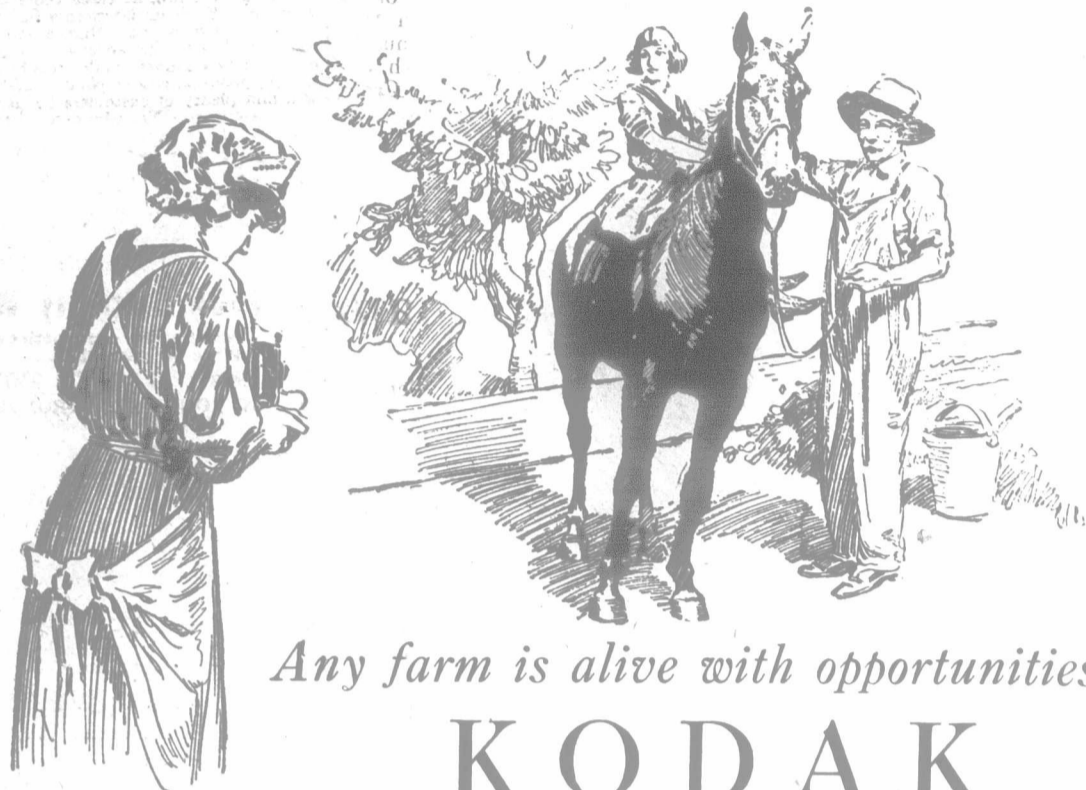


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The youngsters with their pets, the family reunions and home-comings, the scenic beauties of farm and neighborhood, the interesting incidents that make up farm life, the farm, itself, with its orchards and fields and cattle and barns, offer material for pictures of which any album might well be proud.

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Kodaks from \$7.00 up. Brownie cameras, \$1.25 up.



CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED
TORONTO, CAN.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your charming Circle. This is a terrible war. I have a brother in the war, he enlisted in April, 1916. He is on the way overseas now. I have two more brothers. One is just home from the West about a month ago. I have read a few books; they are, "Alice in Wonderland," "Black Beauty," "Scotch Terrier." I have a mile and a half to walk to school. My letter is getting long. I hope the w.-p. b. is not hungry.

FERNIE LOUGHEED.

R. R. No. 3, Singhampton, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your charming Circle. We have been busy working for the Red Cross. I have knit one pair of socks for the soldiers at the front. I am glad the spring is here so we can go picking flowers and go fishing and play ball. Will close with a riddle.

A man went away on Friday and stayed a week, and yet he came back on the same Friday. Ans.—His horse's name was Friday.

ELSIE PARRY, (10 years old.)

R. R. No. 5, Tillsonburg, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your Circle. I go to school every day I can. I have about a mile to go to school. We have a school garden and expect two neighboring schools and ours to have a fair next fall. I will close hoping to see my letter in print.

MABEL E. SMITH.

Gadshill Station, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my first letter to your Circle. For pets I have a nice little kitten; we call him Black Beauty. We used to call him Tiny, but he is too big for that name now. Also we have a calf just a few days old, but she has not received her name yet. My father has been taking "The Farmer's

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London, (No street address necessary) Canada.

