

any good when we talk about our bodily pains or parade the doubts which distress our souls. Goethe said: "I will listen to anyone's convictions, but pray keep your doubts to yourself. I have plenty of my own."

Mrs. Browning tells us of a woman who was so pure and loving that the people beside her grew whiter, braver, and happier. No men knelt at her feet—they knelt more to their God than they used, that was all. That was all!—what a glorious "all"! Women have far more power than they know to draw men's hearts upward, just by the unconscious beauty of their tenderness and purity. Men, too, who are noble and righteous, clinging daily nearer God, have wonderful power to mould the lives of the women who love them. Unless we are trying to be holy, trying to walk every day with God, we are losing many chances of helping others.

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Beaver Circle.

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

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

The Garden Competition.

Dear Beavers,—Did you think you were never going to hear the result of the Garden Competition? You have had a long time to wait, truly, but, you know, the judging in this competition was very difficult. Several of the competitors dropped out without ever sending us a word as to why they did so; a few others wrote that the chickens had scratched out their gardens, and one dear child explained that she had worked hard all summer and had a nice garden, but that the person who was to take the picture did not come until everything had been frozen. There were still, however, a goodly number in the running, and so nearly equal in merit was the work submitted by eleven of these, that we had to draw out a marking sheet, and mark according to the following points: Selection of plants, method of working, observation shown, interest of composition, neatness, conclusions formed, excellence of photos, the greatest number of marks, of course, being given for method of working and interest of composition. All the marks for these points were added up, and the totals showed the winners of the cash prizes to be as follows:

- (1) Prize of \$5.00—Arthur Halstead, Cashtown, Ont.
- (2) Prize of \$3.00—Dorothy Newton, Plaisance, Que.
- (3) Prize of \$2.00—Oscar Oxley, Canfield, Ont.
- (4) Prize of \$1.00—Kenneth Tuttle, Iroquois, Ont.

So creditable were the rest of the letters, however, that we have decided to give book prizes to the following: Evah Leigh, Charlie McLean, Isabel Young, Clara McKnight, Lillian Garland (who sent by far the best photos), Elizabeth Hughes, Lillian Gillespie, Viola Campbell, Stewart Allen, Horace Farmer.

The Prize Compositions.

ARTHUR HALSTEAD'S.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—Last year I tried in your Garden Contest and won second prize, which gave me courage enough to try it again this year.

I sowed the seeds in boxes in April. I went to the woods and got some rich earth and put it in the oven to get warm, to kill all germs and insects. I took boxes and old pans and filled them with the earth, over which I sprinkled my seeds, covered them lightly, and patted them gently with my hand.

The seeds I sowed early were asters, phlox, stocks, sweet alyssum, and tomatoes. I kept them well watered and they grew fine. On a fine day I took the horse and an old dump-cart and drew manure on to my garden. After I finished this job I had my garden plowed, then I gave it a good harrowing and measured out a path. Next I got three hardwood poles and put them in holes on each side of the path, tying the third one with binder-twine one foot

from the top of the other two, cross-wise. Then I planted morning-glories around the bottom of the poles, and when they came up I added strings for them to climb up. In the picture you can see how simple and fine it looks.

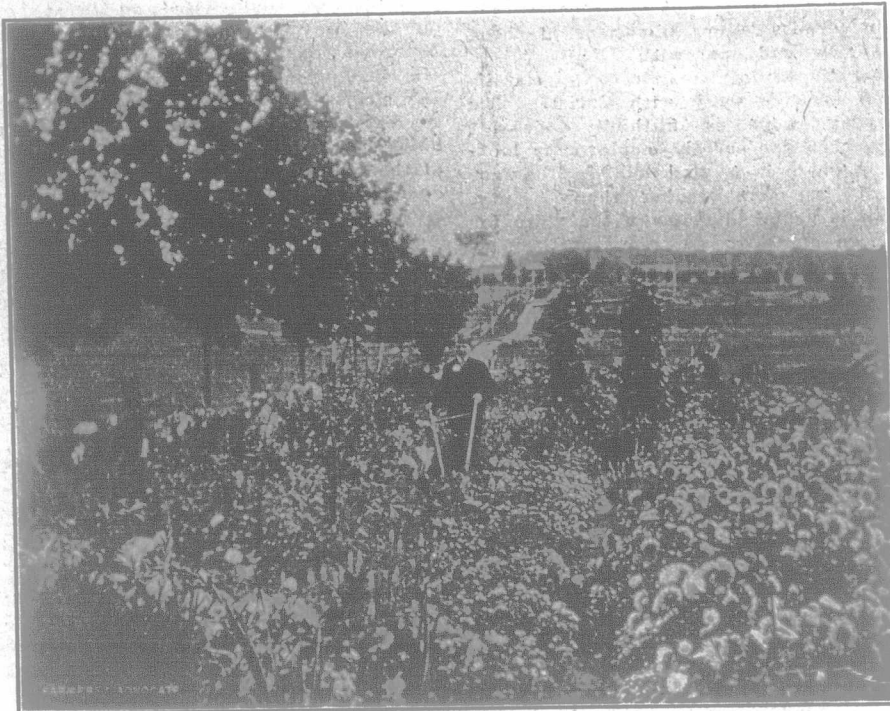
I planted summer cypress on the north side of the garden to protect the flowers from the wind. Next to this I planted a row of gladioli, then I got a line and made rows with a stick one foot apart to transplant my seedlings. In the first row I had zinnias, summer savory, and lettuce. Next I planted asters and nasturtiums. In the third row I sowed a

