

last to be called "puss," the name which almost every one gives to the cat. "Puss" and "pussy cat" are pet names for kitty everywhere. Who ever thought of it as given to her thousands of years ago and that then people bowed down and prayed to her?

### TRIALS.

No dark trials, no grievous judgment, can cross our sky without revealing some spot of heavenly blue in the midst of it; or if concealed for a moment, breaking forth again with greater brightness and beauty. No mysterious dispensation can ruffle the service of our peace, and raise up agitating doubts and fears, without leaving behind a purer joy, a calmer and deeper satisfaction, that best and truest peace which is born of conflict and trouble.

Behind every storm of trial and every cloud of sorrow is the heavenly blue of Christ's unchangeable love—a love stronger than death, a love that follows us amid all our wanderings and backslidings, amid all our changes of heart and of circumstance, and remains steadfast and unwavering even when our love is suspicious and cold. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee;" and every mutation of earth passed away from before that love as the cloud from the sky and the wave from the ocean.—Rev. Hugh MacMillan, D. D.

### HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

**Oyster Salad**—One pint of celery, one quart of oysters, one-third of a cupful of mayonnaise dressing, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one of oil, half a teaspoonful of salt, one eighth of a tea spoonful of pepper, one teabspoonful of lemon juice. Let the oysters come to a boil in their own liquor. Skim well and drain. Season them with the oil, salt, pepper, vinegar and lemon juice. When cold put in the ice chest for at least two hours. Scrape and wash the whitest and tenderest part of the celery, and, with a sharp knife, cut in very thin slices. Put in a bowl with a large lump of ice, and set in the ice chest until serving time. When ready to serve drain the celery and mix with the oysters and half of the dressing. Arrange in a salad bowl, pour the remainder of the dressing over it and garnish with water cress.

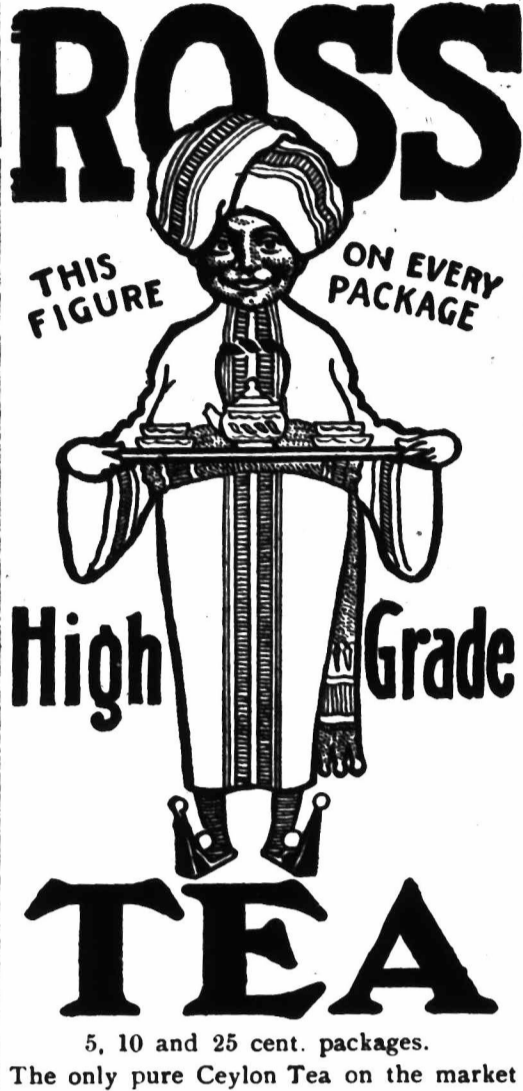
**Citron Preserves**—Cut the citron into dice (removing pulp and seeds), boil in water with a small piece of alum until clear and tender, then rinse in cold water, make a syrup of three-quarter pound of sugar to one of fruit, boil some ginger root in the syrup, then add the citron and let boil a few minutes, put in one lemon sliced, to five pounds of fruit.

**Green Grape Jelly** is excellent for serving with meat. It is made from wild grapes, which should be gathered just before the colour turns. Pick the fruit from the stems and put it into a preserving kettle with enough water to cover the first layer of grapes. Boil until the grapes break, stirring frequently, then put it into a bag to drain. When it ceases to drip, measure the juice and add sugar in equal proportions. Boil about ten minutes, or until the

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liquid thickens at the edges and put in glasses. The taste of the jelly is improved by adding a bag of mixed spices with the fruit.

For serving Baked Quinces, bake the fruit thoroughly. When cold, strip off the skins, place them in a glass dish, and sprinkle with white sugar, and serve them with cream.

