

Allow $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. sugar to every pound of fruit. Boil and skim the syrup clear, adding a little lemon juice and a small piece of ginger-root to each quart. Put the pears in the syrup and simmer until tender; lift the pieces out carefully and put in jars. Boil the syrup down until rich and thick, pour it over the fruit and seal. If the pears are a hard variety they must be cooked tender in clear, boiling water before they are put into the syrup.

Pear Pudding.—Take 1 quart pared and quartered pears. To a cup of sugar add a cup of water. Let this boil, then add the pears and stew gently until tender. Soak about half a small loaf of stale bread in tepid water until soft, then press dry and crumble fine. Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, add the crumbs and stir until almost dried out. Beat the yolks of 3 eggs and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar until light, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, the bread, and the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Butter a granite baking dish. Put in half the pears, then the bread mixture, then the rest of the pears. Cover and bake slowly $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Serve hot with sauce or cream.

Starchy Foods.

Potatoes and all kinds of cereals contain starch, a substance that cannot build tissue, but is very valuable, for all that, as a producer of energy and heat. As may be judged, starchy (or carbohydrate) foods alone do not make up a perfect dietary; protein foods—meat, cheese, milk, eggs, beans, lentils etc.—must be added to rebuild the tissues that are always wearing out, while, for greater fuel value, it is necessary to add fat or oil in some form.

The most important cereals are wheat, Indian corn, oats, rice, rye and barley, and these may be cooked in very appetizing ways.

Boiled Rice.—When properly cooked rice should not be a dark-colored, gluey mass; it should be white, and every grain should be separate. Measure 1 cupful of rice to 2 quarts of water. First wash the rice well and drain it thoroughly. Have the 2 quarts of water boiling very rapidly. Drop the rice in, little by little, so as not to stop the boiling, and boil rapidly, uncovered about 20 minutes, or until the grains are soft. When nearly done add a teaspoonful of salt. Next turn into a fine colander or strainer to drain, and wash by pouring on plenty of cold water. Drain well and reheat. Rice cooked this way may be served with meat and gravy, instead of potatoes, or may be served as a pudding with cream and sugar.

Potatoes contain too small a quantity of tissue-building foodstuffs to be depended upon alone. They must not be made the principal item of diet, but must have added to them meat or some of its equivalents, with a little fat in some form. For instance, a potato dish prepared with cheese and cream or butter may be very nutritious. To make it, boil and mash the potatoes and beat until light with a little cream, butter, salt and pepper. Add a little grated cheese, put more cheese over the top, and bake in a dish in which the potatoes may be served. . . . If the cheese is not liked, the beaten whites of two or three eggs may be carefully folded in instead.

Another way is to cut boiled potatoes into small cubes, put in layers alternately with pieces of hard-boiled eggs, pour a cream sauce over, and bake. Potato salads are also quite nutritious if mixed with hard-boiled egg and a dash of onion. Or the egg and onion may be omitted and chopped nuts used instead. All potato salads need plenty of good salad dressing and should be served on lettuce leaves. In making the dressing, melted butter or salad oil should be incorporated to supply the necessary fat. . . . Scalloped potatoes also are quite nutritious. Pare and slice the potatoes, parboil in a little water, then drain, cover with milk, add dots of butter, and bake. Many in making scalloped potatoes do not add salt until serving for fear of curdling the milk.

Breakfast cereals should always be cooked in a double boiler, which may be improvised by setting a smaller saucepan in a larger one containing water. Most books on cookery recommend cooking oatmeal 6 hours, or soaking it for several hours then steaming in double boiler

for three. Coarse flaky cereals should be stirred as little as possible, fine ones may be beaten. As a rule all cereals may be cooked twice as long as directed on the package. If too moist when nearly done should be cooked uncovered for a while. Cereals are all valuable foodstuffs, oatmeal and cornmeal being particularly valuable in winter on account of the fat they contain. Cornmeal is also said to be rich in "vitamines," so valuable in preventing anemia. For summer many people who find oatmeal and cornmeal too heating prefer barley, wheat preparation and rice. All cereals should be served with milk and cream to supply extra fat and protein.

