

comfort and safety, and eagerly hurried to the danger-line—saying, like Esther, "If I perish, I perish." They count it a high privilege, as well as a duty, to do their best to save others from danger.

Our Lord understood St. Paul's enthusiastic nature when He enticed that noble spirit by showing him "how great things he must suffer" for God and man. So the soldiers are usually jubilant when permitted to move forward where they will encounter hardships and danger.

Privileges—health, leisure, money, education, etc.—are never given us for our own advantage solely. They are opportunities of serving others.

On the walls of an old temple there was a picture of a king forging his crown into a chain, and a slave making his chain into a crown. Underneath was written: "Life is what man makes of it, no matter of what it is made."

Napoleon used his power for himself and his own selfish interests—and so forged his crown into a chain. Joseph—a slave in Egypt—devoted himself to the service of others and so forged his chain into a crown of honor.

Jesus, the village Carpenter, has taught the world by word and act the glory of living for others. If our own gain or ambition be the object of our everyday life, we are throwing away life's splendid opportunity of walking in His steps.

We hear much of "Women's Rights" in these days—if you are an enthusiast on that subject be careful to agitate for the rights of other women rather than for your own. Everywhere we see the question: "Who is fighting for your women and children?" The man's strength gives him the right to defend the weak, his privilege is the rousing call of Opportunity. The woman's glory is to forget herself in glad service. She may be called to sacrifice herself for her nation—like Esther—or to glorify a home like the mother of our Lord. Great as Esther was, Mary of Nazareth was greater. In this time of thrilling deeds of heroic self-sacrifice, don't let us lose sight of that life of quiet loveliness, the life of one declared by God Himself to be blessed among women.

"Despise not thou small things,
The soul that longs for wings
To soar to some great height of sacrifice,
Too oft
Forgets the daily round,
Where little cares abound,
And shakes off little duties while she
looks aloft."

DORA FARNCOMB.

Fashions Dept.

How to Order Patterns.

Order by number, giving age or measurement as required, and allowing at least ten days to receive pattern. Also state in which issue pattern appeared. Price fifteen cents PER PATTERN. If two numbers appear for the one suit, one for coat, the other for skirt, thirty cents must be sent. Address Fashion Department, "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont. Be sure to sign your name when ordering patterns. Many forget to do this.

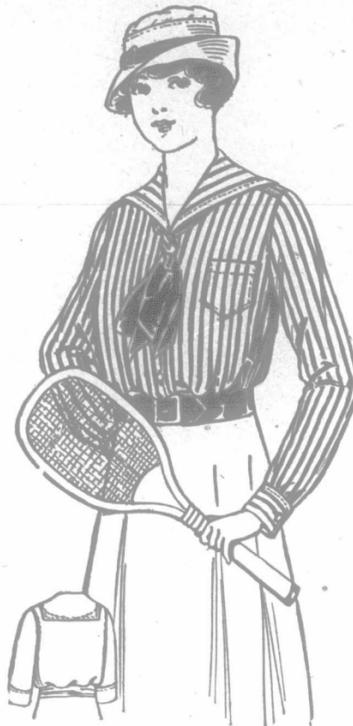
When ordering, please use this form:—

Send the following pattern to:

Name.....
 Post Office.....
 County.....
 Province.....
 Number of Pattern.....
 Age (if child or misses' pattern).....
 Measurement—Waist..... Bust.....
 Date of issue in which pattern appeared.....



8455—Work apron, 34 to 44 bust.



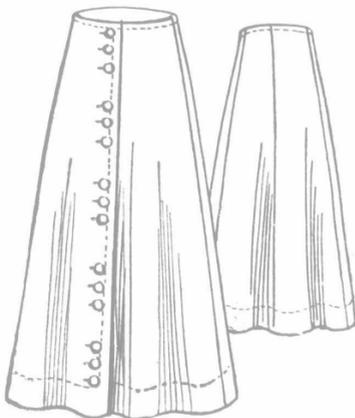
8700—Sports blouse, 34 to 44 bust.



8826—One-piece dress for misses and small women, 16 and 18 years.



8650—Dressing jacket, consisting of one piece, one size.



8788—Five-piece skirt, 24 to 34 waist.



8691 Two- or Three-Piece Skirt with Yoke, 24 to 32 waist.

The Beaver Circle

Loons.

I wonder how many of our Beavers live near inland lakes upon which loons take up their summer residence. What great, handsome birds they are! I remember very well how interested a camping party of us used to be in a pair of them that used to come every year to a small, quiet lake with deep woods all about it. Sometimes in boats we would try to get near them as they swam about on the water, very little visible except the black, glistening head with its watchful eyes. But we never could manage it. Just so far could we go, then down would go the black head, only to reappear perhaps far on the other side of the boat. It is because of its great diving powers that this bird is sometimes called the "hell-diver."

In the evening, and often during the night we used to hear the cries of the birds, sometimes a long, hollow, trumpeting call, sometimes a strange laughter, like the laughter of a madman.

After we had left the lake for good, folk living near it told us that, early one summer, someone shot one of the pair, but the other one stayed on, calling and calling for the mate who could never come back—"crying," the kind woman called it. "Oh, it was a shame to kill that bird," she said, "I felt so sorry for the other one I could have cried with it."

And now I want to quote for you a legend about the loons, very prettily put into verse by the Canadian poet, Archibald Lampman. It concerns the mythical, Indian hero, Glooscap.

Once ye were happy, once by many a shore,
Wherever Glooscap's gentle feet might stray,
Lulled by his presence like a dream, ye lay
Floating at rest; but that was long of yore.
He was too good for earthly men, he bore
Their bitter deeds for many a patient day,
And then at last he took his unseen way.
He was your friend, and ye might rest no more.

And now, though many hundred altering years
Have passed, among the desolate northern meres,
Still must ye search and wander querulously,
Crying for Glooscap, still bemoan the light
With weird entreaties, and in agony
With awful laughter pierce the lonely night.

"Scout" Letters Wanted.

Can't we have, for a change, a number of letters written by Boy Scouts? I have a perfectly splendid "Scout" picture which I shall be glad to publish along with a few of such letters.

PUCK.

Little Bits of Fun.

A little girl described a toad as "a big green bug with warts all over it, who's always sitting down behind and standing up in front." Her composition was almost as interesting as that of the little boy who wrote the following essay on soap: "Soap is a kind of stuff made in cakes which you can't eat. It smells good and tastes orfal. Soap always tastes worse when you get it in your eye. Father says Eskimose don't never use soap; I wish I was an Eskimose."

"Are caterpillars good to eat?" asked little Tommy at the dinner table.

"No," said his father; "What makes you ask a question like that while we are eating?"

"You had one on your lettuce, but it's gone now," replied Tommy.

Some More Competition Letters.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—On seeing in "The Farmer's Advocate" that you were holding a competition for an essay