To make Gooseberry Jelly stew a pint of green gooseberries in a quart of water with sugar, and allow them to get cold. Then heat again so as to make them a nice colour. Dissolve one ource of gelatine in water, strain the juice off the fruit, add the gelatine to it, and, if necessary, sufficient water to make one and a half pints in all. Pour into a mould and serve with custard.

For Gooseberry Pudding wash and stew a quart of gooseberries. Boil them gently in as little water as will just keep them from burning. When soft rub them through a wire sieve or mash them firmly with a fork. Sweeten with sugar and allow to cool. Take a plain round mould or pudding basin, thickly butter and sprinkle it inside thickly with browned crumbs. Warm and add a little butter to the gooseberries. Beat the eggs and add to the fruit when cool. Then pour this mixture very gently into the tin, the object being not to disturb the crumbs. Put a thick layer of crumbs on the top, cover with a piece of greased paper and bake in a moderate oven for about three-quarters of an hour, or till it feels firm. Turn out carefully just before serving and add cream.

To make Steamed Gooseberry Pudding, remove the stems and tops from one pint of gooseberries, wipe them and roll in flour. Sift together two cups of flour, three level teaspoons of baking powder and one-half teaspoon of salt. Rub two tablespoons of butter to a cream, adding gradually one-half cup of sugar, and beat until light and well mixed. Add the beaten yolk of one egg, the white beaten stiff, and then one cup of milk and the flour mixture, alternately, a little at a time. Stir in the floured It is mother's room, and if she don't gooseberries last, and turn into a well buttered pudding mould or small tin cups. Steam two hours if in a large mould or one hour if the tin cups are used. Serve with foamy sauce.

For the Foamy Sauce rub one-half cup of butter to a cream, add one cup of powdered sugar, and when light and frothy add gradually two tablespoons of fruit juice or syrup. Just before serving stir in one-fourth cup of boiling water and the white of one egg. beaten until it is foamy, not stiff and

A good handful of rock salt added to the bath is the next best thing after an "ocean dip," and a gargle of a weak solution is a good and ever-ready remedy for a sore throat.

Gold or silver embroidery may be cleaned by warming spirits of wine and applying it to the embroidery with a bit of soft sponge; then drying it by rubbing it with soft, new canton flannel.

## TO OUR READERS

We ask our readers before making purchases to kindly look through our advertising columns with a view of purchasing from those houses who advertise with us, and when writing or ordering please mention The Canadian Churchman.

Pongee silk must be washed in tepid lather; soap must never touch it, as it makes it harsh; hung to drain without wringing after being well rinsed, then folded while very damp, rolled in that Aunt Elizabeth made a suggestion a cloth and ironed after twelve hours.

Dingy wall paper may be improved, though not restored, by rubbing gently with a soft cloth dipped in oatmeal. The cloth must be changed as often as it becomes covered with the dirt removed from the paper; therwise it will soil instead of cleans-

Housewives do well to recall that professionals rely on raw linseed oil and turpentine in the proportions of two-thirds oil and one-third turpentine to keep furniture in good condition and restore its polish when dull from dust. A painter's duster, which is a soft brush, is an excellent implement with which to clean carved furniture.

# Children's Bepartment

MOTHER'S ROOM.

I'm awful sorry for poor Jack Roe. He's the boy that lives with his aunt, you know,

And he says his house is filled with gloom Because it has got no "mother's

room."

I tell you what, it is fine enough To talk of "boudoirs" and such fancy stuff.

But the room of rooms that seems best to me.

The room where I'd always rather be, Is mother's room, where a fellow can

And talk of the things his heart loves best. What if I do get dirt about,

And sometimes startle my aunt with

To the hints of others I'm always

Maybe I lose my things—what then! In mother's room I find them again, And I never denied that I litter the

floor With marbles and tops and many

things more. But I tell you for boys with a tired

It is jolly to rest it on mother's bed. Now poor Jack Roe, when he visits

I take him to mother's room, you see Because it's the nicest place to go When a fellow's spirits are getting

And mother, she's always kind and

And there's always a smile poor Jack

And somehow the sunbeams seem to More brightly in mother's room,

Than anywhere else, and you'd never

find gloom

Or any old shadow in mother's room.

#### A GIRL WHOM NOBODY LIKED.

She was sure that nobody liked her. She had told herself so again and her heart that was like real pain. And | musical instrument vibrate in unison

then she tossed her head and set her lips in a defiant little smile. Nobody should know that she cared. Never!

It was on her eighteenth birthday which caused the girl to open her eyes, and then to laugh a little. It was such an odd idea, so like Aunt Elizabeth!