The Beaver Circle

After School.

2 p.m.

"Let me see," said lazy Lynn. "Oceans of time to do them in—Seven examples. And some will be just as easy as pie for me. Compound numbers are simple enough, once you get the hang of the stuff. I think I'll drop around to the gym, and try the tank. I'd like a swim."

4 p.m.

"Twenty-fifth? You're sure of the date? My library book is two days late. I promised mother it shouldn't stay out for another single day. Want to walk to the library, Jack? I've got a book that must go back. And then for home. I mustn't forget I haven't done those examples yet."

5 p.m.

His mother calls him. "That you, Lynn? Your cousin's here, my boy; come in. She's come to dinner, and brings good news—an invitation you can't refuse. She wants to know if you can go tonight to the moving-picture show. There's a tiger-hunt in Hindustan, I've told her that I'm sure you can."

6 p.m.-10 p.m.

Those examples! Poor little sinner! And yet a boy must have his dinner. Next, the "movies." Then to bed. "I'll get up early and do 'em," he said. But let these stars * * * denote the night; and then suppose it's broad daylight—Let X be Lynn, and Y the bed—and X was still in Y, 'tis said!

Some things we learn outside of school. Among them is this splendid rule: Having lessons to do each day, Procrastination is not the way.—The Australian.

Little Bits of Fun.

Doctor—"Stick out your tongue farther."

Boy—"Can't. It's fastened t' my back."

Little Alan for the first time saw a man with a wooden leg. "Oh, mummie!" he cried. "Look at that funny man with his walking-stick inside his trousers!"

"Walter Jones," said the teacher sternly, "you are not attending to the lesson. Did you hear Jessie Smith's description of the American product, hominy?"

"Yes'm," replied the small boy glibly.

"All right, then. Give me a sentence in which you bring in the word correctly."

With the courage of despair Walter replied, "Hominy marbles have you?"

Some More "Holiday" Letters.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—Two weeks before our holidays began I was operated on for appendicitis, thus I spent the first week of our holidays in the hospital. The next few weeks were spent in recuperating. I was unable to walk far at first, and could only walk as far as the lane for the mail. The rest of the day I would sit on the lawn or lie in the hammock under the trees. Later on as I grew stronger I went for a visit to my auntie's and stayed three weeks. I enjoyed myself very much while there and went to two lawn parties. On August the eleventh, my little brother's birthday, I went to a picnic at the river. We went early and came home at four o'clock in the afternoon. We took our lunches with us. After lunch we went out bathing and in the boats. I went two or three times for a boatripe. I was quite tired that night, but pleased with my trip to the river. The next week I returned home and employed myself by helping mother and reading to pass the time. The last week of our holidays was very wet, so I did not enjoy myself very much. School reopened on Tuesday, September fifth. Owing to my operation I was unable to try the Entrance High School examinations, so will still be in the senior fourth class when I go back to school. I think I had quite a nice time on my holidays, considering my illness. Hoping to see this in print I will close. I remain a staunch friend to the Circle.

WILHELMINA PETRIE.

P.S.—I wish some of the Beavers of about 12 years of age would write to me. My address is Bainsville, Ont., R. R. No. 1.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—On Thursday, the twenty-ninth of June, school closed. We were taking all our books home, and our school-bags were full. On the way home we were talking of our plans to spend the holidays. We were also talking of how glad we were that school was closing. My plans were for to stay at home for the first few weeks with mother. Then I would go visiting sometimes. In August I would go on my holidays, but did not get them at all. Through the holidays I had certain work to do of which I am now going to tell you. I had to go raspberry picking sometimes, but I would never get very many at a time. It was always my job to bring up the cows. Besides that I had the chickens to care for. I had to help my sister keep house when mother was away. Besides work we had some sports and pleasures. One pleasure was visiting, which I did very little of. I went to see a few of the school children, and was at my auntie's and grandma's several times. Another sport was playing with my cousins. The games we played were, run a mill, hide-and-seek and such like.

