

**Little Talk About Babies.**

[Babies were never more precious than at the present moment. Millions of lives the fittest—are being snuffed out in Europe. Upon the babies of to-day will fall, to a great extent, the task of reconstructing the world. The following helpful talk, published by the Provincial Board of Health of Ontario, is worthy of the widest circulation. Let the mothers read it and pass it on to other mothers.]

**THE BABY'S MOTHER.**

"Purify, Glorify and Dignify Motherhood." For the baby's chance for life depends on the love, knowledge and self-control of the mother and on her resources. If we would lessen infant mortality we must do it through the mother.

**BEFORE THE BABY COMES AND WHILE THE BABY IS AT THE BREAST.**

1. The mother should not work as hard as usual.
2. The mother needs nine hours sleep every night, and a rest in the afternoon.
3. The mother needs fresh air and a daily walk.
4. The mother needs plenty of plain, wholesome, well-cooked, nourishing food, including plenty of good milk and other fluid foods regularly three times a day, both for the baby's sake and her own.
5. The mother needs to drink plenty of water between meals. This helps keep up that regular action of the bowels, the kidneys and the skin which is essential to health.

**THE BABY'S FATHER.**

We need the father "on this job." It is true that the mother is the only one who can keep the baby alive, but it is as true that she depends on the father to enable her to do this. A man's duty to himself, his family, and his country, is to keep the mother and children well and happy. This means not only providing for the things mentioned above, but administering them, and giving her that affection, attention and care which nourishes the mother's mind and heart as well as her body, and makes her life worth living and her work worth doing. Every good Canadian man should do this, but he does not always know how. Most Canadians work hard, and we do not always realize the importance of the work of those who depend on us to appreciate it. The weary and worried mother cannot nurse the baby. Keep her happy. The husband and father is the only one who can do this, and he knows how if he would only think.

The greatest safeguard for the little baby's life is nursing at the mother's breast. If fed that way, the chances are great that your baby will live. If in any other way, the chances are great that you will bury your baby. This fact should be known to every voter in Canada. We cannot rear an imperial race at the bottle. When a Canadian sees the mother of his child nursing that child at her breast, he sees her doing something of imperial importance. "Nations are built of babies."

**THE BABY'S HOME.**

They went to another, cosier cave when the baby came."—Kipling. From the time of the Cave-Dwellers we have thought that there must be a good home when the baby comes. It is a good time to "take stock" of the home when we think of the baby-to-be at the house.

1. Can the sun shine in?
2. Are the windows open?
3. Are the roofs and walls dry and waterproof?
4. Do you see cellar windows?
5. Is the sanitary convenience decent, clean and well covered?
6. Do you see ashes, rubbish, garbage puddles round the house?
7. Has the garbage-can a close-fitting lid on it?
8. Open the door. What does the air smell like?
9. Is anything dirty allowed to stay in the house?
10. How many flies can you count?
11. Is there a blade of grass growing out?

12. What does the back yard look like?

**THE BABY'S BATH.**

The baby needs a bath every day. The best time is about 10 o'clock, that is, one hour after the 9 o'clock feeding. The room should be warm, everything should be ready, and good speed made. The child must not be chilled. It is a good plan to secure, as soon as possible, that the stool be passed after that feeding and before the bath. By supporting the baby a few minutes in a comfortable position over a small vessel

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**Hope's Quiet Hour.**

**Shod With Peace.**

Take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.—Eph. vi: 13-15.

"We ask Thy peace, O Lord!  
Through storm and fear and strife,  
To light and guide us on  
Through a long, struggling life;  
To lean on Thee entranced,  
In calm and perfect rest;  
Give us that peace, O Lord,  
Divine and blest.  
Thou keepest for those hearts  
Who love Thee best."

In these warlike days our thoughts naturally turn to the warfare in which we are all engaged—for, if we are not "on active service," there is something wrong with our Christianity. No one will question the fact that a Christian soldier needs the girdle of truth, the breastplate of righteousness, the shield of faith, the sword of the Spirit and the hope of salvation. Do we not need also to be shod with peace? I have read that in the terrible Crimean war there were thousands of boots sent out to the soldiers which were too small for anyone to wear. Think of it! English soldiers crippled by their own countrymen, forced to fight in the cold of a Russian winter without proper boots to protect their feet! No wonder the matter of comfortable and lasting footwear for the soldiers is discussed so much in the papers. A soldier should be well shod, not only for his own comfort, but also that he may be in better condition for warfare. One whose feet are cut or bruised, whose every step is painful, can hardly be alert, active and vigorous.