think is harmful. Mr. Toady hopped out of my way, and tried to catch a little fly. I also saw a snake in the garden. On warm days, one could see the bees and hummingbirds working among the flowers, doing their share of the work, I guess. I will close now, as my letter is as long as Puck's limit will allow, wishing the Beavers success.

ARTHUR HALSTEAD (age 15, Sr. III.),
Cashtown, Ont.

DOROTHY NEWTON'S LETTER.

Dear Puck,—The birds were coming

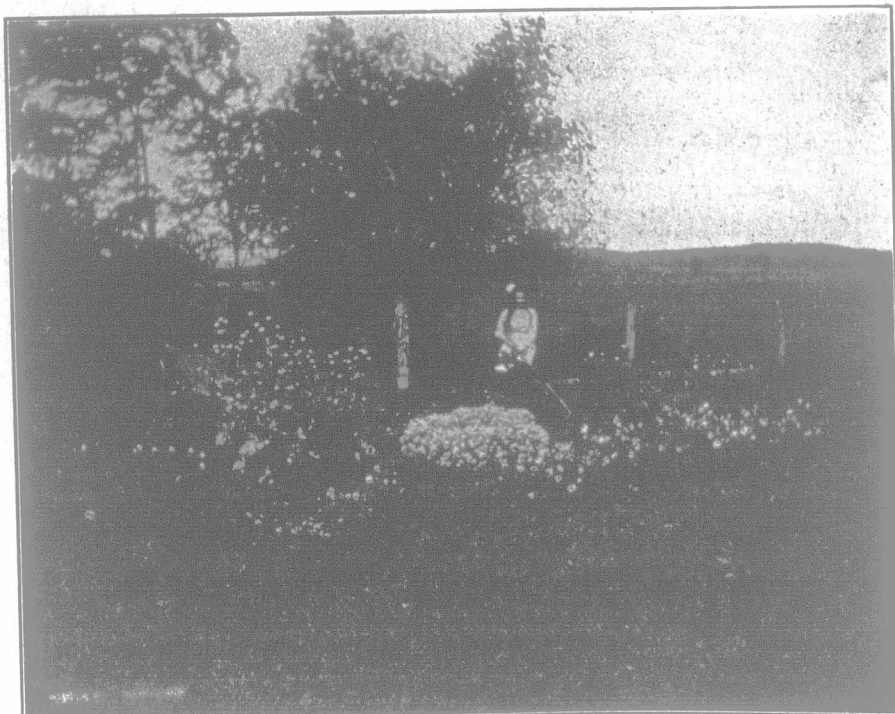


Arthur Halstead and His Garden.

packet of mixed flower seeds, after this, California poppies, scabiosa and nicotine, then candytuft. I had this bordered with phlox.

I made a bed of asters on the other side of the path, and had it bordered with sweet alyssum. I also made a little bed of stocks, which were in bloom all summer. This is about all the flowers I had, so will tell about the vegetables. First I planted cucumbers, making round hills with the hoe and planting five or six in each hill, covering them half an inch with earth.

back, and you could hear more and more songs every day. I knew then that it was time to plant my seeds. So one day I filled two boxes with rich earth, in one of which I planted pansies, and in the other petunias. The petunias have very small seeds. I had to be careful when I watered them at first, because if I poured the water too hard the earth would be washed off the seeds. But I think a good bit of water makes seeds grow better. My box was tilted, one end higher than the other, with the mixed pansies at the higher end, and the



Dorothy Newton and Her Garden.

