

## "The Farmer's Advocate" Fashions.



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

6804 Tucked Blouse or Shirt Waist,  
34 to 44 bust.

6718 Eight Gored Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

6822 Shirt Waist, 34 to 44 bust.

6845 Six Gored Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

Please order by number, giving measurement, and allowing at least ten days to receive pattern. Price, ten cents per

number. Address: Fashion Dept., "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

## The Roundabout Club

### Study V.

As announced in November last, our subject for Study V. is, "Would it be to the advantage of Canada to have a reciprocity treaty providing for the free exchange of natural products between Canada and the United States?" Since that announcement was made, events have moved quickly, and the subject has become more live than we had anticipated in so short a time. We expect, then, "live" papers upon this most important and most pertinent subject. Kindly send your essays so that they may reach this office within two weeks after the date upon which this paper is issued.

### Children's Fresh-air Fund

"Let me take this opportunity of thanking the many good men and women on the farms of our Province who have invited the children of Toronto as fortnightly guests during the summer. Last year the Fresh-air Fund of Toronto sent over one thousand little boys and girls to spend delightful holidays in farm homes, and not one dollar was charged for maintenance. As delicate children are given the preference, it can be readily understood what a health-restoring and joy-giving agency the Fresh-air Fund is. If anyone wishes to invite poor children to visit them during the summer vacation, all they have to do is to send a letter with credentials to Miss Roberts, 21 Scarth Road, Toronto."—J. J. Kelso, Toronto.

### The Village Playground.

"It may seem rather absurd to advocate the importance of a village playground when one can stand on the main street and see farms stretching out in either direction," writes J. J. Kelso, of Toronto. "Nevertheless, long experience and observation teaches that to give young people in the country some variety in life, and relief from the monotony of existence, it is extremely important that more attention should be given to the social side of their natures. Too often the boys hang around the country hotel as their only resort, and form drinking habits from the simple and natural desire for sociability. The young girls do not do this, but they are equally in need of the joys of existence. The village playground, and, above all, a director, giving all his or her time to the work of recreation, would, to some extent, meet the social need. If there could, in addition, be a social-center building, with club rooms and hall for concerts, dances, etc., such a building would exercise a healthy, pleasure-giving influence that would offset to some extent the deplorable exodus to the cities. If the Women's Institutes would take this project up, they would be doing the highest kind of service for the community."

### A Question of Gender.

Marquise de Fontenay.

A funny story is current in London concerning an encounter between Lady Lansdowne and one of the Japanese chamberlains of Prince Fushimi, who has lately been visiting England. The chamberlain spoke English delightfully, and Lady Lansdowne found the conversation interesting.

When he took his leave he expressed the hope that he had not "cockroached" too much on your ladyship's time. Lady Lansdowne mentioned the slip to her husband, and it was decided that when she next met the chamberlain it would be kind to call his attention to this lapsus linguae. This she did, delicately, but he did not seem at first to grasp the error.

At last he beamed, thanked her profusely for setting him right, and then, with a foreigner's idea of gender, observed: "I quite understand. When I speak to your ladyship I must say 'hen-croach,' and when I speak to Lord Lansdowne I must say 'cock-roach.'"

## The Beaver Circle.

[All children in third and fourth books, also those who have left school, or are in High School, between the ages of 11 and 15, inclusive, will write for Senior Beavers. Kindly state book at school, or age, if you have left school, in each letter sent to the Beaver Circle.]

### Our Letter Box.

Dear Puck,—I thought I would write once more, to thank you for the book you sent me as a prize. It happens that I have one just like it, and another on the winter and game birds, which I won as a prize in an oratorical contest when I attended high school.

I will tell you of a couple of my little experiences. Last July, while rambling about in the woods, I saw a small clump of berry bushes move sharply. Bending them over, I saw the den of some animal. I pushed a long stick down the hole, and heard a sort of chug! chug! inside. After whistling and calling till I was nearly hoarse, the dog put in an appearance, and leaving him to guard the den, I returned post-haste to the house for an axe and shovel. With the axe I cut away the bushes, and began to dig. About three feet below the ground I found the animal's nest, which was oval in shape, about a foot long, nine inches broad, and some five or six inches high, and lined with grass—but no animal.



His Breakfast.

Sent by M. C. Legge, St. Mary's, Ont.

