

failed to please anyone, so I shall not attempt the impossible task.

HOPE.

Dear Hope,—Thank you so much for the "Quiet Hour" page you write for "The Farmer's Advocate" each week. You are feeding thousands of hungry and thirsty souls with the bread of life. I enclose a prayer.

A CONSTANT READER.

Prayer.

Our Heavenly Father, we yield Thee our thanks for Thy gracious leading, and all the mercies that have followed our way. Our lives have been one great proof of Thy loving care. Teach us to know that great charity that serveth well our fellowmen unto the coming of Thy Kingdom. Help us, Lord, to labor with heart and hand, through sunshine or gloom, looking ever unto Thee, who will perfect the work in Thine own good time. Keep us steadfast throughout all temptation, patient in sufferings or hardships, constant in hope, and rejoicing ever in Thee. Look in tender love upon all Thy children of earth, and touch all hearts to respond to Thy call to fuller and higher life.—Amen.

The Beaver Circle.

[All children in third and fourth books, also those who have left school, or are in High School, between the ages of 11 and 15, inclusive, will write for Senior Beavers. Kindly state book at school, or age, if you have left school, in each letter sent to the Beaver Circle.]

Our Junior Beavers.

[All children in Second Part and Second Books, also those in Third Book, if ten years of age or under, will write to Junior Beavers' Department, which will appear as early as possible each month. Please address letters to Junior Beavers' Department, "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.]

A Song of the Snow-time.

Sing a song of snow-time,
Now it's passing by,
Million little fleecy flakes
Falling from the sky;
When the ground is covered,
And the hedge and trees,
There will be a gay time
For the chickadees.

Boys are in the schoolhouse,
Drawing on their slates
Pictures of the coasting-places,
And thinking of their skates;
Girls are nodding knowingly,
Smilingly about,
Thinking of a gay time,
When the school is out.

Three o'clock, four o'clock,
Bang! goes the bell;
Get your hats and coats and wraps,
Hurry off, pell-mell!
Bring along the coasters all,
If you want some fun;
Up to the hilltop,
Jump and slide and run!

Steady now! Ready now!
Each in his place!
Here we go, there we go,
Down on a race!
Sing a song of snow-time,
When the flakes fall;
Coast-time, skate-time,
Best time of all!

—The Angelus.

Our Letter Box.

Dear Puck,—This is the first time I've written to the Beaver Circle. I have seen that some of the girls would like a badge. I think it would be nice. For pets I have a dog, a cat, and a cow and horse. The horse is twenty-seven years old. We have two colts; one's name is Ted, and the other's Jack. Jack is as tame as can be. I live on the farm. Our old pet's name is Maud. I ride her horse back, she works every day; we drive her to town. Father had a chance to sell her quite a few times. I am four feet eight inches; I am ten years old; I have two sisters and one brother; I am taking music lessons; my sister has been taking music lessons for two years; I

prefer country life. My favorite books are "Sunshine and Shade" and "Alice Leighton." I would like to correspond with Laurene Ellis. I am three-quarters of a mile from school. The Grand river is half a mile from our place. I am in the Third Book. I think it would be nice if we could have the page all to ourselves. I hope to see this in print.

RUBY LAWS.

Onondaga P. O., Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers, My papa takes "The Farmer's Advocate," and I like reading the letters very much. I go to school and am in the Part Second Book. I have a white cat for a pet. Her name is Flossy. She will play hide-and-go seek with us. We take her in front of the house and let her go, and she will run into a bush or some other place and hide until we go and find her, and we do the same thing over and over again.

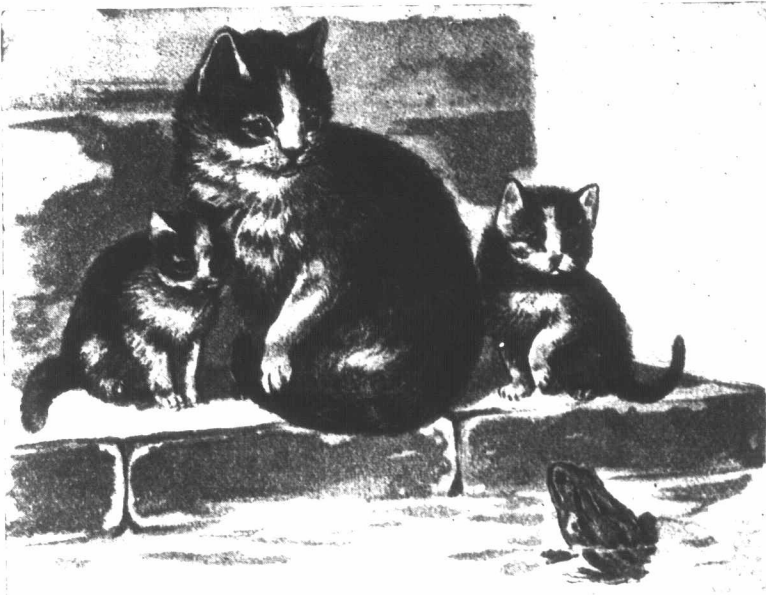
We have a little colt; her name is Boss; she is so tame I can pet her and she won't kick.

I will close, as this is my first letter, and I hope to see it in the paper.

RUBY E. McIVOR (age 8).

Burgoyne, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. I am a little girl and I go to school, but cannot go in winter. I have a brother and no sister. There are twenty-three going to our school. We have a yellow cat and four kittens; we have a rabbit; we had two, but one ran away. My father takes "The Farmer's Advocate," and I



A Competition for the Junior Beavers.

