

one movement the  
ents of the fish will  
the head. Then take  
f loose skin next the  
ack to the tail. Re-  
er side. Then divide  
o that the two pieces  
e pan, and cook with  
arine, or better still,  
d pepper whilst in  
HERE YOU ARE.  
the fish before cook-  
ands are not usually  
is the driftwood or  
e as a kitchen table.

Oil of creosote.  
Hot water bottle or  
age, to be used with  
aster only.

he—Be well provided  
e of soda, essence of  
e of peppermint.  
romatic spirits of

Aromatic spirits of  
a and ginger.  
Iodine, where no op-  
thing the wound. It  
he skin around the  
not to be applied on  
sings beyond the first

TER OPENER.

you a letter opener?"  
man in the novelty

home," grunted the  
at kind is it?"

LICATIONS.

om the country, and  
elephone for the first

ange," he said, "will  
threepence back?" I  
ne I axed for."

why did you keep on  
ee," Giles explained,  
is. I thought it was  
ought it was me, but  
was neither of us."

DED FOR HIM.

story, illustrative of  
dian's way of looking  
d by Mr. W. Douglas  
"Westward With the

a hunting expedition  
d struck a tiny clear-  
st, where were a few  
d by a score or so of  
f-breeds.

got into conversation  
ndian lad, asking him  
e place. The young-  
he didn't like it at all.  
e said, "Next year I  
I am fifteen. Then I  
e woods. I go right  
and this city life."

OP'S INCOME.

ould be much inter-  
ndid statement of the  
ield as to his income.  
00, it is reduced to  
s and taxes. Other  
ses only leave £1,200  
Palace, which costs  
So that the Bishop  
to be £400 out of  
vidently not all "beer  
being a Bishop. But  
s doing a wonderful  
hurch and the whole  
affordshire, and there  
wins more respect and  
public generally, or  
werful in making all  
ake the best of this  
next.

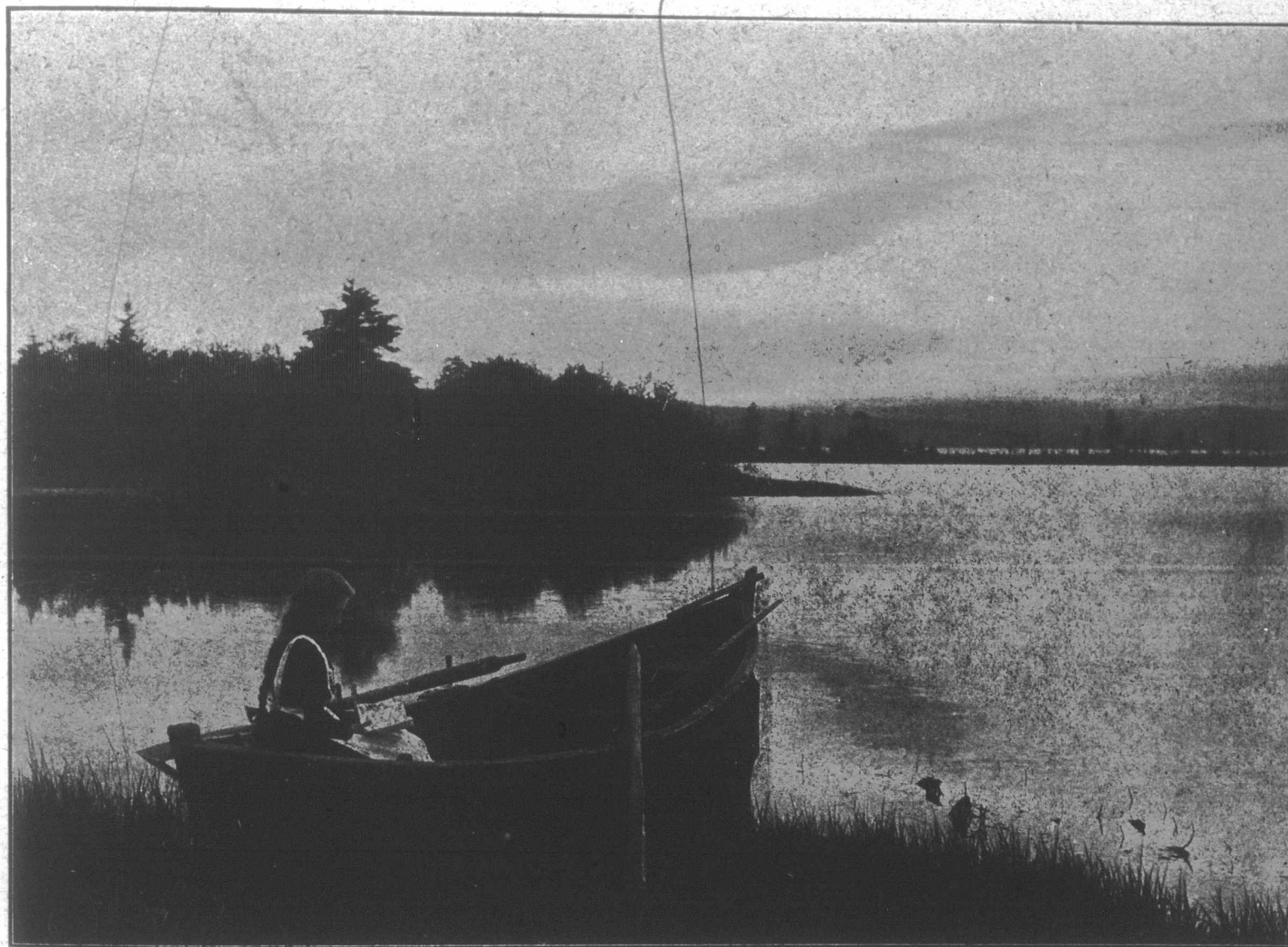
# The Canadian Churchman

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## THE SUMMER DAYS

*Beautiful things in the world around,*

*Lord, open our eyes to see,*

*For the earth that we tread on is holy ground,*

*And rich with thy gifts, and Thee.*

*The sun in the blue of the heavens above,*

*And the fragrant summer air,*

*Are speaking to us of a Father's love,*

*Which fashioned a world so fair.*

*Each joy in our lives is a gift of Thine,*

*And we lift our hearts in praise*

*To the beautiful light of a love divine*

*Which shines through the summer days.*