

must have been other ones like it, although I never found any more, because when it was in the box it laid a great many little black eggs. I also noticed that its appetite began to decrease after a time, and I also noticed the prongs which you spoke about. We were making collections of insects and studying them, so I took it to school. I did not see it go into a cocoon, but after a while when I looked it was in. The cocoon was suspended on the side of the box. I noticed that it took a long time to come out, but I suppose it was on account of the cold. In May I was kept home for about three weeks, and while I was away the butterfly came out. When I came back to school I got a book on butterflies belonging to the school, and the one I had was very much like the picture of the Eastern Swallow-tail. I think they must be scarce, for our science teacher did not know it. I have never seen one like it since. Wishing good luck to the Beaver Circle, I am,

EDITH BEATTIE (Age 13),
Caledonia, Ont. Form II.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my second letter that I have written. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years, and likes it fine. I am going to tell you about a little humming bird. One afternoon I was sitting in the shade, when who should visit me but a little humming bird. First it flew to the sweet peas, then to nasturtiums, and to the dahlias and the carnations, etc. It was a little green one, and one of the most beautiful little birds that I have seen for quite a while. I am a lover of birds and dumb animals. I will try hard and earn one of your bird books. We have a little canary which we call Dickie. I hope that this will escape the w.p.b.

CORA BAER (Age 13),
Guelph, Ont. Book Sr. IV.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I have been a silent reader of your letters for a long time, and I was so interested in some of them that I thought I would write, for the first time. I live in Longueil, but I am spending my holidays in Farnham, and I am having a very nice time. I was here at the time of the fire, but was about three-quarters of a mile away, which I think was quite near enough. Some of the places are being built up again now. I suppose most of the readers like reading. I have read quite a few books. I like school very much. I passed in all the subjects we had for exams. If anybody would like to write to me I will only be too pleased to answer them. Wishing the Club and Beavers ever success. I remain, sincerely yours,

ELEANOR HERD
(Age 13, Book V.)
Farnham, Que.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I have never written before to "The Farmer's Advocate," but have always read the letters, which were very interesting.

I am going to tell you the story of a caterpillar. Our teacher brought to school a jar with a caterpillar in it. It was a brown caterpillar and was not very long. When it had been in the jar a while it made a cocoon on the side of it. As this was in autumn it was put in a cupboard until spring.

It was then brought out and set on a window. A while after this I noticed it had "come out." The butterfly was brown, with a dull white on its wings. It did not seem as it had come out very well, as its wings were crushed and dead-like at the ends. The teacher said they would straighten out afterwards. That night it was put in a box. The next morning it was dead, but it had left some eggs around the sides of the box.

Another caterpillar was brought to school, and it turned into the largest butterfly I ever saw. It measured six and a half inches from wing to wing.

I will now close, hoping I have not taken up too much space already.

MAGGIE E. PERRIE (Age 11),
Cranbrook, Ont. Book Jr. IV.

