

dog. When they moved to the American Soo they left him with a friend of theirs, intending to take him when they got settled down again, but he got struck with an auto, and was so severely injured he had to be killed. Sister says she will never forget that dog.

As my letter is getting long, I will close, wishing the Beavers every success.
TILLIE HOLMES.
Walford Station, Ont.

"MIKE."

Ever since I can remember we have had a dog. But we have always had little puppies, so that they would get used to the children. We like to watch their jolly gambols in the snow, or through the fields in the summer; they think it is jolly fun. But the one I am going to tell you about is one we had the winter before last. We had him when he was quite a little pup, such a dear little thing, with white around one little eye, and black around the other; that is the reason we named him Mike. Such a queer name, but it suited him all right. He just loved the snow, and as soon as he would see us putting on our hats and coats, he would jump up and bark as much as to say, may I come? He would pull our sleighs to the hill we wanted to go, and when we got on he would always run beside us to see that we did not get upset. When we got to the bottom he would catch hold of our hands and help us up the hill again. He was a good house-dog, and we all loved him very much, and he would stand by our baby to see that nothing hurt it. He had grown a nice, big dog, when we had to lose him. He did look so nice with his white paws and white eye, and a ring of white around his neck. He would shake hands with anyone, and he wasn't a cross dog. Now I must tell you how we came to lose him. One day he came in the house and looked at us with such appealing eyes and we knew something was the matter with him. We got some nice, warm milk, but he would not touch it. Not long afterwards he had a fit. He went round and round, and frothed at the mouth. I ran and got some water and put on his poor head, and that seemed to fetch him around. He looked at us so pitifully with his big eyes, but at last he got upon his feet and came and jumped up at us to show he was grateful. But he got weaker and weaker in his back; he could not walk. We knew then he had taken poison somewhere. He used to cry and moan pitifully. We tried to do our best for him, but it was of no use. We kept him like this for five or six days hoping he would get better, as we did not like to kill him, but at last it had to come. It seemed cruel to keep him in his agony. He had a quick death at the end. Father shot him. Oh, how heart-rending he looked at us the morning he was shot! Never shall I forget his look. We all missed him sadly, and often we thought we could hear him. We buried him under a spreading maple tree, and often we go and wander by his grave and think of the times we had with him. We have another puppy now, and we call her Floss, but never one will be as good as our Mike. We all like her very much, but Mike still lingers in our memory.

ARCHIE GORDON RAND.
Fern Glen, Ont.

Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

[For all pupils from the First Book to Junior Third, inclusive.]

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your interesting Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years. I am eight years old, and go to school nearly every day. I have a brother six years old. His name is Gordon. He does not go to school yet. I have a calf and a dog for my pets. My dog's name is Collie. He will sit down and shake hands. If you say good-day to him, he will bark, and he will say thank you for a piece, besides several other tricks. As my letter is getting long, I will close with best wishes to the Circle.

PEARL FRANCIS.

Meaford, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my

first letter to your charming Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years, and I like to write to you. I enjoy reading the Beavers' letters. Please let me be one of your Circle. I will be nine years old the second day of November. For pets, I have one dog; his name is Dreamer. As my letter is getting long I will close, hoping my letter will be in print.

DAVID N. BLACK.

The Maples, Ont. ...

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your Circle, and I hope to see it in print. I have five sisters, but no brothers. We live on a farm four miles from our nearest town. I would like some of the Beavers to correspond with me. I have read many books, and like "Freckles" the best. I will close with a riddle.

What did Adam and Eve do after they were sent out of the Garden of Eden?
Ans.—They raised Cain.

EDITH COGGINS (age 12).

Waterford, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As I saw my first letter in print, am writing another. I have written on my exams, but have not heard the results yet. We have two little colts; their names are Polly and Nellie. I helped in haying and got ten cents a day. I am earning a bicycle. Our apples will soon be ripe. We have a hundred chickens and fifteen ducks. I have seven. For pets, I have a dog named Don; three cats, Nigger, Tim and Darkey. I have no brothers or sisters. I could not do without "The Farmer's Advocate." I read the letters every week. My letter is getting rather long, so will close, hoping the w-p. b. is not hungry. Yours truly.

HAROLD KEYS (age 9, Jr. II.).
Chesterville, Ont.



The Grand Duchess Olga, eldest daughter of the Tsar.

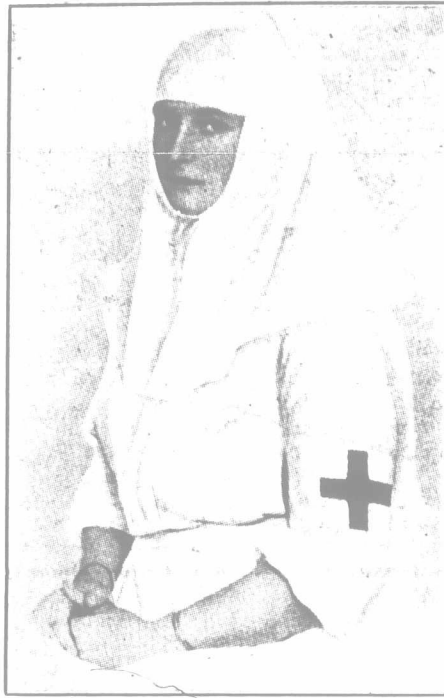
The Windrow.

We should be quite willing to say with John Morley, in his Life of Gladstone, that "Active hatred of cruelty, injustice and oppression is perhaps the main difference between the good man and the bad one."

Peggy, a tramp dog that had been secured from an animal shelter, recently saved the lives of fourteen men sleeping in a dormitory of the Salvation Army at Brockton, Massachusetts. Her frantic barks awakened the cook who aroused the inmates just in time for them to make their escape by windows and ladders. Peggy was badly burned herself, but somehow saved her own life. She was later given a medal by the Brockton Humane Society.

