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BABY'S OWN SOAP

Absolute Purity Flower Fragrance

Pure vegetable oils are the base of Baby's Own soap. It promotes skin health and prevents skin troubles.

Natural flower extracts give to Baby's Own Soap the clinging fragrance which makes its use so pleasant.

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Saves more of the cream at all temperatures than any other

Because

It has a larger skimming area, over which the milk is uniformly distributed, and because there are no conflicting currents of milk and cream in the Bowl.

The Self-Balancing Bowl SPINS LIKE A TOP

on a Ball Bearing at the upper end of the Spindle and at the centre of gravity of the Bowl. It runs easily and smoothly, skims clean and is easy to wash.

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Get one from the **MASSEY-HARRIS AGENT.**

toes, and we used to play with him. Well, I guess I will close with two riddles.

Black within, red without, four corners, round about? Ans.—A chimney.
What is black and white, and read all over? Ans.—A newspaper.

EDIE MAGRIDGE.

Auburn, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I thought I would like to write a story. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a short time, and I like to read the letters in it. They are very nice.

Well, I once had a dog, and his name was Tray, and he had four different colors. His four feet were yellow and white, his body gray, and he had a black spot on his back. He had a white ring around his neck, and a gray-and-white tail. On one foot he had five toe-nails. I guess I will tell you about his tricks. He would sit on a chair; if he was cold, he would get on a chair and put his two front feet on the stove hearth, and hold his head over the stove to get warm; he would sit in the buggy and go for a ride; he would get a rag in his mouth and run around the yard; he would chase me around a chair; he would get in my hand-sleigh and coast down a hill with me.

Tray used to play with a kitten whose name was Dandy Jim. He was a good cattle dog. I liked him very much.

ISABEL TRIMBLE.

Drumbo, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have never written before. I go to school, and have a mile to walk. I like our teacher fine. My pets are a little kitten, a calf, and a dog. The kitten will sit on your knee and play with your fingers. When the calf sees you coming he will run. I live on a farm four and a half miles from the city of Brantford. My father takes "The Farmer's Advocate," and could not do without it very well. Our farm has one hundred and twenty-seven acres. I will have to close. Hope this will escape the w.-p. b., so good-bye.

ADA WILLIAMS.

Brantford, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have written you four or five times before, and will venture to write again.

Where I am sitting, I am looking at the South Mountain in the fruitful valley of Annapolis.

I love to live in this country, for in the spring there are the gardens to plant, the brooks are flooded, and you can make a raft or go out in a boat and catch fish and sail your little boats in the ditches.

Next comes summer, when you can play ball and go on picnics. In vaca-

jolly things. Please tell me if I am a Junior or Senior Beaver.

CLARENCE FITZ RANDOLPH.

(Age 11, Book VI.)

Bridgetown, N. S.

I scarcely know which you are, a Senior or a Junior Beaver, Clarence. The classes are graded differently in Nova Scotia and Ontario Schools. However, judging from the quality of your letter, I have put you with the Seniors.



I Spy.

Beaver Circle Notes.

Some of the letters that arrived in November must still be held over,—there were so very many, you see.

Edna Farrier, Campbellton, N. B., would like if some of the Senior Beaver girls would write to her.

Will Howard Dixie please write again—a longer letter. Also Willie Avery, Stayner, Ont.

The Mending Basket

SHERARD McLEAY HAS A WORD MORE.

I don't suppose there is, in this whole universe, one unjust law or action which, if held up to the public gaze, would not at once win to itself numbers of supporters—people who would declare that no injustice existed, or, if it did,



A Perilous Path.

tion you can help in the hay-fields, go swimming, go camping, and go "in your bare feet."

Next comes fall, when the men cut their grain and take it to the threshing mill to be threshed. Then come picking the apples, picking up potatoes, and getting ready for winter. The birds fly to the South, and you can go hunting partridges that stay with us.

Next comes winter, the best season of all. I can go to the woods, and I often take my sled with me, and coast down the mountain coming home.

There is fun getting the Christmas-tree, and hanging up your stocking Christmas eve, also buying presents for your companions, and lots of other

existed to such a very slight degree as to be of no consequence—simply because they had seen or felt none of its effects.

Hardly to any two people, of course, is it given to view the same situation in exactly the same light. However, we can all treat each other's views with courtesy, and be ready to admit the good of another's argument.

Because I have tried to show that the life of the average farmer's wife is not one long holiday, as too many appear to think, I seem to have brought on myself the wrath of some of the farmers.

I did not intend that picture to include the lives of every single farmer in the Dominion. I know quite well that there are many cultured homes in the