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and he'll tell you plainly, without false feeling, that the day that made him a widow-man was the first he ever thanked his God for."

N. B.—Joe Tapson was undersized, with one eye, a wrinkled brown skin, and a little goat-beard, the rest of his face being shaved clean once a week—on Sunday morning.

Joe Tapson and Tabitha often wrangled fiercely about the relative powers of the sexes. It is not to be wondered at that it should be recorded of Tabitha that she "sniffed scorn upon him" when he could deliver himself of such sentiments as these: "There's nought else in the world that men can't do a darned sight better than females. Don't you deceive yourself there. Why, look around, even to cooking and sewing; tailors and men-cooks beat you out of the field. . . . The likes of you don't really do much more than cumber the earth. . . . Women be wanted for the next generation—not for this. Their work lies there . . . and when, etc." At this point the indignant Tabitha, allowing herself but one last fling, "Tis a good thing you've no finger in the next generation, and I lay the happiest moment in your wife's life was the last," ordered him to shut his mouth and get out of her kitchen, which was "the worm turning," indeed.

But there were other types of men and women in Lydford, but they must wait until my next time to be introduced to you. H. A. B.

(To be continued.)

The Beaver Circle.

Some City Farmers.

City boys are more interested in farming than most farm boys! Now, I think I see some of our country lads pick up their ears and say, "That can't be so!" But it really and truly is so; and now let me tell you about it.

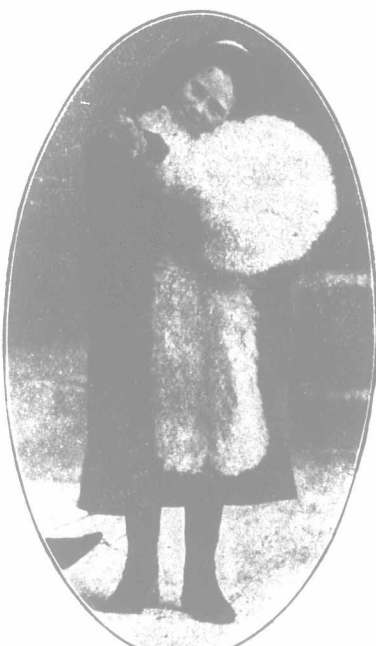
Some of you may have seen the Broadview Exhibit of manual-training work at the big Toronto Exhibition. I saw it last year, and then I heard a few things about the Broadview Boys themselves, which made me want to go out to see them right away. It was November, though, before I had the chance, and, when I started off on a Broadview car one cold, gray day, heading for the regions "over the Don," where, I was told, I should find the place at least which the Broadview Boys are making famous, it was with some misgivings that there would be anything to see or hear. I had heard of the Boys' "township," and of their gardens, but how much of municipal matters would one hear in the middle of the afternoon? And what would gardens look like on a cold, raw day in November?

Now, I may as well tell you that I didn't find a single, solitary boy that day, but I found someone else whom the Boys themselves would probably think

much more of a find—in short, the originator and spirit and soul of the whole undertaking, Mr. C. Atkinson, of the Broadview Boys' Institute.

He lives in a big house, with a lawn and some pretty shrubbery about it, and, extending quite across the front of the lawn, a fence which the Boys—those precious Boys of his—built every bit themselves.

At the door, Mr. Atkinson himself met me, the cheeriest sort of man, with a great big welcome for "The Farmer's Advocate." He had won a prize from it once, a long time ago, he said, when he was a boy living on the old farm, and, through a correspondence started because of that prize, he had won also a life-long friend.



Bernice Breese.

A little Beaver who is now in the Orthopedic Hospital, Toronto. Letters sent there, 100 Bloor street west, will reach her.

Mr. Atkinson is not very tall, but he has good broad shoulders. He is, perhaps, rather fair, wears a trimly-clipped beard, and looks as if he were ready at any time to join in with boys' work or boys' fun.

"Come in," he said, with that hearty way that makes you feel right at home, and then I saw that the floors of the big house—big parlors on both sides of the broad hall—were quite covered with linoleum; that there were tables with games and books everywhere, and photos of "Boys" all over the walls. It was just the place for boys, a place where they could be serious if they wanted, or where they could have a "good time" if they wanted, without any carpets to get their shoe-nails caught in, or any lacey cushions to get tangled on their buttons.