The great number of superfluous women throughout England means an almost overpowering rush for every pro-

fession or branch of work possible to women. The normal Englishwoman is a born gardener, hence great numbers have turned to gardening and farming. Some time ago the Countess of Warwick and Viscountess Wolsley both started colleges for women gardeners; these are now self-supporting and are doing good work in the Empire's need. In addition to these there are in England alone fifteen other colleges for wo-



The Empress of Russia as a Red Cross Sister.

men gardeners, poultry keeping, bee keeping and domestic science are also taken up in some of the schools.

May we not hope to see the day when "Humane Treatment" may have its "chair" in every University, and when the beauty and necessity of Kindness shall be taught in every school? There is no doubt that the learning of facts may make the intellect keen, but may have no effect whatever upon the morals of the student. Yet without a wholesome ethical training we miss the most important asset of both family and State—a noble character. Our motors, pianolas and explosive bombs are a poor substitute for what mankind might have accomplished in the line of morals. The longer I live the more it seems to me that there is but one great virtue—kindness; and but one vice—cruelty. In the last analysis everything reduces itself to these. The suffering of animals, delivered over as they seem to be to the abuse and cruelty of man, is the inexplicable fact in this strange universe, or that small part of it which we perceive upon our blood-stained planet. But, though we cannot comprehend the reason for the fact that animals are placed completely in our power, every nobler instinct of our souls points to the prompt prevention and alleviation of their suffering as a peremptory duty. —Our Dumb Animals.

The Empress of Russia and her two daughters early in the war took a three months' course in nursing the wounded, and since then they have been nursing every day in one of the Red Cross hospitals near Petrograd. "The presence of the Consort of the Tsar," says Wacław Czerniewski, in Illustrated London News, "does not make the officers or soldiers ill at ease. The Empress is so simple, so modest, she bends over the wounded with such a sweet smile on her beautiful face, she chats so freely sitting on the edge of their beds, that the poor patients, with all confidence and looks of deep admiration, tell her all their troubles and sufferings."

Legend has always loved to hover about prominent figures.

In the first Balkan War (1912) many Serbian soldiers claimed to have seen Marko (a noted champion of the Serbs against the Turks who has become the most famous figure in Serbian legend) waving them on to victory. Nothing could shake them in their belief.

There was an old belief among Nelson's sailors that he was Sir Francis Drake come back to earth again—a belief that Newbolt has embodied in song.

"Nelson—was Francis Drake!
O, what matters the uniform,
Or the patch on your eye or your pin-
ned-up sleeve,
If your soul's like a North Sea stormy."

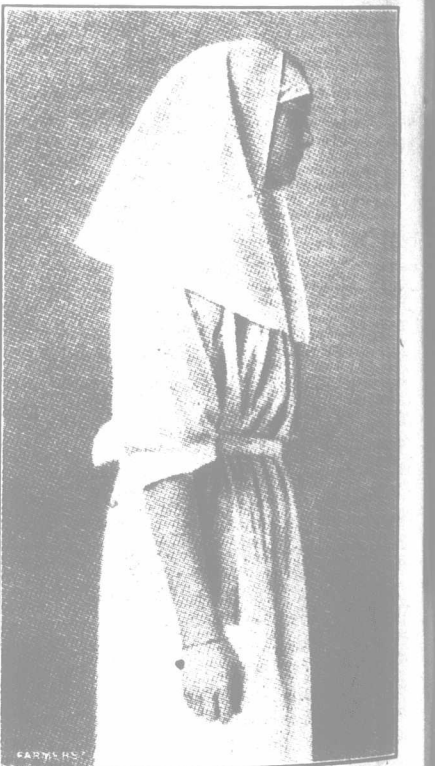
And now there is a story abroad among the men of the sea that the same spirit has been reincarnated in Admiral Jellicoe. Talking to an old fisherman, eighty years of age, on the sea walls of Brixham, says Weekly Dispatch. Mr. Arthur Applin (author of "Admiral Jellicoe") referred to the legend how Drake, when dying, told his men to take his drum and to hang it upon the sea wall, and if ever England was in danger and called the sailors were to strike upon the drum and he would come and help her.

"You must take my drum," he says,
"To the old sea wall at home,
And if ever you strike that drum," he says,
"Why, strike me blind, I'll come!"

The sailor's face grew grave as he listened. He was silent for a long time, and then whispered at last, "The drum was beat, Drake's drum was heered to beat a while back; our last heered 'er one night as they was 'puttin' out from Plymouth Sound."

He nodded his head as he took off his cap, "but I knowed long back, when I stood afore Jack Jellicoe, close as I be standin' to you, sir. I caught his eye, and I knowed it wor Drake come back. Yes, sir, the old drum beat, and he come back as he said he would."

There are many Belgians to-day who identify King Albert with William the Silent, who, as Prince of Orange, pe-



The Grand Duchess Tatiana, second daughter of the Tsar.

manently crippled the tyrannical power of Spain and founded the independence and greatness of the United Provinces.

It is an interesting fact that many old prints of the former bear a remarkable resemblance to Belgium's present King.

Maggots developed from eggs laid by moths upon army biscuits previous to canning—indeed while in process of cooking—have caused much trouble among army supplies. On request from the War Office, the British Museum of Natural Science has undertaken an investigation and discovered both the cause and the remedy. Preventive measures are being taken.

It is estimated that the fruit growers of Palestine will lose \$30,000,000 this year because of the war. The export trade has been spoiled and the trees are dying for want of petroleum to spray them.

The Police Board of Baltimore have