

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Fruit Salad with Fruit Juice is made with layers of sliced fruit, using oranges, bananas, pineapples and crisp grapes. Pour over dressing half cup of sugar, third of cup of fruit juice, the cup filled up with lemon or orange juice; if the latter, use less sugar. The syrup drained from cut pineapple, left to stand after sprinkling with sugar, makes delicious dressing for the above fruits, adding strawberries or raspberries, the latter on top. Orange or lemon juice may be added.

A Fruity Sherbet is made by simmering one-quarter of a pound of Canton ginger, cut small, in four cups of half and half fruit juice and water for fifteen minutes with a cup of sugar. Remove from fire, stir in half a cup of lemon and orange juice and freeze. Enough for twelve people, if served in glasses at dinner.

Apple Charlotte.—Take a loaf of stale bread and butter the slices; pare and slice a dozen apples; take a lemon, grate the skin and save the juice; place at the bottom of a stoneware baking dish a layer of apples; scatter brown sugar on it, some of the lemon gratings, and a little juice; then put in a layer of the butter bread; keep on until your dish is full, having the crust on top; bake in a moderately hot oven. Do not make it too sweet.

For Jellied Peaches or Apricots with Fruit Juice.—Choose large sized evaporated fruit (peeled) or canned, as preferred. Make jelly as shown, but dissolve gelatine with a cup of apricot juice and one of boiling water, then add a cup of currant or lemon juice. Stir the halves of fruit in while chilling, or, if firm, line mold (first always dipped in very cold water) with them. In either case this is palatable and ornamental.

Milk as a Stimulant.—Hot milk is an admirable stimulant. Milk heated too much, above 100° F., loses for a time a degree of its sweetness and density. No one who, fatigued by over-exertion of body or mind, has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage, heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it because of its being rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and assimilated almost immediately, and many who now fancy they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by fatigue will find in this simple draught an equivalent that will be abundantly satisfying and far more enduring in its effects. This should be taken note of by all hard-working people—and who is there who cannot be comprised in this category in this age of high pressure and "go aheadness."

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.**

Children's Department

THE MINER'S LITTLE

My father dear works in the mines,
Down in the tunnels dark,
I sing so much he often says
I am his "meadow-lark."

Our little cabin on the hill
Is 'mid the tall, straight pines
That seem to whisper all the day
To me about the mines.

I've twined some vines about the door,
I keep the house with care,
My father calls our cabin home
His "castle in the air."

I never put my clean gown on
Till just before our tea,
Because when father first comes home
He's black as black can be.

And when he's coming up the trail
As soon as him I see,
I fly to meet him, and he leaves
Some black, of course, on me.

The man for whom my father works
Is very rich I'm told;
For he owns land and houses fine,
And mines just full of gold.

I'm rich; I've treasures in the mines—
"As good as gold" is he;
It's father, whom I love so well,
My father who loves me.

HOSPITALITY,

Two girls looked about them with eyes of satisfied content. Both earned their living day by day, and both had tastes that the busy lives held scant space to gratify; but they had made a "truly" home here in two rooms, and they were going to try light house-keeping, with cream left at their door like a real house, and coffee in a tin can, and old blue china! And one said impressively to the other, "Eleanor, of one thing I wish to make a point, this shall always be a hospitable house in the best sense."


"What do you call the best hospitality?" said Eleanor.

"Making our friends welcome always, no matter how the room looks, and giving them a chance to rest if they are tired, to tell us their troubles if they are puzzled and discouraged, to have a cup of malted milk if they are very faint and hollow."

"Suppose they come just as we are sitting down to tea, and we have only just enough for ourselves?"

"Oh, you can suppose all sorts of painful contingencies," said Mary, conclusively. "We can always have a few canned things, eggs, and crackers on hand, and, above all, we can make up our minds not to mind that we can't give a course dinner. The trouble about exercising hospitality is that people are really thinking more about themselves than about their guests. They want to appear in a certain light."

"Well, it is depressing," said Eleanor, "that on the day when you had to hurry down-town, and really could not dust, the very nicest house-keeper you know comes to call just as you get home in the afternoon, and



"True as the needle to the pole" is the hand to the minute on an **ELGIN WATCH**

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Timemakers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to **ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, ILL.**

receives that impression, which isn't the true one, for usually the room is fresh and orderly."

"You can be so attractive and cordial, and so direct her attention to the pretty glimpse of the garden from our window, that she will enjoy herself so she'll want to come again, and then all may be nice."

"Sometimes we are terribly tired, you know. How can one be glad to see callers when there's no strength left?"

"Oh," said cheery Mary, "probably we shall not both be utterly exhausted at once. The one who is used up can go into the bedroom and shut the door, and the other can make her excuses."

"I think men are more hospitable than women," said Eleanor, meditatively. "Don't you know how Uncle John always says heartily, 'Come in, come in, girls; take off your hats and stay,' Aunt Florence is apt to be stiffy if it is near tea-time?"

"Yes, I know," Mary answered; "but Aunt Florence gets tea herself, and Uncle John eats it, which may account for the difference."

"Mother used to have," she went on, "what I think is a good rule. First, say, 'I'm glad to see you,' and then think what you'll have for dinner. And there is a story told of a

Although the medicine business should, above all, be carried on with the utmost conscientiousness and sense of responsibility, the unfortunate fact is that in no other is there so much humbug and deception. The anxieties of the sick and their relatives are traded upon in the most shameful manner; impossible cures are promised; many preparations are also utterly worthless, and some are positively dangerous to health.

As a consequence, all proprietary remedies are regarded with suspicion by many people, and the good suffer for the bad.

For these reasons we announce that our proprietors are the principal shareholders in

HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED

which will, we are sure, be an ample guarantee of the truth of every representation made concerning

IRON-OX TABLETS

The Iron-ox Remedy Co., Ltd.
Walkerville, Ont

good woman, who was so poor that she had nothing for her dinner but a large turnip, which was boiling in the pot when her minister came to see her. She was truly hospitable; so, when the turnip was done, she put it on the table with some salt, simply saying, 'Such as I have I give unto thee,' and the good man asked a blessing, which, I think, must have been most sincere, and sat down with her."

"Oh, Mary," said Eleanor, anxiously, "don't you suppose they had even a cup of tea to go with it?"

"Only a little salt," said Mary.—*Woman's Journal.*

A FIGHT WITH WOLVES.

There were sounds of merriment in the cottage of honest old Casper Schmidt, the woodcutter, as his son had that day married the lovely Isabel. All the village was invited to the wedding held at Casper's house, and the bride and groom were to ride home by moonlight. It was late when old Carl came to say that the horses were harnessed and the sleigh ready. "Come, dearest," whispered Casper; "the horses are ready, and it is time we should be making our way homewards." So, after many adieus, they started.

They rode for about two miles, and they had all the while been too deeply engaged with their loving conversation to see that they had already entered the forest.

Casper had, before setting out, provided himself with a couple of pistols and a hunting-knife, as the way was said to be infested with robbers.

They rode for about an hour, when there seemed to come from the forest a deep, sullen roar, like the falling of water, but to the practised ear of Casper, it sounded something more.

Still keeping up the conversation with his wife, Casper looked carefully to the priming of his pistols.

"Isabel, do you hear anything?" he asked.

"No, Casper, nothing but the sobbing of the wind."

All Seamen

know the comforts of having on hand a supply of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It can be used so agreeably for cooking, in coffee, tea and chocolate. Lay in a supply for all kinds of expeditions. Avoid unknown brands.

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