

their proper proportions. According to the latest and highest authorities, a well-balanced diet is about three-fourths water, the remaining one-fourth being made up of one part *protein*, one part *fat*, and two to four parts *carbohydrates*, with a fraction of *mineral matter*; thus representing the five food principles in due proportion.

The fats and oils we obtain largely from the animal kingdom, yet vegetable oils are sometimes used for household purposes, and in our cereal foods and nuts we consume a certain proportion of fat, cornmeal and oatmeal containing five to eight per cent. and nuts twenty-eight to fifty-four per cent. of it. The starches and sugars have less than half the heat-giving properties of the fats, hence are more largely used than these in warm climates, while the inhabitants of cold regions consume immense quantities of oil. Starch forms a large proportion of vegetables and grains; potatoes, rice, and corn being representative starchy foods. Sugars are found in different forms: lactose, or milk sugar, in milk; dextrose, or grape sugar, in ripe fruits and honey; and sucrose in maple sap, sugar cane and sugar beets.

The small fraction of mineral matter which is found in nearly all our common foods—principally in vegetables and fruits—contributes to the growth of bones, teeth, hair, etc., and, though small in quantity, is a necessary constituent of a complete diet.

When oranges and lemons are cheap, make a supply of marmalade for home consumption.

Marmalade: Six oranges, 3 lemons, $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon water, 5 lbs. sugar. Wash the fruit in hot water, dry, and slice very thin. Put some of the water on the seeds—which should be kept separate—and the remainder on the fruit; soak 24 hours; strain the water from the seeds and add it to the fruit; boil rapidly 2 hours; then add $\frac{1}{4}$ quart more boiling water with the sugar; boil till it jells about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. The secret of good marmalade is rapid boiling.

Belfast Cake: Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, add gradually 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 1 cup raisins (stoned and cut up), 1 egg, 1 cup sour milk, 2 cups graham flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white flour (to which has been added 1 teaspoonful soda), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cinnamon, 1 saltspoonful nutmeg, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt; beat thoroughly; put into a buttered baking pan—a square one is nicest—sprinkled with shredded blanched almonds, and carefully bake. Cut in squares to serve.

Blanched Almonds: Shell the nuts and pour boiling water over them; let stand until the skins will slip off easily; drain, pour on cold water, and blanch with the fingers. Wipe dry between two towels.

THE QUIET HOUR.

The Narrow Way.

My Master, they have wronged Thee and Thy love!
They only told me I should find the path
A Via Dolorosa all the way!
Even thy sweetest singers only sang
Of pressing on ward through the same sharp thorns,
With bleeding footsteps, through the chill dark mist,
Following and struggling till they reach the light,
The rest, the sunshine of the far beyond.

And so the steps
That halted where the two ways met and crossed,
The broad and narrow, turned aside in fear,
Thinking the radiance of their youth must pass
In somber shadows if they followed Thee;
Hearing afar such echoes of one strain,
The cross, the tribulation, and the toil,
The conflict, and the clinging in the dark,
What wonder that the dancing feet are stayed
From entering the only path of peace!
Master, forgive them. Tune their harps anew
And put a new song in their mouths for Thee.
For Thou, Divine Wisdom, Thou hast said
"Thy ways are ways of pleasantness, and all
Thy paths are peace; and that the path of him
Who wears Thy perfect robe of righteousness
Is as the light that shineth more and more
Unto the perfect day." And Thou hast given
An olden promise, rarely quoted now
Because it is too bright for our weak faith:
"If they obey and serve Him they shall spend
Days in prosperity, and they shall spend
Their years in pleasures."
Master, I set my seal that Thou art true.
Of Thy good promise not one thing hath failed!
And I would send a ringing challenge forth
To all who know Thy name to tell it out,
Thy faithfulness to every written word.
Thy loving kindness crowning all the days.
From strength to strength Thy pilgrims pass and sing
The praise of Him who leads them on and on,
From glory unto glory, even here! —F. R. H.

A Pleasant Path.