This rule applies just as truly to the Christian warfare. Our Commander has offered us His peace, so that we can walk easily over the rough and stony paths of life, yet how often we persist in walking with unshod feet, looking everywhere but to Him for comfort and gladness. When we disobey orders, allowing ourselves to be worried and anxious about the future, or irritable and touchy in the little everyday trials of life, we are wasting the strength which ought to be spent in fighting real battles against evil. There is rest for the weary on this side of Jordan as well as "on the other side." As boots are provided by the million—so that no soldier need be without them—in a well-equipped army—so our Captain offers His peace of heart to all who come to Him for it: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." No words are more familiar than those great words of promise—yet how often we try to stumble along a thorny, stony road.

As Frances Havergal says, we throw the great burdens of life on our Lord—feeling that we can't bear them alone—take a step or two, "on winged feet," and then turn again to take up again the burden of ever-present care which God is carrying for us. "So that I

would not leave with Thee, of course I have to bear," she says.

In these days of war, men and women are proving their power of facing danger and enduring trouble. Heroism seems to be the rule and not the exception. We can scarcely take up a newspaper or magazine without reading how men and women have "faced fearful odds" in trying to help their fellows. Yet we—at home—are apt to "fire up" at the smallest provocation, we still grumble about the hot weather, lament over a headache, or make a fuss if some little plan is interfered with. Just think of it! when millions are enduring without a complaint the loss of all things they possessed, and the most awful hardships!

There is a story told of a teamster whose horse balked when climbing a hill. The man took the horse from the shafts and started to pull the load himself, saying he was "trying to shame him into it." So we may well be ashamed of grumbling or worrying over trifles, when so many are enduring awful sorrows with silent courage.

Doctor Schofield—a doctor of medicine, who knows the value of peace in promoting the well-being of body and soul—has described the peace of God, which passeth understanding, in this way. An inner circle represents the Soul. Around it is an encircling band, "The Peace of God." On every side are the approaching gains or losses of life—friends, enemies, relations, poverty, health, sickness, riches, loss, prosperity, fame, adversity, pleasure, pain. None of these can reach the entrenched Soul except "through" the Peace of God. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the LORD is round about His people from henceforth even for ever." The peace of God garrisons the heart, He shall "keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues." Nothing can reach us except through our Father—God, Who is infinite Love and infinite Power.

"Who wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." Peace is not a matter of outward circumstances—Christ does not provide His soldiers with a "preparation of the gospel of peace" which loses its power in times of storm. Think of His own majestic peace, which torture and insult could not shake. Compare it with the restless dissatisfaction of Pilate or the despair of Judas. Enemies might strip Him of everything earthly, even of His clothing, yet in kingly power He offered forgiveness to His foes, hope to the criminal dying beside Him, and then gave a loud cry of triumph before committing His soul trustfully to the Father's care. One thing only interfered with His peace, and that was the black cloud which for a short space hid the Vision of His Father. He had lifted to His own shoulder the burden of the world's sin—was it any wonder that He could not see clearly through that awful blackness? But the dark moment swiftly passed, as it must always do when a child of God is clinging to the Father he cannot see.

Our King has said: "My peace I give unto you," and surely no other king has power to bestow such a priceless gift. Think of the peace of the first Christians, which inspired them to endure joyfully the most terrible tortures. If we would share their secret, and face the future fearlessly, we must not only surrender ourselves once for all to God, but must remember every day—

"Just to leave in His dear hand  
Little things.  
All we cannot understand,  
All that stings.  
Just to let Him take the care  
Sorely pressing,  
Finding all we let Him bear  
Changed to blessing."

Our business here is to witness for Christ. If we go about with gloomy faces, and doleful forebodings of evil to come, we need never hope to draw others nearer to Him. It is most dishonoring to our Master to talk as though He were unable to govern His own world. We say, "Thine is the power"—let us believe what we say. He promised His soldiers hardships and tribulations—not outer peace, but peace of heart.

DORA FARNCOMB.

**The Beaver Circle**

**OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.**

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

**Melodious Matthew.**

On a lot of queer instruments, to our regret,  
Melodious Matthew can play.  
He rattles a stick along railings in what I should call quite a masterly way.  
And if he can pick up an ancient tin can  
And a stick, or it may be a stone,  
He will quickly make "Japanese music" with these,  
If you only will leave him alone.

Harmonious strains he can promptly extract,  
In the course of a wet afternoon,  
From kitchen utensils—for instance, let's say,  
From a tea-tray that's whacked with a spoon.

We even have known him to play on a cat.  
Which should surely have made itself scarce,  
And the squeals it produced, as he held it too tight,  
Were as bad as the bagpipes—or worse!

He will serenade grandpapa sweetly at times,  
With a wet finger rubbed upon glass,  
And he blows on the cab-call when cabs aren't required,  
With an energy few can surpass.

A trumpet of paper he knows how to make,  
Using cardboard and one piece of string.  
And when it's completed he'll startle the house  
With his version of "God Save the King."

