

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NIECES,—

It is said that the sons of great men are never the equals of their fathers, which may be accounted for, perhaps, by the lack of that self-education and other developing circumstances which formed the characters of their parents.

What is true of the sons of celebrated men is sometimes equally true of the daughters of women who were notable housekeepers, and the reasons are not difficult to discover.

It may be supposed that girls brought up in the country know how to do everything; but experience has taught me that many of them are sadly lacking in domestic training. Quite recently a woman who was born and brought up in the country said to me: "When I got married I knew practically nothing about housekeeping. I could not even cook beefsteak, and the mistakes I made would now be laughable to recount, but were then to me a matter of serious annoyance and much vexation."

Why this incompetency?

Sometimes the vigorous, efficient mistress of a household, who through long experience has become expert in the management of every detail of the household, makes the mistake of exacting no assistance from her daughters, thus depriving them of much valuable knowledge which would prove of untold benefit to them in later years. Or, perhaps, she thinks it easier to do the things herself than to take time to show another.

Some mothers think they are wonderfully kind to exempt their daughters from all housework and let them enjoy society, or they think it is enough for them to learn music, painting, languages, etc. Is it a kindness? The future will disclose.

They unselfishly desire their daughters' girlhood to be a period of perfect happiness, and fondly imagine that their intelligence will develop every necessary qualification for model housewives when they are compelled to assume those duties. Alas, it too often happens that the short-sighted kindness of these mothers proves the vain regret of the daughters in after life.

It is a mistake to fancy that this period of life should be devoted merely to intellectual culture or pleasure, to the total exclusion of all other necessary knowledge.

I think I hear some mother exclaim, "My daughters will never have to work." Ah! if you are relying solely on any such possibility you are again making a grave mistake. How often is the wealthy—or supposed wealthy—man of to-day the bankrupt of to-morrow.

Granted that they may not have to work, still, if they don't know how things should be properly done, how are they going to direct the work of the very many incompetent servants with whom they will doubtless have to deal?

The girl who is fitting herself to earn her living in any way will be benefited by a preliminary course of domestic training, and the girl who looks forward to matrimony as her natural vocation is handicapped and unfitted at the very outset of her career by her lamentable ignorance regarding the care of a household.

How many women, in some critical domestic situation, would gladly part with some of their "book learning" for a little skill in nursing a delicate infant, or some practical knowledge as to how its food should be prepared, a lack of which knowledge might, perhaps, result in losing a loved and precious life!

Let the girls be taught to sew, also. Finger-tips have within them possibilities which often lie dormant for the want of exercise. The hands that can manage a needle with celerity have necessarily received a training that will be useful in many other ways besides mere sewing.

The value of this finger-training is greater than might be at first imagined. Through the hands the mind and character are influenced.

Lessons of patience are learned while the diligent fingers are at work, gradually conquering difficulties with a continued progression toward perfection.

Valuable habits of perseverance and self-control are acquired, which leave a lasting and beneficial impression on the character. It may seem an exaggeration to attribute so much to the mere learning to sew, but a little reflection will readily prove that there is something in it. The perfecting of oneself in any knowledge has an effect on the mind which is distinctly good. It promotes clearness of thought and vanishes that slovenliness which is analogous to a frayed garment.

The acquirement of skill in some handicraft brings with it an upward influence which leads further in the direction of self-improvement.

Let the girls have all the education that can be afforded them, as they should thereby be the better enabled to work intelligently and well, but at the same time let them be equally well trained in domestic science and the proper management of all household details; for, after all, such knowledge may prove the mainspring of their happiness.

MINNIE MAY.

Apple Fritters.

Make a batter with one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful sugar, two eggs (whites and yolks beaten separately), two cups flour, one teaspoonful baking powder mixed with flour. Chop some good tart apples, mix in the batter, and fry in hot lard. Serve with maple syrup.

Puzzles.

1—CHARADE.

Like Annie H. I got the sack,
And started out to journey back.
So hunted up, to meditate,
Old numbers of the ADVOCATE,
That I might learn the puzzling mind,
And not appear too far behind.
New friends, I see, have joined the Dom,
And family of Uncle Tom.
'Tis my delight their names to greet,
And offer them a welcome meet.
The girls are bent to hold their own:
There's Jennie S. and Edith Brown,
Hattie, Adda, May McNie,
And Ethel, making six, you see.
If I've forgotten some, I may
Mention them another day.
"A puzzleistic cousin," too,
Of name or sex there's not a clue,
With Rolph has joined our happy crew.
The old friends, too, have faithfully
Their service rendered in the fray.
Miss Clara R., a brilliant star,
Sends forth her bright and cheering ray,
Though shining in the light of Day.
Oh! Lily, faithful little heart,
You've nobly done an honest part;
Our gratitude we offer you,
Receive my homage, and your due.
T. W. Banks, where do you hide?
Your seat is vacant, though beside
Your friend and puzzle Harmond B.,
Your namesake, Willie Banks, I see.
A Snider is among us yet,
But Ada Smithson's sun is set.
I've left Miss Hampton to the last,
Her fate is sealed, her die is cast.
I had a compliment or two,
Which were to be bestowed on you;
But when in April's number I
Read your infamous 'spiry,
All kindly thoughts forsook my pen.
Prepare, my TOTAL cousin, then!
For TWO, ONE, THREE a pun to see;
And pun-ishment is waiting thee.
Perhaps you thought to make a laugh,
And spoke about the "fatted calf,"
But in the next breath, lo! I see
That you have formed designs on me;
And, savage-like, you purpose, too,
To have none left when you are through.
Well, you have made a great mistake,
For I'm as thin as a garden rake;
So you had better "fry your fish,"
And live awhile upon that dish.

CHAS. S. EDWARDS.