We are accustomed to the idea that the end of a good man's course is happy. We are aware that when the pilgrim gets home he will have no more sorrow. But does not the journey to the Promised Land lie through a wilderness? It does. It traverses the desert all its length, and yet the path is pleasant notwithstanding. To the honor of the Lord be it spoken, and for the comfort of His people, not the home only, but also the way thither is pleasantness and peace. Those only who have not trod it count it dreary. Those who see what it wants, and have not tasted what it is, naturally think that however safe the home to which it leads the traveler at last, it must make him in the meantime "of all men most miserable." Those who abide in Egypt, by its flesh-pots and its river, may pity the host of Israel marching through a land not sown; but Israel, in the desert though they be, get their bread and their water sure from

day to day, all the more sweet to their taste that the water leaps in their sight at the Father's bidding from a barren rock, and the bread is rained from heaven around their tents. The young lion may suffer hunger, but they who wait upon the Lord shall not lack anything that is good. In the keeping of his commandments there is great reward, not only *after*. The path is peace although storms rage all around it, if there be peace in the heart of the traveler. The peace of God, keeping the heart within, will beam out on the untrodden way and gild its ragged edges with gladness. The path of the just is shining with joy; from the first struggling twilight it grows in beauty until it culminates in perfect day. The *path* is peace; eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, what the home will be.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so.
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour,
We have known
When our tears fell with the shower,
All alone—
We're not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant!
Let us temper our content
With His own.

For, we know, not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Princess Fairise of the White Heart.

BY A. G. R.

Once upon a time, many hundred years ago, there lived a King and Queen named Loyal Hearts; this was not their real name, but it was given to them by their subjects because they were so good and always ready to help those in need. They had two children, Prince Alonzo and Princess Fairise, who were twins. Though they dearly loved their children, they had, however, one great sorrow. I will tell you all about it, but we will have to go back.

The King and Queen had arranged to appoint the fairy godmothers to each of their children at the christening. The King had named who was to stand godmother for the little prince and just in the act of mentioning the name of the fairy who was to stand for his little daughter, when all at once he was startled by an aged fairy whispering in his ear. The King then arose and said: "I appoint the fairy Offell to stand godmother for my first and dearly beloved daughter, Princess Fairise. Then an old hag stood up and said these words in a hard, harsh voice: "Yes, it is all very fine that you stand up and ask me to be godmother for your child, for you are afraid I will have my revenge, but I am sorry to say I have not got my present here, but when I give it, you will be truly thankful for my beautiful present." She closed her sentence with a loud, taunting laugh which echoed through the palace, then she disappeared, leaving everybody in confusion. The news spread quickly through the town and everybody flocked round to see the little princess.

Weeks and months passed by, but yet nothing seemed wrong with her. One day the Queen was out riding, when she saw a messenger coming swiftly towards her, and when they had met he told her she was wanted home. Her Majesty immediately turned her horse and, followed by the messenger, went home. When she arrived at the palace she was met by one of the ladies-in-waiting, who told her that she was wanted in her apartment by an old woman. The Queen, when she entered, saw nothing but the furniture and some of her own clothes; she looked all around carefully, but could not see anything, then she turned round to summon one of her attendants, when the sound of hard, harsh voice made her turn, and she speedily noticed that one of her chairs was taking the form of the old fairy Offell. The Queen turned pale as she remembered her words at the christening banquet. "I suppose," said Offell, "you think I have forgotten my godchild, but I have remembered her every hour since the time of the banquet. I have called to tell you that when Fairise is two years old she shall receive my gift, which is a valuable one." With these words she suddenly disappeared, leaving the Queen in a state of bewilderment. She (the Queen) stood there rooted to the ground, wondering and thinking over all the words Offell had said. King Loyal Heart had been out hunting when Offell had come, but on his return he was met by the Queen, who told him of her visit. The King then summoned all the fairies except Offell, and told of her visit and what she had said; but even the wisest and oldest fairy could not make it out. The princess was over a year old now and her birthday was close at hand. The King and Queen decided to give a large fete and try to forget Offell's words. The day dawned fine and bright, and at

the appointed hour the guests began to come. The little princess and her brother were the center of attraction. Suddenly a large black cloud filled the sky, and the party had to adjourn to the palace (the fete had been held in the open air), where all the amusements were carried on as before. Soon the day passed by and the guests returned to their own homes. And as the weeks and months passed on, the King and Queen expected every moment to see something strange come over their daughter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Puzzles.

All matter for this department should be sent direct to ADA ARMAND, Pakenham, Ontario.