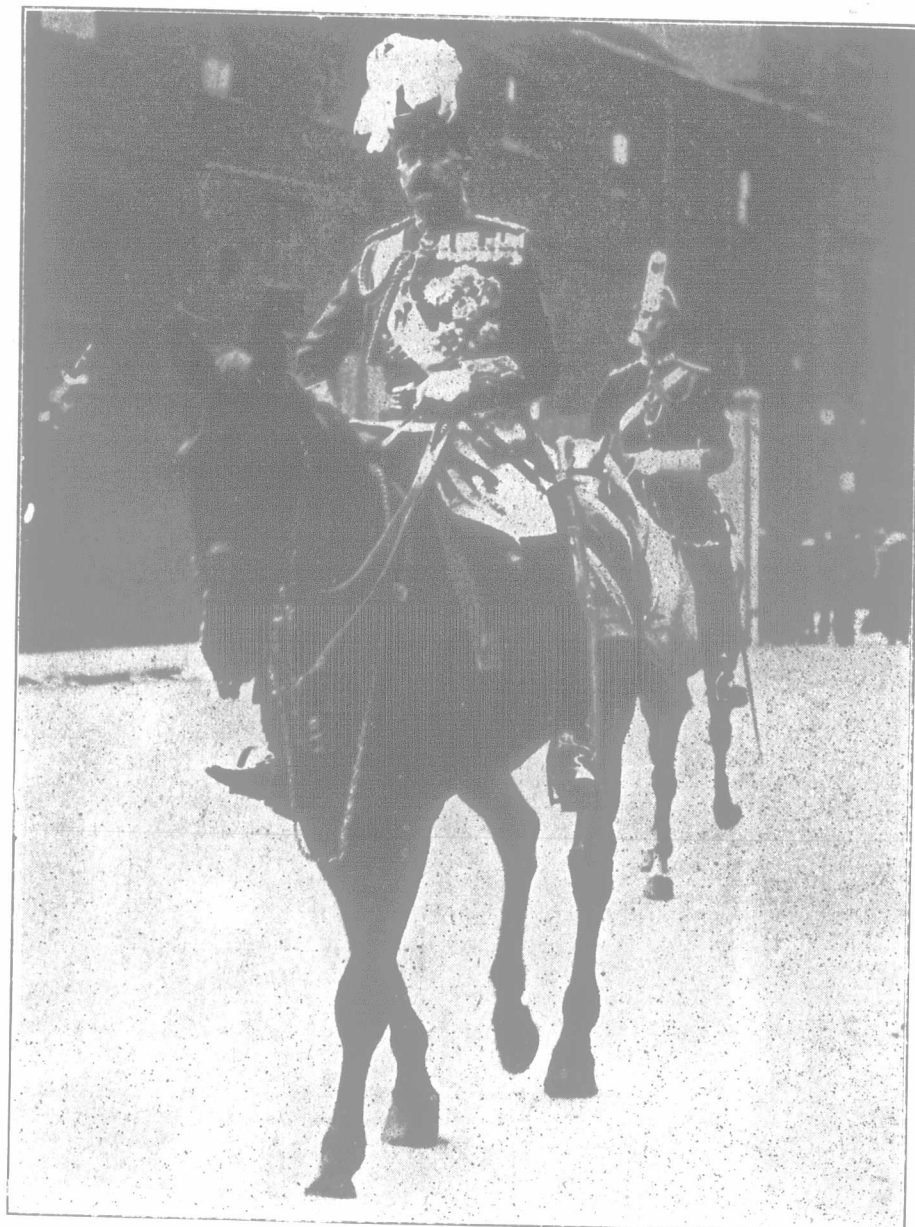
My dear Puck and Beavers.—This is my second letter to the Beaver Circle, but the other one was printed last summer.

I suppose very few of the Beavers have ever had a trip to Buffalo Park in Alberta, so I will tell a little about it.

This park lies between the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Watskawan branch of the Canadian Pacific. It covers over 190,000 acres of area. An improvised road (trail) runs through it, from Wainwright on the Grand Trunk Pacific to Hardisty on the Canadian Pacific. Two very pretty rivers also run through it, the Battle River and the Ribstone. It abounds in lakes, trees and prairie. It is an ideal spot for buffalo. There are about 1,000 adult buffalo and over 200 calves. I never saw buffalo in such prime condition, I suppose because they were unmolested. They don't seem to be disturbed by approaching visitors or vehicles. In this park there are also some antelope. These were not put there to gaze upon like the buffalo, but they happened to be there by accident when the woven-wire fence nine feet high was constructed. This park is owned and controlled by the Dominion Government. They put up hundreds of tons of hay yearly to feed the buffalo in case of severe winter weather. Very little has been used as yet.

I hope this will interest some of the Beavers. Will Edith Ward, Walter's Falls, please correspond with me?

LYDIA McCULLOUGH, (Age 14),
Navan, Ont. Book V.



Lord Kitchener.

Whose appointment as British Agent and Consul-General of Egypt has probably been hastened through fear of possible trouble among the Moslems, precipitated by the Turco-Italian war.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I like to read the letters in "The Farmer's Advocate," and I thought I would write.