Advocate" for a long time, and I have been so interested in reading the letters that I have decided to write myself. I think my letter is getting long. Seeing that it is my first letter to your Circle I will close, wishing the Beaver Circle good success.

Balsam, Ont. RAY JAMIESON.
(Age 10.)

Dear Puck and Beavers.—My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for quite a while, and I enjoy reading the letters. I would like to enter into your Circle. I read many interesting books such as Black Beauty, Beautiful Joe, Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the Finding of Nina, etc. Our teacher's name is Miss Robinson, and she just suits the trustees. As my letter is getting long I will close with a riddle.

What neither barks nor bites, yet it keeps you out of the house? Ans.—A lock.

It has neither eyes nor ears, yet it leads the blind. Ans.—A walking stick.

There are four brothers under one hat. Ans.—A table.

Vaness, Ont. MARGARET ABBOTT.
(Age 9, Jr. III.)

Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

A Visit to the Woods.

BY HELEN WILKIE (age 11), Blenheim, Ont.

We walked in twos and threes
Beneath the grand old trees,
When with our chums we strolled
And our adventures told.

Here and there we darted,
And when the green leaves parted
We picked the violets blue
And on the banks sweet trilliums too.

Hurrying on in grasses damp we spied
A little snake with tan and brown pied,
While overhead the flicker gay
Paused on his onward way.

In swampy places cowslips bright
Were to our eyes a pleasing sight,
While at the foot of nearby trees
Hepaticas fluttered in the breeze.

So we filled our arms withal,
Then homeward on our way we sped
Up the lane which to the main road led
There we parted and each went his way.

Patriotism.

BY IRENE McDONALD, (age 12).

Patriotism comes from the Latin word "pater" meaning, "father". Patriotism is the love of people for their country, saving it from being destroyed or helping it to maintain its rights.

In this war we see a lot of patriotism by men who will give up their wives, children and homes, and sacrifice their lives for their country.

Here is an example: When the present European war began, a minister's son enlisted. He reached France safely, but alas! he was killed in fighting on the Western front. As soon as his father and his brother heard the sad news, they both enlisted. They are now in France helping to fight for liberty.

Women show their patriotism during these war times by giving most of their time to knitting; quite a number have knit seventy or more pairs of socks. They also give up their sons for their country's sake. However, there are other people who, you would think, didn't know a dreadful war was going on. They sacrifice little or nothing. People who have no sons to send as soldiers, give money. Even if it just a mite (as the widow's mite in the Bible), it counts anyway.

When soldiers are killed on the battle field, they are usually buried right near to where they have fallen. When a famous soldier, like Lord Roberts or Lord Kitchener, is killed or dies by any manner, the coffin is wrapped in the British flag, put on a gun carriage and taken to a famous burial place, where the soldier is buried with martial ceremony.

To have such brave and unselfish soldiers as Nelson, Wellington, Robert Bruce and many others in a nation is an example for everyone to be brave, courageous and unselfish.

R. R. 1, Belgrave, Ont.

The Story of a Fishing Rod.

BY RUTHMENZIES, (age 12).

The first thing I can remember is of seeing some other tall bamboo trees beside me and I thought that they were ten times larger than I was. One day when I was about two years old, a little boy came into the bush to get a limb for a fishing rod. I heard him say to himself "The other bamboo trees are too tall for me to climb up, so I think I will just take this little bamboo tree; it is just big enough and long enough for me". So he took out his jack-knife and cut me off short by the roots. He put me over his back and went up to the house. When he got to the house he got the drawing knife and he came out and put me straight up in the air and let me fall down on the ground with a thump. I was not broken but I got a shaking up. Then he picked me up and put me on the ground and took all the knots off me, took the plane off the window-sill and made me smooth. Then he went into the house and got some cord and put on a fish-hook. He came out and put the cord on the end of me and put the fish hook on the end of the cord. Then he twisted the cord around me and stuck the fish hook into me, and picked me up and started for the river. When he was going down to the river he came to a cherry tree and he flung me down on the road until he got some cherries. While he was getting some cherries a wagon came along and ran over me and broke me in two. The man got off after he was past and picked me up and threw me into the fence corner, and I am writing my story from here. The boy never could find me and this is the story of my life.

R. R. No. 5, Wingham, Ont.

Well-picked.—Aunt: "Your bride, my dear boy, is wealthy and all that, but I don't think she'll make much of a beauty show at the altar."

Nephew—"You don't, eh! Just wait till you see her with the bridesmaids she has selected."—Nashville Tennessean.