

are worth fighting for—worth that the young, the strong, and the brave should take everything they hold dear—their ideals, their love, their little children unborn—and throw them into the trench, and there give themselves and their dreams to death for us. We must see to it that we are worthy the sacrifice."

Long ago, when David's men were quarreling about the proper division of the spoils of battle, their young leader made a law which became a statute for Israel. This was his order: "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike." Such a law takes it for granted that those who stay at home will serve their country as faithfully as those who go out to fight. The soldiers lay down their lives for our sakes; for their sakes let us consecrate our lives in daily kindness, in unwearying prayer for those who are claiming our prayers as their due, in honesty and truthfulness, in purity and temperance. Then our nation will be able to hold up its head among the nations and God Himself will be with us and uphold our Empire. The old cynical saying that "God is on the side of the biggest battalions" over and over again has been given the lie. God is on the side of righteousness, and no prayers or offerings can win Him as an Ally unless we "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God." The prophet Micah declared that it was useless to sacrifice thousands of rams, ten thousands of rivers of oil, or even a first-born son, in order to win God's favor. God demands something greater than prayers and sacrifices—honor and honesty. The scant measure is abominable in His eyes, also the wicked balances and the deceitful weights.—Micah VI. What does He think about baskets of fruit with the best samples always on top? What does He think of the profession of religion on Sunday and the utter forgetfulness of God during the week?

We are not our own, for we are bought with a price—the Son of God laid down His life to save us from eternal death. For His sake, above all, let us consecrate ourselves, and spend our lives for some higher purpose than selfish gain or pleasure. What is our object in life? It cannot be only—

"To dress, to call, to dine, to break  
No canon of the social code,  
The little laws that lacqueys make,  
The futile decalogue of 'Mode,'—  
How many a soul for these things lives  
With pious passion, grave intent!

And never ev'n in dreams has seen  
The things that are more excellent!"  
DORA FARNCOMB.

#### Gifts From Readers.

One of our readers has sent five dollars for the Q. H. purse, to be spent on some needy and helpless patients. She also sent a goodly supply of S. S. papers—"Onward" and "Pleasant Hours"—for distribution in the hospital wards. These papers are able to carry good cheer to many "shut-ins," and I am very glad to be able to pass them on.

DORA FARNCOMB.  
52 Victor Ave., Toronto.

## The Beaver Circle

### Our Junior Beavers.

#### A Harvest Rescue.

BY ELLEN D. MASTERS.

'Twas harvest-time at Rosedale Farm;  
The wheat was ripe, the sun was warm.

While o'er the fields the reaper wound,  
Thewaving wheat was mowed and bound.

And then a pair of whirring wings  
Flew up before the great steel things

That cut the graceful, waving wheat  
And tied it up in bundles neat.

Billy and Ned ran in between  
The standing wheat and the big machine;

Ah yes, 'twas true—just as they guessed!  
"Stop! stop! We've found a partridge nest!"

So that is why the little square  
Of wheat stands 'mid the stubble there.

And that is why the whirring wings  
Flew back to warm the precious things—

The dozen tiny chicks that rest  
All safely 'neath the mother-brood,

While Bob-White calls, in proud refrain,  
His name from fields of garnered grain.

### Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I have often thought of writing, but this is the first time I have ever taken courage to do so. I go to school every day unless I am sick. I have a little over a mile to go, and live on a farm of a hundred acres. The violets have been very pretty in the woods. Some days at school we go to the woods and get flowers, which we enjoy very much. We have two little ducks and about forty-five little chickens. I have read quite a few books, some of which are "Glenarry School Days," "Pollyanna," "Anne of Green Gables" and many others. I will close hoping the w. p. b. is off in a doze when this arrives.

BESSIE HOLM.

Hespeler, Ont., R. R. No. 1.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—Daddy has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for quite a few years, and I enjoy reading the Beavers' letters. I walk two miles and a half to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss McNish. I have a dog whose name is Fox, and when he is harnessed and hitched in the sleigh he will come nearly half a mile to meet me coming home from school and give me a ride home. I am nine years old and in the junior second class.

RUTH LIGHTFOOT.

Parkhill, Ont., R. R. 6.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for quite a while, and I certainly like reading your Circle. I have three sisters and two brothers. I have one pet cat called Johnny. I live half a mile from school. My sister and brother go with me. I am ten years; my sister that goes with me is seven years old; my brother is 12 and has written the entrance. I have two sisters and one brother who have written the entrance long ago. Well, I guess I shall close now.

GENEVIEVE MCPHEE.

Park Hill, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my second letter to your Circle. Since I did not see my other letter in print I thought I would try again. I have a pet dog and pet cat; the dog's name is Gamey, and the cat's name is Nigger. We play baseball and "anty, anty I over," and many other games at school. There are some woods right across the road from the school and it is just filled with flowers. My letter is getting long so I will close with some riddles.

Why is a Ford car like a school-house?  
Ans.—A crank at the front and nuts in the seats.

Why is a pig in the parlor like a house on fire?  
Ans.—Because the sooner its put out the better.

Lloydtown, Ont. LORNA DAVIS.