My uncle has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a long time, and we all like to read it. I live on a farm in Oxford, and have to walk one mile to school. A while ago every time we went to the pump to get some water there would be little twigs come up. We had to pump two or three pails before it came clear. This went on for a week or two before we knew what it was that did it, then one day we saw a wren come out, so we watched and when it went in we got a coat and put over the top, but it got away. This scared it so it didn't come any more.

I have been in the senior fourth class since February, but I did not try entrance. My brother, who is two years

older than myself, passed entrance two years ago. Wishing the Beaver Circle every success, I will close.

FLORENCE UNGOOD (Age 11),
Mount Elgin, Ont. Sr. IV.

Dear Puck.—This is my first attempt to write to your Circle. I am very fond of birds and flowers. I have a flower bed; the only thing that is in it is four o'clocks. I planted nasturtiums and poppies also, but just the four o'clocks came up. Our school children have to gather all the kinds of wild flowers they can find. I had the best collection. I had my book full. Of course we had to press them.

Have any of you ever seen the bird called the Towhee or Chewink? I never did until this spring. I also saw the Brown Thrasher and several others. I have never seen a Catbird's nest until this spring, when I was berry picking. It was amongst the bushes; it was about the size of a robin's, and had eggs the same size and color as a robin, only the nest was made of berry-bush sticks, woven together with twigs and lined with old grass. Has anybody ever seen the Grassbird? If they have I would like them to tell me what it was like. I

path, about half eaten. I drove on the cows, and while I was letting down the gap a hawk came along and picked up the chicken and flew off with it in its feet. I ran after it as hard as I could, and at last it let the chicken fall. I then got a trap and set it beside the chicken, and it was not long till he came back, but he did not get into the trap, but flew away with the chicken again, but it let it fall. I got another trap and set one at each side of the chicken and fastened it well. It did not come back that night, but it came back in the morning, and when I went out after breakfast it was in. I then killed it and took it to the house. It had a light breast and kind of brown wings and back, and it was four feet from one end of one wing to the other. Well, as my letter is getting pretty long I think I will close for this time, wishing the Circle every success.

JEAN RINTOUL (Age 13),
Galbraith, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—I have never written to your Circle before, but thought I would, as the incident which I am going to write about occurred while I was reading a story book.

As I was deeply interested in the story, I heard close by me a chicken chirping, as if it was afraid of something. I looked up, and to my great surprise I saw a large green worm.

This worm had uprights on his back, with different colors on them, red, yellow and black. He was about five inches long. He had a number of legs, on which he crawled very quickly. We procured a glass dish, into which we put a few elm leaves on a twig and the worm. In about a half an hour he was climbing up the dish leaving a silken fibre behind him.

The next morning he was completely covered with web, and it was so neat that no human invention could be compared with it.

Well, as my letter is long, I must close, wishing the Circle every success.

HILDA McDERMID (Age 13),
Williamstown, Ont., Box 65. Book IV.

Beaver Circle Notes.

Jean Emmons (age 11), Shannonville, Ont., would like to correspond with some of the Beavers.

"An Island Girl's" very interesting letter could not be published, because she did not wish her real name and address to appear. We cannot break this rule.

Louise Kelly (age 11), Ayr, Ont., wishes to correspond with Winnie Harper, Warwick, Ont.

Tomorrow.

By Edna Dean Proctor.

"To-morrow! O the glorious To-morrow!"

The soul forever cries;

"Balm it will bring for every hurt and sorrow

In the fair land that lies

"Just yonder, hidden from our earthly vision,

But waiting, waiting there"

With fullest compensations, joys elysian,
Nor blight of dole or care.

"To-day on shore and sea the tempest rages,

The wild winds never cease;

To-morrow!—Ah! the thought of it assuages

The storm till all is peace;

"And lo! a rainbow spans the misty highlands

And lights the forest gloom,

The foaming sea, the far-off, lonely islands,

With its celestial bloom."

No idle dream, but prophecy eternal,

This rapture of the soul—

This grand outreaching for the life supernatural

The whelming billows roll!

It doth not yet appear that worlds benigner

Within God's eons bide,

But, oh, forever, days will dawn diviner,

And we be satisfied!

—N. Y. Independent.