2—CROSS PUZZLE.

A pronoun; thoughts spoken quickly; a number; flags; a country in Asia; an interpreter; past tense of eat; seated; every.

ADDA WHETSTONE.

3—TRANSPPOSITION.

Giltenelele ada yelsocur otn ysawla ear dinbecmo.
Foent ni a newdo useoh a negodl ormo ew nifd.

ADDA WHETSTONE.

4—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



LILY DAY.

5—ANAGRAM.

AAAAHHHHNNPPETZ.

No name of nation or of place
I by these letters mean;
But if you do them rightly trace,
And put each letter in its place,
A word may then be seen.
To show you where these letters dwell,
Read your Bible, for it will tell.
And when you've searched the Scriptures round
It only once can then be found.

EDITH BROWN.

6—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in old, but not in new.
My second is in white, but not in blue.
My third is in teach, but not in learn.
My fourth is in bake, but not in churn.
My fifth is in west, but not in east.
My sixth is in cast, but not in west.
My total is a well known city in Canada.

NELLIE FERGUSON.

7—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Initials—"What some papers are."
Finals—"What the FARMER'S ADVOCATE is."
1, a laborer; 2, to flow gently; 3, a form of government;
4, an article of furniture; 5, to annoy; 6, glasses for magnifying;
7, a riddle; 8, to direct; 9, a county in England.

F. W. ROLPH.

8—CHARADE.

My first is a dog of low degree;
My second small in number you'll see;
My whole, with me, you will agree,
Is something in cities quite necessary.

THOS. GRAY PHILAN.

Answers to July 15th Puzzles.

- The four seasons.
- Ham—il (l)—ton.
- (See next issue.)
- What is past is past forever,
Let all fretting be resigned;
It will never help the matter,
Do your best and never mind.
- | | | | | | | | | |
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SOLVERS TO JULY 15th PUZZLES.

J. S. Cramer, Mabel Ross, "Kit," Edith Brown, Maggie Scott, Mrs. T. P. Hart, Annie P. Hampton, F. W. Rolph.

Amanda Wardle, Thos. Wilson, Annie C. McEneaney, Sadie McRae; also Ethel McCrea, Sadie McRae, and A. P. Hampton for July 1st puzzles.

COUSINLY CHAT.

"Hope H."—Congratulations. Contributions should be in earlier.
"Essex."—Welcome back; do not desert again.
Amanda.—Was it you who sent answers without name last time?
N. F.—Yes, U. T. is always glad to welcome new faces. Come often.
A. W.—Puzzles must be original to compete for a prize.
Edith B.—Answers can be sent on a postal, but puzzles should be written on a sufficiently large sheet of paper. Leave envelope open and it will only cost one cent to mail.
A. A.

Recipes.

PEACH RICE.

Half fill a pie dish with stewed peaches, or any preserved fruit. Boil some rice till it is quite tender, and cover the fruit, laying it on lightly; sift over the top with white sugar, and brown slightly in the oven; serve with plenty of cream.

MACAROON CREAM.

One-quarter pound macaroons, one-quarter pound grated chocolate, one dozen almonds chopped fine. Mix all with one pint of thick cream, whipped, sweetened, and flavored with lemon juice. The chocolate should be first thoroughly mixed with a little of the cream. Put in a glass dish, piling it up in center and garnish with whole peaches or pears.

SPANISH CREAM.

Dissolve one-half box gelatine in pint of milk, add the yolks of two eggs beaten with half a teaspoonful of sugar, and boil. As soon as it boils remove from the stove, and add the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth, and the flavoring. Turn out in a shape and garnish with cream or thin custard.

THE QUIET HOUR.

Prayer.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence, will prevail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parched grounds refresh, as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;
We kneel, how weak!—we rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or, others, that we are not always strong.
That we are ever overcome with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with thee?

—Archbishop Trench.

The Power of the King's Word.

"Where the word of a king is, there is power."

Then the question is, *Where* is it? "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly," and "there," even "in you," will be power . . . for in proportion as the word of the King is present in the heart, "there is power" against sin. Then let us use this means of absolute power more, and more holiness will be ours.

"His word was with power" in Capernaum of old, and it will be with the same power in any place nowadays. His word cannot fail; it "shall not return void"; it "shall prosper." Therefore, when our "words fall to the ground," it only proves that they were not His words. So what we want is not merely that His power may accompany our word, but that we may not speak our own at all, but simply and only the very "word of the King." Then there will be power in and with it. Bows drawn at a venture hit in a way that astonishes ourselves, when God puts his own arrows on the string.

There is great comfort and help in taking this literally. Why ask a little when we may ask much? The very next time we want to speak or write a "word for Jesus" (and of course that ought to be to-day), let us ask Him to give us not merely a general idea what to say, but to give us literally every single word, and "they shall be withal fitted in thy lips."

For He will not say, "Thou hast asked a hard thing," though it is far more than asking for the mantle of any prophet. He says, "Behold I have put My words in thy mouth." This was not for Jeremiah alone, for soon after we read "He that hath My word, let him speak My word faithfully" (for we must not overlook our responsibility in the matter); and then follows the grand declaration of its power, even when spoken by feeble human lips: "Is not My word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" "Behold I will make My words in thy mouth fire."

If we are not even "sufficient of ourselves" to think anything as of ourselves" how much less to speak anything! "Have I now any power at all to say anything? The word that God putteth in my mouth, that shall I speak." We would rather have it so, "that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." Our ascended King has said, "All power is given unto Me. Go ye therefore." "That is enough for me; and 'I trust in Thy word.'"

Resting on the faithfulness of Christ our Lord,
Resting on the fulness of His own sure word,
Resting on His power, on his love untold,
Resting on His covenant secured of old.

F. R. HAVERGAL.