Write a story about this picture, and send it so that it may reach this office not later than February 20. Prizes will be given for the best stories.

I like reading the letters. I have a table and two chairs, a rocking chair, and two dolls. I like our teacher. Good-bye.

EDNA MAY CRICH
(Age 8, Book 2).

Clinton, Ont.

Four Dogs.

There were four dogs one summer day
Went out for a morning walk,
And as they journeyed upon their way
They began to laugh and talk.

Said dog No. 1, "I really think
My master is very wise;
For he builds great houses tall and grand
That reach clear up to the skies."

Said dog No. 2 in a scornful tone,
"Ho! Ho! That's wonderful—yes!
But listen to me! My master writes
books.

He's sold a million, I guess."

Then dog No. 3 tossed his curly head
And gave a sly little wink,
"That's nothing to tell! My master is
rich,

He owns half the world, I think."

The fourth little dog had been trotting
along

With a wise, reflective mind,

At last he said with a happy smile,
"My master—he is kind."

Now if your opinion should be asked,
I wonder what you would say—
Which dog paid the sweetest compliment
To his master on that day?

—Alice J. Cleator.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month, in this department, for answers to questions to appear.]

Luncheons for Children.

At this time of the year, when the greater number of farm children must take their luncheon to school, whatever they may do in the summer, it often is a problem to know how to provide variety for the lunch-box, and not only variety, but variety in the "necessary" foodstuffs, for the wise mother understands that, unless the child's food is "well-balanced"—that is, containing a necessary proportion of protein, carbohydrates and fat—the child itself must suffer, more or less. It is growing rapidly at this period of its life, and how is it to add to bone and muscle and strength and energy if the proper building-materials are not provided in the foodstuffs? This responsibility, of course, rests upon the person who provides the lunch. It is not enough to consider quantity only; quality is even more important, if the child is to be kept well and strong and able for its school work.

Just here, I have been looking over what I have written, and am amused at the repetition of the pronoun "it." It

foods, to make sure of having a sufficient proportion of all ingredients necessary for the body, the next question is the specific form in which these foods should be provided.

Beef sandwiches are usually liked by children, and may be made very attractive by first running the beef through the meat-grinder, a bit of household machinery that should be in every home. For a change, the sandwiches may be made of grated cheese, hard-boiled eggs, beans, or chopped nuts of any kind, but do not use vinegar with any of the dressings, as it never helps and often retards, digestion. Dress the chopped meat with a little pepper, salt, and made mustard, the beans or chopped egg with some salad dressing made with lemon-juice, and the nuts simply with salt or thick cream and sugar.

Two kinds of sandwich in the same luncheon—one sweet—will be very much appreciated. The sweet variety may be made of plain brown bread, sliced thinly, with jelly or jam filling, or with the nut and cream filling. The last is particularly good for making up Boston brown-bread sandwiches—if you don't know how to make the Boston bread, let me know, but a recipe has often been given in these columns. Always use plenty of butter in making sandwiches of any kind. Butter is not merely a garnish, it is a food, which helps to provide, in an attractive form, the fat that every child, and every grown person, needs. Egg-yolks and nuts also contain a considerable proportion of fat, and so does thick cream. By the way, if you happen to be out of nuts when you are making the cream sandwich filling, you may use raisins instead, run through the chopper.

Two kinds of sandwich, then—one sweet, one not—with a few bits of celery, a glass of milk, an apple, and an oatmeal cookie, will give a luncheon at once appetizing and well-balanced; but if sent day after day, it will lose its attractiveness, and so other menus must be thought out.

Try these: (1) Some thinly-sliced bread, buttered well, a bit of potato salad in a glass (mix hard-boiled egg with the potato to make it more nutritious, and make the dressing with lemon-juice); an apple or orange; an oatmeal jam-jam with fruit filling of raisins or dates; a glass of milk. (2) Sliced bread and butter, a piece of cheese or some nuts, a glass of cocoa made with rich milk, some jelly or maple syrup. (3) Bread and butter, some thin slices of fried bacon or a bit of chicken, some bits of winter radish, a cup of custard or rice pudding, a few dried figs, raisins or dates.

You will notice that in all of these menus no mention is made of rich cake or pie. Children would probably like these, but they are rather hard of digestion, and will not be missed if other sweets are provided. If at all possible, get lunch-boxes with compartments for the children, then it will be easily possible to slip in a mug of jelly, and to prevent a general hodge-podge of jelly mixed with sandwich, and sandwich with pudding. If the old-time basket must be used, the various ingredients may be wrapped in paraffin or butter paper, and so kept well apart. Always put in a bottle of milk or cocoa, and provide an individual drinking-cup. The collapsible kind is most convenient, and a metal one costing about 35 cents, will last any careful child during its school-days. If this precaution were observed, and children never allowed to use the general cup, spread of disease might often be greatly arrested.

Things to Avoid.

A very important bulletin, "Habit-forming Agents," dealing with the various so-called "medicines" which contain pernicious, habit-forming drugs, has been issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington.

One hates to think that men could be so wicked, yet from this bulletin it is abundantly evident that men are so wicked, and have been so wicked, as to sell, for purposes of private gain, "medicines" that contain drugs not only harmful in themselves, but likely to form "drug habits" injurious both to the body and the mind. Of course, the drug-habit is "good for the trade," and the more