"Then I'm to 'hold up' everybody I meet till I've said something brilliant," she observed.

"Not exactly," Aunt Elizabeth smiled, unruffled. "But I've noticed that you pass your acquaintances with a mere nod or curt 'good morning.' I wish you would try the experiment of saying something pleasant to each one unless there is some good reason against it."

"It will grow rather tiresome," said the girl, and she shrugged her shoulders.

"Try it for a week," suggested Aunt Elizabeth; and rather to her own surprise, the girl found herself promising.

She came very near forgetting her pledge when she met Mrs. Anderson on the street next morning. In fact, she had passed with her usual uncompromising nod, when the recollection of her promise flashed into her mind. She prided herself on being a girl of her word, and she turned quickly.

"How is Jimmy to-day?" she said, speaking out the first thing that came into her head.

There was a good deal of detail in Mrs. Anderson's answer. Jimmy had been sick with the measles, and then had caught cold and been worse. Mrs. Anderson poured out her story as if it was a relief to find a listener, and as she talked on, that particular listener found herself more interested than she would have believed possible in Jimmy and his mother. She said that she had some old scrap-books which Jimmy might enjoy looking over, and Mrs. Anderson flushed and thanked her with more gratitude than the slight favour seemed to warrant.

At the next corner was Cissy Baily, and the girl wondered if her promise covered the washerwoman's daughter, and people of that sort. But she did not let herself wonder very long.

"It was very kind of you to bring home the clothes so early last week, Cissy. I was in a hurry for that blouse."

Cissy Baily did not know what to answer. She smiled in an embarrassed way, and looked up and then down. But the girl whom nobody liked had seen something in the uplifted eyes which warmed her heart and made that one-sided conversation something to remember.

The day went by, and she did not find opportunity to say anything very brilliant. She stopped Mrs. White to ask her if she would like to read the book she had just finished, and she patted little Barbara Smith's soft cheek, as she inquired if the new baby sister had grown at all. When she could think of nothing else, she said, "Hasn't this been a beautiful day?" Her earnestness rather surprised some people who had not her opportunities for realizing that there was anything unusual about the day.

By the time the week was over the girl whom nobody liked had learned a valuable lesson. She had found out that hearts respond to cordiality and again, with a queer tightening about kindness, just as the strings of one

The . .

TORONTO, ONT.

Patronized by the best business men. Thorough nstruction in Gregg Shorthand, Book-keeping, Typewriting, etc. Affiliated with the Institute Chartered Accountants. — Catalogue free.

J. W. WESTERVELT, Chartered Accountant

Principal.

with the chord struck in another. It is not a new discovery, since long ago it was written in a certain wise Book: "A man that hath friends mush show himself friendly;" yet this is one of the truths that each person must rediscover on his own account. And the girl who was learning to love everyone, and was tasting the joy of being loved, thanked God that she had not waited any longer before finding out the wonderful secret for herself.

### ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF COUNTRIES.

The following countries, it is said, were originally named by the Phoenicians, the greatest commercial people in the world. The names, in the Phoenician language, signified something characteristic of the places which they designate.

Europe signifies a country of white complexion, so named because the inhabitants were of a lighter complexion than those of Asia and Africa.

Asia signifies between or in the middle, from the fact that the geographers placed it between Europe and Africa.

Africa signifies the land of corn or ears. It was celebrated for its abund-

ance of corn and all sorts of grain. Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic.

Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. It was once so infested with these animals that it sued Augusta for an army to destroy them.

Italy, the country of pitch, from its yielding great quantities of black pitch.

Calabria also for the same purpose. Gaul, modern France, signifies yellowhaired, as yellow hair characterizes its inhabitants.

The English of Caledonia is a high hill. This was a rugged mountainous province in Scotland.

Hibernia is utmost or last habitation; for beyond this westward the Phoenicians never extended their voyages.

Britain, the country of tin, great quantities being found on it and adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phoenician tongue either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast.

Corsica signifies a woody place. Sardinia signifies the footsteps of

men, which it resembles. Syracuse, bad savor, so-called from the unwholesome marsh on which it

stood. Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which t produced in abundance.

Sicily, the country of grapes. Scylla, the whirlpool of destruction. Aetna signifies a furnace, or dark of smoky.

Here's

trating th

THE DA

July 2

to a neig district to had been them thi evening the shad was a h yard. T approacl was thre ly she l and a w the gees she rust and the attacked clothes gate th upon th cat wit' an end girl had needed. dangers she fea

Thus

the this

to be l

"Ol was ri some school "I s ing re you ta "Fo "Ye "Why and,

"N ing. mot them "A sing a lit that you! tast

like

would

them.