From the windows, appeared on two sides the fields where the Boys had had their gardens in the summer, the little paths still showing how the plots had been laid out; and farther on might be

descried the grass-plot where battles in football and other important things have been fought and won.

"I have always thought that boys were more neglected than girls," said Mr. Atkinson, "and so I decided to give my life up to helping them."

I am not going to tell you the whole story, for I am going to try to get Mr. Atkinson himself to do that, some day, and that will be much better, but I will just give you an inkling of how this boys' friend "helps." He suggests, and guides, as I understand it, and the Boys "turn in and do their best."

I have spoken of the gardens. Each boy has a plot of ground of his own, in which he plants what he chooses, the older boys helping the younger ones, and all learning lessons in tillage and fertilizers, and the many other things that gardening has to teach. The Boys come to work after school, or after work in store or factory (all live in their own homes), and a busy scene it must be out there, over the Don, on many a fine summer's evening. They may do what they like with the flowers or vegetables that they raise, but they are required to keep neat accounts and observations regarding their work.

Then, their domain has been formed into a miniature township, with reeve, councillors, and all, and each boy put in office must learn its duties, just as though he were a man, serving a real township.

In the fall, there is always a fall fair, to which hundreds of people come, materially adding to the Boys' funds. In winter, there are a Mock Parliament, which may be training future members of Parliament well for their work, and a course of lectures, illustrated when possible, given by teachers from the O. A. C. and elsewhere. The lads have also formed an Aeronautic Club, and one of their number has proved himself possessed of no little genius in constructing airships.

Whether at work or at play, "the little fellow" is always King at the Broadview Institute; the older boys must always be chivalrous towards the younger, and so they themselves learn, without knowing it, to be fair, and manly, and kind.

When a boy is over sixteen (I think it is sixteen), he can no longer be a member of the Institute, but the most of the ex-members keep in touch with Mr. Atkinson, and he loves to tell how many of them have gone gardening, or even farming. As a matter of fact, the Broadview Boys are intensely interested in both of these businesses, or professions—I really think they should be called professions, considering how much one needs to know to do either well. To them, the farmer is the big man, the man to be envied.

One of the Broadview Old Boys, who is still, however, just a lad, is running a very profitable market garden a short distance out of Toronto. Another coaxed his father, a city man of some wealth, to go ranching out near Saskatoon, and now the father and the rest of the family are quite delighted with the new life. Such as these are the bits of news that Mr. Atkinson loves to give you.

Space is crowding, so I must stop for this time, but I hope that, henceforth, you will take more interest in reading odds and ends about these busy, happy "farmer boys," in the big city of Toronto. PUCK.

Our Junior Beavers.

MY WISHES.

By Eleanor M. Pickles.

I wish I were a little cloud
A-sailing in the sky,
It must be fun to sail about
And live up there so high.

I wish I were a sunbeam
A-dancing on the tree,
It is so light and airy
To heavy little me.

I wish I were a little leaf
A-blowing on the breeze,
Or else a little birdie
Building nests among the trees.

But where do little clouds go
When Mr. Storm comes by?
I think I'd be a bit afraid
When thunder shook the sky.

And what happens to the sunbeam
When the sky is dull and gray?
It must have to stay inside then,
For it cannot dance and play.

The little leaf in autumn time
Falls to the hard, cold ground,
And sometimes the bird's nestie
By the great big cat is found.

So after all my wishes
I now begin to see
That I am very lucky
To be just little me.

Dear Puck,—I wrote once before when the Circle was called the "Children's Corner," but I never saw my letter in print. I am a little girl, 9 years old. I go to school in the summer, but I don't go now, as I have a long way to walk. I am in the Senior Second class. I am going to try for the Third book next summer.

For pets I have a dog and a cat. I call my dog Rover, and my cat Mouser. We have three horses, and quite a few cattle. I have a calf which I call Daisy. It is black and white.

I think I will close my letter now, wishing the Beaver Circle all success.
EVA THOMPSON.
(Age 9, Class II.)

Roseneath, Ont.

I have never written before, and I will write you this letter. I have a pony; I feed it lucerne and spelt, and chop and condition powders, mixed. It is nine months old. I will ride it next winter. I am in the First book, and like to go to school. I like your paper very much.
CYRIL COPELAND (age 8).

