maid to make outdoor sports cause dirt or disorder inside. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined."'

Bags and Their Uses.

Did you ever think of the many uses to which bags may be put in the household economy? I must confess I never did until this fall, when to save steps, fuel and labor, I decided to put my cooking-stove in my dining-room; and, as this was a general sitting-room, it required some scheming to know how to dispose of the cooking utensils when not in use. Unfortunately there was only one closet, and that not a large one, but here must be arranged everything which properly belonged to both pantry and closet.

After thinking it over I found this way out of the difficulty; in other words, I bagged the game.

I took a measurement of trays, rolling-pin, biscuit-board, etc., when laid side by side, and then cut from stout cloth a piece to correspond in width and rather longer than the longest of them. This I faced at the top and filled in of the same material, a piece which would be amply large to hold the desired articles, separating it into compartments by double rows of stitching, leaving the top (in which I had put a hem and strings drawing to the centre) open. I then securely bound the sides and bottom, and tacked it with small wire nails to the wall of my closet, where it would not interfere with the shelves, leaving the heads a little up, so as to draw them easily when the bags need washing. Nor did I forget to leave one compartment for the many small articles that must be found in every kitchen, though not in daily use at all times.

Next I took a piece of brown canton flannel, as wide again as a knife is long, of the desired length, hemmed it all around, put two small loops in the upper corner, and turned up a piece at the bottom as deep as a knife handle is long. This I stitched off in casings sufficiently wide to slip in easily the handles of knives, forks, and spoons. I tacked this to the inside of my closet door, leaving the upper part free to drop over the knives, etc., when desired, or if not, to be caught up by means of the loops to tacks to be driven in the door at proper distances. Of course the fleeced side of the flannel was on the inside. A glance at this arrangement told you if your knives, etc., were in place, and saved much counting.

Then came a nice bag for cooked ham with a stout drawing-string to hang it by; one for bread, teacakes and crackers each; thus doing away with boxes, which take up so much room. There were bags for dried fruit and vegetables, each plainly marked to avoid confusion.

By this time I was so well pleased with bagging things, that I began overhauling trunks and drawers, separating the chaff from the wheat, so to speak, and soon there were sundry other bags, whose labels told their contents to be old clothes to be given away, rags for cuts and sores, rags for rubbing and dusting, and rags for the ragman, and so on.

Try this, busy housekeepers, and see if it does not save time.—'House and Farm.'

For Our Little Ones.

(Lillian McIntosh.)

How many mothers are puzzled by the oft-recurring problem of 'what can I do now, mamma?'

All the loved games that our infancy knew, and all the new games that are brought to us through the medium of our friends or the valued home papers are tried over and over again, only to have the still unsolved problem brought persistently before us, perhaps when the hands are busy with household cares, or in fashioning the little garments that we love to provide, and we have to give a divided attention to the calls on our time.

All mothers know the inherent love of a child for a change. What fascinated them yesterday may not please them at all to-day, and to-morrow they will crave some new amusement.

When vacation was over and my youngest girl was left with only mamma to comfort her through the long school hours, when her 'big sister' was absent from home, the oft recurring problem was presented for solution with such frequency and persistence that I wished I had nothing else to do but to work at the bewitching puzzle. But as other duties also claimed attention, I set about finding the most enduring puzzle at my command. A box of colored school crayons (five cents) and a tablet (five cents); made her the happiest little girl in the state. No toy or game had ever brought her one-half the pleasure.

In a few days the tablet was filled, and then all the wrapping-paper in the house was covered with characters representing her conception of animal and vegetable life, and that they were very realistic to her was indicated by the pride with which she displayed them as she said, 'I don't believe that Julia's teacher could do any better.'

Then I thought of some florists' and seedsmen's catalogues, put away for reference; presenting these to her one at a time, they have given her hours, yea, days of pleasure. The little hand soon became expert at fol-

lowing outlines, and filling in colors, and she soon learned to distinguish the parts that should be colored green, then the printed description of the plant or flower gave the necessary color of the bloom.—Mamma, or sister when at home, had to tell her that, and she succeeded in making some of them look like 'really, truly flowers.' Although I find, on looking through one of the catalogues, that she has a blue cabbage and some red beans, but her, 'I know better than that now, mamma,' shows that this delightful pastime has also been an educator as well, training mind, hand and eye, and strengthening her love for the beautiful flowers and plants.

When the little ones tire of the Christmas toys and games I know of no more acceptable gift than a box of colored crayons. Modern literature is full of illustrations that will have fulfilled a mission if they help to develop the patience and perseverance of a child, even though it takes on the hues of the rainbow in the effort.—'Womankind.'

Selected Recipes.

Broiled Sardines.—Take large sardines, wipe, roll in flour and broil. Serve on toast with slices of lemon for garnish and relish.

Steamed Graham Pudding.—Beat one egg, add one cupful of New Orleans molasses and one cupful of sour milk, dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in the milk, and stir in two and a half cupfuls of sifted graham flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and one cupful of chopped raisins. If not thick enough add a trifle more flour. Grease a deep basin and pour it in; steam three hours. Eat with sauce.

Potato Roll.—Put one cupful of cold mashed potatoes into a saucepan, add one-quarter of a cupful of milk and a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and two well-beaten eggs. Mix thoroughly; take from the fire, beat until light. Put one tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan when hot, put in the potatoes, spread evenly over the pan, cook slowly until a golden brown. Roll like omelet and serve smoking hot.

Omelette aux Confitures.—A sweet omelette makes an attractive dish, especially suitable for a dainty lunch or little festive supper, and has the advantage of requiring scarcely five minutes for its preparation. Beat four fresh eggs in a deep plate without separating the yolks from the whites, add two tablespoonfuls of milk and the merest pinch of salt. Have a large tablespoonful of butter made very hot in a frying-pan over the fire; pour in the omelette and watch closely, lifting and turning the pan in such a way as to keep it from burning or sticking to the pan. As soon as it sets, place a half-pint of rich jelly or preserves in the centre, fold the omelette over and dish. There is a knack in making and cooking a perfect omelette which is only acquired by practice, but there is nothing difficult or unpleasant about it, and it is a graceful accomplishment when once mastered. Orange marmalade makes a fine omelette, if the flavor is liked. Half a cup of bread crumbs or the same quantity of fine cake crumbs soaked in half a cup of rich milk or cream is sometimes mixed with the beaten egg. A little powdered sugar should be dusted over before serving.

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