### Setting the Table.

It is quite surprising how often the request arrives for these columns, "Please tell me just how to set a dinner-table?"—Sometimes, no doubt, it is a little bride fresh from school or office who asks, and sometimes, possibly, someone who has been used to rather rough ways of living and wants to do "the proper thing."

It is very true that our manner of eating shows our refinement, or lack of it, more almost than anything else except, perhaps, our manner of speaking. Boorish manners and ungrammatical speech proclaim us, just as pretty manners and "good English" also proclaim us. But there is one thing about both manners and English: they can be cultivated. There is no reason, except carelessness, why people should not be possessed of the best of both.

In the realm of manners the table and the deportment thereat, are among the great revealers, probably because eating may be made either a pretty thing or an example of unadulterated ugliness, with all the grades between.

Even the table itself may be made to look coarse and repulsive, or a thing of refinement and attractiveness.

In achieving the latter it is to be remembered that, while certain rules in setting, etc., have been formulated, this has not been done arbitrarily, but simply to provide the greatest degree of comfort for everyone concerned. Thus it is that no rule is absolutely inflexible, different circumstances may always bring about a modification. For example, while it is perfectly permissible for an over-worked farm woman to substitute white oilcloth for linen during hot summer weather, linen is the rule, with the prime necessity that it be clean and well ironed. The better in quality the linen is, the better will be its gloss and general appearance.

In setting the table the first necessity is a "silence cloth," of any soft, thick, smooth material, to protect the table and prevent clatter. Upon this the cloth is placed, the dishes and cutlery.

For dinner the arrangement, for a plain table, is as given in our illustration, although if serving is to be done at the table the plates are usually placed, at the first of the meal, in a pile in front of the server. "Service plates,"—useless things they are—are usually seen only in very formal houses. If hot meals and vegetables are to be served the plates should be warm.

Also another deviation from the arrangement shown in the picture is permissible: the large dinner knife and fork may be—in fact are usually—placed at the outside instead of next the plate, this is a mere matter of taste. For dinner, bread and butter plates are sometimes omitted, never for luncheon or "tea." Also, if the hostess pours the tea, the tea service may occupy her end of the table, the vegetable dishes being placed close to the one who is to serve the vegetable.

The centre of the table should be occupied by some flower decoration, placed on an embroidered doiley; just a vase or rose-bowl of cut flowers will do, or a low fern in a pot. Large, fussy floral erections are no longer considered in good taste, as they interfere with the clear view across the table necessary when people are conversing.

If soup is served, the soup spoon is placed next to the dinner knife in the place most convenient for using first, as it must be, i. e., at the extreme outside,

if the dinner knife is farthest from the plate. The dessert spoon occupies the opposite side, as it is to be used last, or it may be placed crosswise at the inner edge of the plate. One point deserves special attention—the knives, forks and spoons should be absolutely and evenly at right angles to the edge of the table, the edges of the knives should turn next the plate, and the forks turned prongs up. Throwing them down in any old criss-cross way gives a table a very careless, untidy appearance. The water glass should be placed unvariably at the point of the knife, and the bread-and-butter plate at the left of the plate.

Bread, butter, salt, pepper, pickles and catsup should be on the table at the beginning of the meal, and may remain, only the crumbs being brushed away before the dessert is brought in. For "tea" the bread and butter, cold meat (or substitute) and salad, are first on the table, and should be removed before the cake and fruit appear. A little side table or dinner wagon in a convenient place, with a white cheesecloth cover-all, will make this matter of second courses easy.

The tea or coffee may be on the table at the beginning of the meal—if the family prefer drink with the first course—or they may be brought on afterwards, with the second course, or even at the end of the meal. Up-to-date medical science now advocates moderate drinking throughout the meal, provided "sups" are not taken to moisten food in the mouth; in other words drinking should take place between bites. The idea is that it is only when in liquid form that the food in the stomach can be taken up and assimilated by the body.

By the use of a dinner-wagon, and systematic arrangement of dishes, most of the serving may be done at the table, with comparatively little running about, hence all the members of the family can sit down at once, the best way on a farm where serving-maids are not kept. For formal occasions, however, it may be better for one member of the family to assume the duties of waitress, as this permits the meal to go forward with less fear of confusion or friction.

### Smiles.

Little Mrs. Bride had almost everything to learn about housekeeping, but she was so enthusiastic in her interest that every one was glad to help her.

"I have some particularly fine asparagus," the marketman told her one day, and he displayed a bunch for her admiration. "Picked not three hours ago," he added.

Mrs. Bride looked at it with unaffected amazement.

"Does it grow like that?" she asked, "I always supposed the cook braided the ends of it."

Not So Easy.—Here is a story our wounded boys have brought back from the front about Sir Douglas Haig.

Sir Douglas was, some few weeks ago, in a great hurry to get to a certain place. He found his car, but the chauffeur was missing. So Sir Douglas got in the car and drove off by himself. Then the driver appeared and saw the car disappearing in the distance.

"Graet Scot!" cried the driver, "there's 'Aig a-driving my car!"

"Well, get even with him," said a Tommy, standing by, "and go and fight one of 'is battles for him."—Tit-Bits.



Plain Table, Showing Correct Detail of Setting.