My particular pleasure was at the garden party. I will tell you all about it. It was at Sparrows, about two miles and a half from our place, but my sister and I walked every step of the way. When I got there I had my tea, then I walked around the yard with the other children. About eight o'clock the programme began. The first thing was the Chairman's address, and then came our song. It was "Laddies in Khaki." There were Highland dancing, songs, recitations and dialogues. The most interesting thing of all was the Highland dancing. There were also booths, and I spent fifteen cents in them. I spent five on candy, five on ice-cream and five on peanuts.

After the month of August was nearly over we were thinking of getting ready for school. I and my sister went down town the Saturday before school opened and got our books. We all felt very glad to get back to school among the other pupils.

(NAME NOT SIGNED.) Paisley, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As I saw that the composition was "How I Spent My Holidays" I thought I'd try my luck. So here it is.

The afternoon, after examinations were over, Mary and I went picking strawberries. We each had a mug to pick

in. We went down our lane and over the big hill to the patch. When we got there we were pretty hot, so we sat down to rest. In a few minutes we got up and started to hunt berries. But we could not find many and we were so hot. So we started for home. When we got there mother told us we could eat the berries; and so we did. On the first of July there was the Sunday School picnic. Our whole family went and enjoyed themselves. The best thing of all was the races, but hardly any girls would run. When our race came there were only five running, (counting myself). When they said "go" away we went, and I came first. I got a red ribbon with first prize on it. Then tea was served, and some games played, then we went home. On the fifth of August we went down to the lake. I was in for a little while, then I came out and got dressed. Tea then was served and we went home. The next thing coming off was a party at my Uncle Henry's. We went and had a good time. The next was a birthday party at Mrs. A. D. Campbell's. I went and had a good time. A week from that was a party at Mrs. R. Connell's; I went and enjoyed myself. I also helped mother by washing dishes, sweeping the kitchen, and keeping my bed-room clean and tidy. I have 20 ducks to look after, which takes quite a lot of my time. I also do other little things. I will close. (Age, 10 years.) JEAN GILCHRIST, Shanty Bay, Ont.

The Prayer of a Little Child.

BY JEANNETTE LOUISE MCLENNAN.

It was evening. By a snow white bed Knelt a tiny little figure In the attitude of prayer. And the guardian angel watching Heard these words the baby said:

"Please God, there is something That I want so much to say; And you'll be sure to hear me So I thought I'd try to pray. And perhaps you'll understand Though I'm only very small; For Muvver says you love us Little children best of all.

"Daddy is a soldier man And he's awful big and strong, But I wish he wouldn't go away And stay away so long. Daddy doesn't like to fight But his duty made him go; Please God, tell me what is Duty That could make him leave us so?"

I wonder what it's all about And why they want to fight; But You, Dear God are sure to know And you can make it right. Maybe when I'm bigger grown —and older— then I'll know; But I can't ask my Muvver now, It sets her crying so.

"Muvver says a guardian angel Watches over me at night; Please God, could you send my angel Where my Daddy's gone to fight? And let her guard my Daddy He's so far—so far—away, For I've got Muvver for my angel Watching me both night and day."

The golden head drooped lower The little form relaxed; The tired little heart had rest. The mind so sorely taxed With problems all too weighty And questions much too deep; Till nature taking pity Brought rest in kindly sleep.

Then the guardian angel gently With infinite love and grace; Bent low above the sleeper And smoothed the lines from his face, Then soaring high on wings of love Through space eternal, heavens bright She sought the throne of her Father Amidst the realms of light.

From this earth of gloom and torture With its wailings loud and wild; She carried to Him—her Master This Prayer from the heart of a child. "Lakecroft," Beaverton, Ont.