Dear Puck,—I enjoy reading the letters in "The Farmer's Advocate," so I thought I would write one too.

I have a little sister and a brother. We have a Shetland pony. We drive to school every day. I am in the Senior First class. Our pony's name is Minnie. We have a dog; his name is Scottie. I have a cat; its name is Teddie.

I live on a farm about two miles from Dundee. I am seven years old.

I guess I will close, as this is my first letter, and I don't want to take up too much room.

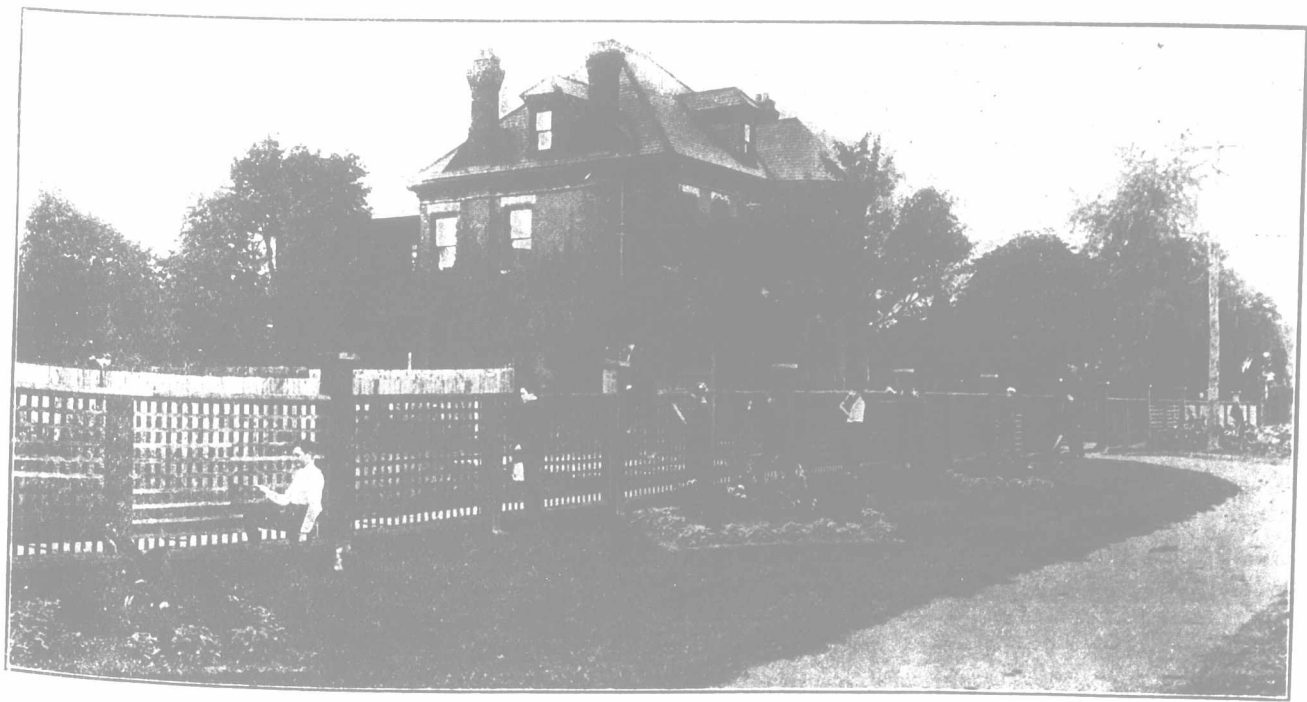
STELLA MORTON GUTHRIE.

(Age 7, Class I.)
New Dundee, Ont.

An Irish soldier on sentry duty had orders to allow no one to smoke near his post. An officer with a lighted cigar approached, whereupon Pat boldly challenged him, and ordered him to put it out at once. The officer, with a gesture of disgust, threw away his cigar, but no sooner was his back turned than Pat picked it up and quietly retired to the sentry box.

The officer, happening to look around, observed a beautiful cloud of smoke issuing from the box. He at once challenged Pat for smoking on duty.

"Smoking, is it, sorr? Bedad, and I'm only keeping it lit to show to the corporal when he comes, as evidence against you."



Broadview Boys—Completing the New Fence.