1—HIDDEN CITIES.

1. Send Hector on to-morrow.
2. Look at Elms scowling there.
3. Is ale made from hops?
4. They seemed mad riding at such a speed.
5. In the spring fields are green.
6. Ethel, I may see you again.
7. You better take a nap lest you be sleepy.

ETHEL MCCREA.

2—TRANSPOSITION.

Yerrap si hte sltmispe orfm fo heceps.

Hatt tñain silp nac ryt

Yerrap hte stueblmi sstnrai htat rhcea

Teh Myatjse no hhgi.

ETHEL MCCREA.

3—PUZZLE DIAMOND.

The First you'll find is in "amend,"
The Third, you'll see, is no man's friend,
The Second's an Eastern captain or chief,
The Seventh, you're sure to find in "relief,"
The Fourth's a S. American bird,
The Sixth's "sooner than," but a small word,
While Fifth is gracious of mien, I've heard.

CLARA ROBINSON.

4—CHARADE.

I read the ADVOCATE to-night,
Of ninety-six the last;
I truly thought it did excel
All numbers of the past.

And Uncle Tom's department, too,
The brightest page, and best,
In holiday COMPLETE adorned,
With greater care was dressed.

My heart rejoiced that Lily Day
Felt "joyful," but alas,
I couldn't make her rebus out,
And so must let it pass.

And Clara spoke of going north,
For "venison," I guessed;
Oh! take me with you, cousin, for
A "sawhorse" I detest.

That rascal, J. S. C., infers
That Annie's scared away,
And then proceeds to taffy give
To Clara and Miss Day.

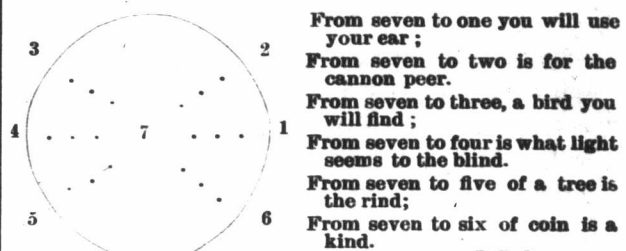
Well, I "won't" have it said that I
Have "won" the girl's offense;
I'll travel to "Morocco" first
Uncle Tom's expense.

But lest I LAST my paper friends,
I'll end my rhyming here,
Hoping to see our circle full,
Throughout the whole glad year.

CHARLIE S. EDWARDS.

5—WHEEL PUZZLE.

Spokes contain four letters.



J. S. CRERAR.

Diagram.

6—ANAGRAM.

They were searching for the thief,
But he'd made a clean escape;
And while they were gathering clues,
He was en route to the Cape.

The detectives blamed the porter
For his giving them the slip;
For they said "he shouldn't oughter
Have been taking a quiet tip."

And so one blamed the other
Till a smart young gent stepped in;
"We have GOT AS A CLUE, my brother,
That the thief is safe in Lynne."

A PUZZLEISTIC COUSIN.

Answers to December 15th Puzzles.

- 1—Joyful. 2—Good words are worth much and cost little.
- 3—Venison. 4—Won't—won. 5—Welcome. 6—Sawhorse.
- 7—Morocco.

SOLVERS TO DECEMBER 15TH PUZZLES.

Charlie S. Edwards, Ada M. Jackson, John S. Crerar, Clara Robinson; also, J. S. Crerar, Ada M. Jackson, Hattie MacDonald, for December 1st.

The winners of prizes for solutions during October, November and December are: 1st, Clara Robinson, Markham, Ont.; 2nd, Ada M. Jackson, Abingdon, Ont.; 3rd, John S. Crerar, Brussels, Ont.

I must request solvers to send in their work for each issue separately and in time; answers to puzzles in first issue should be in not later than the 15th of same month, and to those in second issue not later than 5th of next month. U. T.

L. M. SHEPPARD, Wentworth Co., Ont.:—Dear Sirs,—I received the beautiful book of pressed flowers from the Holy Land, also the beautiful ring. It was very kind of you to send me the pressed flowers and I shall do my best to obtain another new subscriber for it. I am very much pleased with the ring. It is a perfect fit. I shall endeavor to obtain more new subscribers. Thanking you again for your prompt attention. The subscribers are much pleased with the ADVOCATE."