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**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.**

To make Compote of Quinces, peel, core and halve the fruit. Make a rich syrup of water and granulated sugar, and drop the fruit into the saucepan with the syrup and cool slowly until tender. Remove from the syrup, which must then be cooked until it is quite thick, or will jelly when cold. Add a tablespoonful of brandy and remove from the fire. Pour this over the quinces (which have been placed on a pretty dish) by the spoonful, so that the syrup will run in around the fruit and form a jelly.

### DONALD'S DREAM.

Dreams are not always pleasant things, as Donald found out. One night when he had been in bed but a very little while he found himself in such a curious room. It was filled with benches with cats sitting on them. From what he had heard his father say about "trials" he was sure these pussies were holding one.

"Oh, dear!" said Donald, "I believe I am the prisoner," for he was standing in a box. Then he began to feel very frightened indeed, as the large white cat from next door was the judge, and only the day before Donald had chased him away when he was dozing in the sun. Nina, Donald's own cat, was there with her kittens, too.

Donald was not quite sure what he was accused of, so many of the cats spoke at once, but he did hear the kittens say: "He held us up by our tails."

At last the judge looked at the little boy severely: "This is very serious, indeed," he said. Then every one present began to talk about the sentence.

"We'll pull his hair!" "We'll hold him up by one leg!" "We won't let him go to sleep when he's tired!"

These were some of the things he heard. His punishment would surely be very dreadful. But suddenly Donald heard a sound he thought he knew. Surely it was Gyp whining at the door to come in? Yes, it must be Gyp for all the cats were leaving their seats hurriedly.

"Gyp, Gyp," called Donald. Then the strange room disappeared, and he found himself in his own little bed; but it was certainly true that Gyp was by him, licking his face.

"Gyp," said Donald, sleepily, "I really did not think that Nina or the kittens minded what I did to them. I will never hurt them again, and the white cat can sleep in the garden as long as he likes."

### MOTHER'S WISH.

I read a very pretty story the other day about a little boy who was sailing a boat with a playmate a good deal larger than he was.

The boat had sailed a good way out in the pond, and the big boy said: "Go in, Jim, and get her. It isn't over your ankles, and I've been in every time."

"I daren't," said Jim. "I'll carry her all the way home for you, but I can't go in there; she told me I mustn't dare to."

"Who's 'she'?"

"My mother," replied Jim, rather softly.

"Your mother! Why, I thought she was dead," said the big boy.

## A New Departure.

### A New, Effectual and Convenient Cure for Catarrh.

Of catarrh remedies there is no end, but of catarrh cures, there has always been a great scarcity. There are many remedies to relieve, but very few that really cure.

The old practice of snuffing salt water through the nose would often



relieve, and the washes, douches, powders and inhalers in common use are very little, if any, better than the old-fashioned salt water douche.

The use of inhalers and the application of salves, washes and powders to the nose and throat to cure catarrh is no more reasonable than to rub the back to cure kidney disease. Catarrh is just as much a blood disease as kidney trouble or rheumatism, and it cannot be cured by local treatment any more than they can be.

To cure catarrh, whether in the head, throat or stomach, an internal antiseptic treatment is necessary to drive the catarrhal poison out of the blood and system, and the new catarrh cure is designed on this plan and the remarkable success of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets is because being used internally it drives out catarrhal infection through action upon stomach, liver and bowels.

Wm. Zimmerman, of St. Joseph, relates an experience with catarrh which is of value to millions of catarrh sufferers everywhere. He says: "I neglected a slight nasal catarrh until it gradually extended to my throat and bronchial tubes and finally even my stomach and liver became affected, but as I was able to keep up and do a day's work I let it run along until my hearing began to fail me and then I realized that I must get rid of catarrh or lose my position, as I was clerk, and my hearing was absolutely necessary."

"Some of my friends recommended an inhaler, another a catarrh salve, but they were no good in my case, nor was anything else until I heard of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, and bought a package at my drug store. They benefited me from the start and in less than four months I was completely cured of catarrh, although I had suffered nearly all my life from it."

They are pleasant to take and so much more convenient to use than other catarrh remedies that I feel I cannot say enough in favour of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets."

A little book on cause and cure of catarrh will be mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., and the tablets are sold by all druggists in the United States and Canada.

"That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come here and sail our boats, and she never let us come unless we had strings enough to haul in with. I ain't afraid, you know I'm not; only she did not want me to, and I can't do it."

Was not that a beautiful spirit that made little Jim obedient to his mother even after she was dead.