

FRUIT ICE CREAM.

1 generous pint of milk, 2 cups of sugar, 1 small tablespoon flour, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons gelatine soaked in a little cold water, 1 quart cream, 4 bananas, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. candied cherries and other fruit if desired. Let milk come to a boil, beat flour, sugar and eggs together and stir in the boiling milk; cook twenty minutes, then add gelatine, when cool add cream. Put in freezer, freeze ten minutes, add cup of fruit and finish freezing.

MRS. DUANE.

POUND CAKE.

1 lb. flour, 1 lb. sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. butter, 10 eggs beaten separately, adding whites last, candied lemon peel sliced thin. Bake slowly.

MISS MURRAY.

ALMOND CAKES.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sifted flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. coffee sugar, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon and almond essence, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, 2 oz. mixed lemon and orange peel, 4 oz. almonds blanched. Chop peel and almonds very fine. Mix all dry materials together, then rub in butter; add eggs and essences. Last of all mix to a smooth paste and roll out on floured board to a half inch thickness. Cut small and bake on dry tin in slow oven. Be sure and roll no thinner than half inch.

MRS. S. KINGSMILL.

GINGER WINE.

1 oz. tartaric acid, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cayenne pepper (tincture), 1 oz. essence of ginger, 1 oz. brown sugar, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ lemons, sliced very thin, 3 lbs. granulated sugar. Pour on all 6 quarts boiling water and let stand 24 hours. Strain and bottle for use.

MRS. ANDREW THOMPSON.

BITTER ORANGE MARMALADE.

1 lb. white sugar, 1 pint cold water to every orange if they are large, and if some are small put about 15 to 12 lbs. of sugar. Shred oranges very fine. Put water in crock and let soak for 30 hours; turn into kettle and let boil for fully two hours; add sugar, and add two hours more if necessary, till it thickens a little, and when cool it will jelly.

MRS. H. A. JOHNSON.

VANITIES.

1 egg, a pinch of salt, mixed with sufficient pastry flour to make stiff paste, roll thin as possible. Tear (not cut) in irregular shaped pieces and fry in boiling lard until slightly brown.

MISS LEWIS.

A QUEST.

I wad' with my hand
To my love on the strand
A farewell, when morn was begun;
The East faintly shone
With the first smile of dawn,
And I set my sails toward the sun.
And the sun in the sky
'Came to meet me on high,
And my way with gold was o'erlaid;
And gaily I laugh'd
As I felt my light craft
Dance along in the path that it made.
But a change came with noon,
And I saw all too soon
The orb far above me had sped;
The smile of the morn
Seem'd chang'd into scorn
As it haughtily pass'd o'er my head.
So about in my boat
I set me afloat,
And trac'd the track in my wake;
But my skiff, although brave,
Against wind and wave
Found the fugitive hard to o'ertake.
And so the day passed,
And with nightfall at last,
The sun sank unheeding to rest;
And I in my bark
Was alone in the dark,
And the last tint died out of the West.
Then the light in the skies
No more dazzled my eyes,
And I saw what I saw not before;
I saw my love stand
With an outstretch'd hand
Where I left him at morn on the shore.
And then I well knew
That to seek and pursue
The good that is highest and best,
I had but return'd
To the love I had spurn'd,
And I laid my tired head on his breast.

F. N.

A MEMORY.

I built my idol. It's perfections all
Were my creation.
My idol was of clay; then came the fall,
Then desolation.
I even raised it up, replaced
Each severed part.
It fell again, its charms effaced—
Twice broken heart!
Gone is all hope, all faith in him, all
trust—
God pity me!
And yet I love—not him, alas—but just
A memory!

Lay to your heart this lesson—
Not to your heart unknown;
Win, and the world wins with you—
Break, and you break alone.

I've not been through lurnin's rounds,
For such wuz not to be;
A-spellin' things the way they sounds
Is good enuff for me.

QUEEN OF HIS HEART.

O, nobody knows of the sceptre I hold,
And nobody knows I'm a queen,
And I wear not the crown nor the
diadem,
Nor the costly glister and sheen;
And nobody knows how fair is my
realm,
How loyal and firm every part,
But my own true love could tell if he
would
That I am queen of his heart.
O, they praise my beauty of face and
form,
And call me queenly and fair,
And nobody knows how true is the
name,
Nor the royal title I bear;
And I prize a grace that others extol,
Because it pleases his gaze,
And am proud of my secret power and
sway,
For I'm queen of his heart he says.
But a queen may bow and a captive be,
And lay her royalty by,
And my true love knows that he holds
me in thrall,
And he knows that he's stronger
than I;
And the love that we bear could never
be told
In ages by tongue or by pen,
For I am queen of his heart he says,
And he is a king among men.

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