From morning till night he's inventing loud sounds,  
Which pierce any common brick wall;  
And thus, hour by hour, does his genius grow,  
Though he's feeble at present, and small.

"A composer of note Matthew's sure to become,"  
So his poor patient daddy observes;  
But, in the meantime, his relations affirm,  
He is far from composing their nerves!

**Funnies.**

**A LONG, LONG WAY TO THE BROWNS**

A stranger in the village, being unable to find the house for which he was looking, and there being no one about from whom he could seek information with the exception of a little boy about five years old, he inquired of the latter:  
"Say, sonny, I wonder if you can tell me where the Browns live?"  
"Right down that way," replied the little fellow, pointing his chubby finger indefinitely down the street.  
"How far down that way?" asked the stranger.  
"Well, I'm not sure," answered the child, "but I think about an inch."

William's thoughts were on the vacation days, not the arithmetic lesson. The teacher often called her dreamy pupils to attention by asking them a sharp, simple question.  
"William, what are two and four?"  
"Preposition, ma'am," was the unexpected answer.—Life.

**Senior Beavers' Letter Box.**

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is the first time I have ever sent a letter to you, but I have never had time to write before. I want to get a book on butterflies and moths if I can. I have tried here, but couldn't get the kind I want, so if anyone knows where I can get one, I will be greatly pleased to know. I am collecting insects for our school fair this year, and I want to get the butterflies and moths named. I have an Emperor moth and a Monarch butterfly, besides many others that I don't know the names of.

I like reading, and I have read quite

a few books. I like books about the sea, hunters, and Indians, or anything exciting. I like boys' books best, because they are mostly about adventures. I just finished "Rolf in the Woods," by Mr. Seaton. It is a very fine story, all about a little boy living with an Indian. He goes out hunting and gets lost, but his dog finds him and they go home. He learns a great many things about the woods, and in the end he goes to be a scout for the Americans. I like it, and I think other Beavers would like it, too. I would like some of the Beavers to write to me. I must say good-bye now.

VIOLET VAN VALKENBERG.  
Brantford, Ont.

Doubleday, Page & Co., Publishers, Garden City, New York, publish very fine books on butterflies, moths, birds, and flowers. Beavers who wish to get their prices can do so by writing directly to them.

Your letter is unusually interesting for the Beaver Circle, Violet. I am glad you take an interest in learning about nature and reading books. You will get a great deal of delight from both.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your charming Circle. I hope I may join. May I? My uncle takes "The Farmer's Advocate," and I like the letters very much. I am twelve and a half years old. I tried my exams this summer and passed into the Junior Fourth Class. I like reading books very much. Some I have read are: "Elsie Dinsmore," "Elsie's Holidays," "Leola Dale's Fortune," "Black Beauty," "Beautiful Joe," "Holiday Times," and quite a few others. Hoping the w.p. b. is having a map when my letter arrives, and wishing the Beavers every success.

EVELYN DRAPER.

Lanark, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I saw my last letter was not in print, but my name was on the Honor Roll. I suppose all the Beavers are glad it is summer holidays again. I like reading, and have read quite a few books. Here are the names of some: "Aunt Dianah," "Dora Dun," "Ursula Vivian," and a number of other ones. Well, as my letter is getting long I will close, hoping to see this letter in print.

GLADYS NORCOMBE.  
Age 11, Sr. III. Class.)

P. S.—Would some of the Beavers please write to me?  
Pickering, Ont.

**STORY ABOUT A DOG.**

Dear Puck and Beavers,—My brother has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for some time. I like reading the Beavers' letters very much. I have always been going to write myself, but never had the courage to until I saw the competition. I think the dog is one of the most faithful animals there is, therefore they should be more thought of and better cared for.

My brother had a little pup sent to him from Fernie, British Columbia. We kept him until he was about a year old. We called him Rover. He was then a beautiful, large, yellow-colored dog, with a white breast and a white stripe around his neck, very intelligent-looking, and seemed to be a good watch-dog.

My sister was living in the Soo. Her husband had to work two weeks nights every month. Families lived close around her, but she did not like staying alone, so we sent her Rover.

A few months after Rover had gone there, my brother-in-law sold their house and lot, and the next evening went to the "American Soo" with a suit-case.

Sister always kept Rover in the house at night. That night about 12 o'clock she heard Rover growling; then he would come to her bed and bark; then back to the door and growl. She got up, and there was somebody trying to get in. She saw there was a light in her nearest neighbor's house. She went quietly to the other door and shouted; they answered her at once. They could see nobody, but heard someone running.

Rover kept growling and barking all the time. If it had not been for him, sister never would have heard the person trying to get in. She said after that she could never be too kind to that