Then I took the tomato plants from the boxes and planted them two feet apart. I also had beans, parsnips, radishes, onions, melons, peas, and corn. I kept the garden well scuffled, and what I could not scuffle I hoed. My tomatoes grew fine, and sometimes I watered them when the weather was dry. I had a tomato weighing 17½ ounces. One day as I was working in the garden I saw a big toad. It was in the tomato-patch. Some boys would have killed it, but I'm not one of the kind of boys that will kill nearly everything that they

white pansies at the lower end. Consequently, the white ones got more water, and when the pansies came up, there were a great many more of these than of mixed ones.

My brother plowed a fairly-large piece of ground, and one Saturday I got to work with a hoe and rake and made it into several medium-sized beds. In one of these I planted everlasting and marigold seeds, covering lightly. In the center bed I planted carnations, with a row of candytuft all around the edge. A candytuft seed is pretty large, and

rather flat. When the carnations were coming up, they looked something like lightish-colored bits of grass.

I had poppies growing in two beds, so I transplanted them into one bed, but I am sorry to say that the ones I transplanted did not grow, so it left only a very few poppies in the bed.

One day, not long after a rainstorm, I transplanted my pansies and petunias. I first made a little hole about two inches deep, filled it with water, set the plant in it, and then squeezed the earth tightly around the roots. The reason I planted them after a rainfall is that they are not so apt to die when kept pretty damp for the first few days.

My vegetables were behind my flower garden. I planted beets, radishes, and lettuce. Lettuce seeds are gray, long, and narrow.

I planted a castor-oil bean in one corner of my garden. When it is coming up its two leaves are joined together by the shell of the bean.

The well-known weed, purslane, gave me a great deal of trouble. It was very hard to keep free of it, but I noticed towards the end of the summer I was not troubled with it much. It is a low and bushy plant, with reddish stems, shining leaves, and a yellow blossom. I was sorry not to have vines running over the fence, but the fence was made after my garden was planted, and it was then too late.

As my flowers were pretty close together, all my cultivation was done by hand, and it was very pleasant work.

The pretty little hummingbird was one of the visitors to my garden. It would thrust its beak into the flowers to get the honey and tiny insects. As my garden was near a meadow, I often had the pleasure of hearing the bob-o-links sing, and sometimes a robin would sit on the tree close by and whistle. I heard and saw many other birds of which I do not know the names.

My everlasting blossoms used to close at night and open in the morning. Everlastings are not like other flowers, as their petals feel dry and stiff.

The carnations were budded, but not in bloom, when the photograph was taken.

Some of the neighbors were interested in my garden, as well as all our family, but it particularly interested my city cousins when they came to see me.

Altogether, it was lots of fun, and I think I learnt many things from it, too.

With best wishes for the Circle, your little gardener.

DOROTHY NEWTON (age 11, Book 4),
Clover Dale Farm, Plaisance, Que.

KENNETH TUTTLE'S LETTER.

Dear Puck and Beavers All,—About the third week of April I spaded my garden, which is thirty feet in length and ten feet in width, and which had been plowed the previous fall. My six flowers are: sweet peas, nasturtiums, yellow marigolds, balsams, petunias, and China asters. The vegetables are: peppers, cabbages, and tomatoes. My aunt always makes a hotbed, and this year put seeds in the first day of May. She gave me the flower-plants and peppers, which I transplanted on June 21st. The sweet peas and nasturtiums I planted in the open on May 3rd. I planted the sweet peas in one long drill, about two and a half inches deep, and the nasturtiums I pressed in the ground with my finger, about one and a half inches deep. I transplanted the cabbages and tomatoes on June 7th. The seeds of these were sown in boxes in the house in March.

I cultivated my garden with a hand-cultivator, made from a broken hoe, and found the dwarf mallow the hardest weed to keep out. There were potato bugs on my tomato plants laying eggs. I need not describe them, as everybody knows them too well, but I will tell you what I did with them. I found the eggs on the under side of the leaves, and I pinched them together to destroy them. The bugs I knocked off with a stick into a can and then poured scalding water on them. The only other insect I will mention is the honey bee, which came from my father's apiary.

I saw many robins, sparrows, and grass-birds, and heard catbirds, which had nests in a patch of tame raspberries nearby. The catbirds scolded us whenever we picked the berries, and their note is like the meow of a cat. (They have also a beautiful song, Kenneth—

Ed. y 'The' sweet little my garden. cause they destroy the if you touch warts, but I have touch give me any. I enjoyed think the I will close Circle every KENNETH Iroquois, C

Dear Puck arrived for garden. T near the h was fall pl spread on f dening-time and harrow at the west by fifteen f manure in hoed well i tied some placed at c marking the hoe. I ha west. In corn, whic cream-color foot apart. small, green size of a v

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