Seeing a tunnel leading out of the nest, I continued digging. About ten feet further I broke down a lump of earth, and saw a large black and white tail sticking out. This the dog seized, and in a moment the tail was followed by its owner—a skunk. Then came a battle, together with a very unpleasant odor, and at last the skunk lay dead, with the dog standing triumphantly over him.

The skunk had dug a tunnel out of the nest, probably intending to dig up to the surface and escape.

The following September I was strolling about in the woods, and saw a partridge come out of some long grass, and fluttering and dragging itself over the ground. I gave chase, but it always kept just out of my reach. After chasing it for about forty yards it disappeared. Returning the way I had come, I walked through the long grass, and out flew seven young partridges. Trying to keep each one in sight, I lost them all. The partridge had played this trick to lead me away from the young ones.

Can you tell me some of the habits of the flying squirrel? I found the nest of one in the top of an elm tree this fall, and after scraping the skin from my arms and shins, I managed to climb up to it, but when I got up to within a few feet of it, the squirrel came out and floated gracefully down to the ground. It is the first one I have seen in this part of the country. ONTARIO BOY.

I am sorry we happened to send you a book that you already had. We will hope for better luck next time. Such a nature lover as you should have a camera, don't you think? There is a great deal of fun to be had with one, and much more skill is required to get a good photo of a wild animal or bird than to shoot it. The trophies, too,

last for a lifetime, and give endless topics for conversation. Just watch an amateur photographer displaying his pictures, and see the pleasure he gets out of telling how this, that and the other one was taken. Last, but not least, there is nothing cruel about a camera. One can have all the fun without causing a single twinge of pain. . . . Am sorry to say that I know nothing of flying squirrels. Probably some Beaver can give the information.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for over twenty years.

Our school is on one corner of our farm, so I only have to go across the field to school. There is a hollow in our field, right near the school, and all the girls and boys go down there to coast, and slide, too, when there is ice in the hollow.

I would rather have winter than summer. Summer is nearly always too hot to play, and, anyway, there is more fun in winter, coasting, sliding, skating, snowballing, building snow forts and making snow men.

I live about one-half of a mile from the Village of Thorndale.

We had a concert in our school before holidays; it was just at the school though. Last year we had a big concert in the hall at Thorndale, and we also marched at the fair.

I would like some of the girls of my own age to correspond with me.

The other day there was a bird in our barn that I do not know what kind it was. Its breast was gray, something the color of a mole. Its head was also gray, and so was its back. Its wings were black, with white spots on them. It was about the size of a robin, if not a little larger. Its tail was four inches long, and was black and white. It died in the barn. It had been used to a warmer country, I guess. It had a beak like a parrot, only smaller. If any of the Beavers know what kind this bird is please tell me. I will close with a few riddles.

What is black and white and red all over? Ans.—The newspaper.

What is the difference between a lady and a soldier? Ans.—The lady powders the face and the soldier faces the powder.

What is the difference between a boy and a postage stamp? Ans.—The boy you lick with a stick and the postage stamp you stick with a lick.

Why is a donkey like a dish of ice cream? Ans.—All the faster you lick it all the faster it goes.

What four letters make a thief run? Ans.—O I C U.

MARJORIE BRYAN

Thorndale, Ont. (Age 11, Book IV.).

Except for the size, this bird, from the description, might be the loggerhead shrike, but it is a little smaller than the robin.

By the way, why don't some of you girls and boys try to earn one of our large, illustrated in color, books, "Bird Neighbors"? You can earn one by getting us two new subscribers and letting me know.

Dear Puck,—I always wanted to write to you, but never could pluck up enough courage.

I have only one brother for a play-fellow. Every summer he and I go up to Muskoka. There are many lovely lakes and some awfully high rocks. I am eleven years old, and am in the third book.

As this is my first letter I will not write any more. Wishing the Beaver Circle every success. JACK REID

Thornton, Ont. (Book III.).

Tell us more about Muskoka next time, Jack.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to "The Farmer's Advocate," though we have "Advocates" printed 44 years ago.

I think I will tell you how we spent Christmas. We took the bobsleighs, and grandma had the turkey ready, so we called for our Uncle on the way there, and there was quite a sleighload of us—fourteen in all. When we got there Grandma had the turkey ready, so we sat down and had dinner. We had games and music in the afternoon. My brother had taken his camera, so we