

## Health and Home Hints

### The Whipping of Cream.

How to make a Light Fluffy Whip and a Heavy and Solid One.

Cream is usually skimmed from milk which has been standing for twelve hours. It is then comparatively thin. Set it aside for twenty-four hours or so longer and it will be perceptibly thickened. In many of our large cities cream is divided into three grades—thin cream, which is quite new; coffee cream, which is somewhat thicker, and heavy or "double" cream, which is very thick, the price varying according to its body or thickness. The first two grades of cream may be used for whipping where a light, fluffy whip is desired. Where a heavy or solid whip, such as needed for filling meringues, adding to hot chocolate or to a Bavarian cream, is needed the heavy or "double" cream is chosen.

To whip cream so as to produce a light froth, turn the cream into a bowl and stand the bowl in a pan of cold or iced water; if it seems quite thick pour in a little milk. Have ready also a sieve, over which is loosely laid a piece of cheesecloth—place this on a soup plate or in another bowl. The whip or churn used is a long tin cylinder pierced round the lower end with holes and containing a dasher, which may or may not be perforated. Place this in the cream so that the lower end touches the bottom of the bowl, slant it a little and work the dasher up and down with short quick strokes. In a moment bubbles will begin to rise. Stir the first under; then, when the froth rises in a uniform manner, skim it off with a spoon and lay it on the covered sieve. Continue to do this until no more froth will rise, returning to the bowl the liquid which has drained from the whip.

To whip heavy cream the same whip or churn may be used, or the cream may be placed in a small tin churn with wire paddles and a crank; if very thick, an egg beater will be sufficient. Whip slowly but steadily stirring down the froth as it rises, until the cream thickens uniformly to such an extent that it can almost be cut with a knife. With cream of such body it is very necessary that the whipping should not be continued for a stroke more than is necessary or the novice may find that she has changed her desired whip into a fine lump of butter. It is for this reason that great care must always be taken to have the cream as thoroughly chilled as possible before whipping, and in summer it is usually desirable to stand the bowl in a pan of cracked ice or iced water.—Table Talk.

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## THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN

### World of Missions.

#### Does the Hindu Believe in His Idol Gods?

BY REV. H. J. BRUGE, SATARA, INDIA

One often wanders, when hearing of the degrading and sometimes revolting forms of Hindu idolatry, whether it is possible that an otherwise intelligent human mind can actually believe in the efficacy of such worship. We are often surprised to see highly educated men, lawyers and others, engaged in their religious rites around their idols of stone. Are they sincere, or are they doing it simply to make their friends think they are true Hindus, and so retain their position in caste? One or two instances have recently come under my observation which indicate the utmost sincerity on the part of the worshippers.

Sitarampant was the secretary of the municipality. His duties were to keep the records of the city, and to act as the executive officer of the municipality. He was a Brahman, and a fine-looking man. He was kind and obliging, and it was a pleasure to meet him when I had any municipal business to attend to. When plague was prevailing it was his duty to look after the infected parts of the city—to warn the people to leave their houses and go out in the fields for safety, and to arrange for the disinfection of houses where the plague had appeared. In the recent epidemic the plague was raging in the immediate vicinity of Sitarampant's house. People were dying all about him, and dead rats were found everywhere. The civil surgeons warned him that he should leave his house and go out into camp, but he hesitated and delayed. The surgeons urged that he should go at once, otherwise he might find it too late. He replied that he had an idol god in one of the rooms of his house which had come down from his forefathers, and whatever happened he should go there daily and perform his service. He believed the god would protect him. So he went into the fields to live but returned daily for his worship. After some days, seeing that nothing happened, he began to stay longer at the house and finally to take his meals there. The result was that he was taken with the plague and died. It was his sincere faith in that idol god that led him to expose himself to a danger he was constantly warning others to avoid.

Duttoopant was a highly skilled artisan. He could repair anything from clocks and watches to typewriters and tongas. I believe he intended to be perfectly upright. Once when I asked him why he charged so little for his work, he replied, "I fear God." He, too, had his household god, and frequently when I went to his house in the early morning I would be told that he was engaged in his worship. The plague visited his neighborhood, also, and the municipal order was that the people should go out into the camp. Duttoopant would not go. When I asked him why he did not go, he said, "My God is very great." The plague came into his house and took two members of his family, but still he stayed on. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." Would a man expose his life to the terrible plague in confidence in a god in whom he did not sincerely believe? I think not.—The Herald.

#### "A Summer Fairyland."

To those who are planning a summer outing and seeking "green fields and pastures new," some place where they may cast care aside and commune with primitive nature,

where, though the sun shines ever brightly cooling breezes always blow, and great heat is unknown, it is safely promised that among the rocks and lakes of the Muskoka district, about 100 miles north of Toronto, situate in the Highlands of Ontario, (1000 feet above sea level, they will find enchantment.

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#### "Bridget Dear."

And why not?

All day the thud, thud, thud of the iron had echoed in the hot kitchen. All day dear, old, faithful Bridget had traveled around in a burning treadmill from the stove to the ironing table and clothes-horse, from the clothes horse to the ironing table and stove. The soles of her feet felt nearly as hot as the palms of her steamed and blistered hands.

First, the worn boots had been kicked off into a corner: soon the stockings were tossed to them for company, and bare footed Biddy had for a moment secured coolness and comfort.

Only for one moment. The doorbell rang sharply over her head, and up from the basement she must toil. She hurriedly shuffling on her footgear, she had started up the back stairs when down into her very soul there floated the sweetest and most heavenly thing—"Bridget dear, it's all right; I've been to the door." The visitor sitting in the cool parlor heard the message wafted down. What a revelation it was of tender and precious womanhood!

At the bottom of the stair, with one foot raised, stood the flushed and tired servant; at the head of the stairs stood—an angel! Such to Bridget seemed her mistress that day as the sweet tones went from her lips to the servant's heart. Forgotten were her hot face and smarting feet, and the kitchen seemed a bit of heaven as she carried back to it a heart gladdened by "a word fitly spoken."

How much spontaneous kindness and goodwill are barred out of lives and homes by a theory. It would never do to speak a loving word to our servant; she might presume upon it and take liberties with us.

When she some day tells us that she is going to leave us we wonder at the ingratitude, the lack of love for us, which finds her packing up her belongings with a light step and snatches of a song. Have we tried to win her loving service by giving her what money cannot buy?

In a home where papa, mamma, and the children were always *good-night* deared a child asked,

"Why don't we say *Hilda dear*?" retreating to the cook.

The mother replied, "It will be all right to say it if it is in your heart."

From the top of the stairs a little white-robed creature cheerily called out.

"Good-night, *Hilda dear*!"

A quick patter of feet and the beaming face of the little Swedish maid appeared at the foot of the stairs with a *dear* tacked to the end of her good-night. The English was far from perfect, but the dear was an exact echo of a loving heart far from the fatherland.

Did we but take pattern from the natural ways of children we should be surprised at the beautiful paths into which a little child would lead us.—Mrs. C. A. Beckwith in *The Advance*.