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RIGHT.



¶ Like as not the "poor oven" excuses will vanish when you make "McLEOD'S" the quality standard—Thousands of housewives who know what's what in flour insist on "McLEOD'S" because it never disappoints and every batch of bread that comes from the oven is added proof that "McLEOD'S" FLOUR IS ALWAYS RIGHT. At all Dealers.

The McLEOD MILLING COMPANY, Limited, Stratford, Ontario.



dear little girl said she had heard the second before.

To the first the following bright answers were given: The bookworm, the drone, cricket, gadfly (this one was sent by Eliza Dickinson), country bugs (sent by Charlie Platt), yellow jackets, bees (Bs), ants—"because a special room is provided for them, ante-room" (sent by Joseph Thompson).

For No. 2 the following answer was considered bright: "A is like a honey-suckle because there is none in 'winter.'" (Mack Paterson).

One little girl thought that the heaviest weight (No. 3) could be lifted by a bird of prey (pray).

No. 4 brought out many answers. "A tramp is like flannel because he is rough" (sent by several); "Because he is more often on hand in cold weather" (Joseph Thompson); "Because it takes soap and plenty of water to wash him" (Lizzie Cook).

Several papers could not be considered because the writers forgot to state that they had received no assistance in thinking out the answers. You see, Beavers, we must keep to rules. Always read the conditions carefully before mailing your competition letters.

OUR JUNIOR BEAVERS.

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

Junior Beaver's Letter Box.

Dear Puck,—I am going to tell you about the garden I had last year.

Early in the spring I sent to Toronto for flower seeds. As soon as they arrived here I filled some boxes about six inches deep full of soft earth and set them on the veranda in the sun so the earth would get warm and dry before I planted my seed. I first planted my pansy seeds, which I sprinkled as evenly as I could all over the earth, then I covered it lightly and patted it down with my hand, so the earth would be firm around the seeds, which would make it easier for them to catch root. I always kept them a little damp.

The nights were still cold, and I would cover the boxes with bits of carpet. Pretty soon they came peeping out of the ground, but it was not all flowers that came up; there were a great many weeds besides. For a while I could not tell the difference.

When all danger of frost was over I transplanted the China asters and pansies.

In the beds of candytuft and portulaca I planted a geranium in the center that had been grown in the house during the winter.

I also had beds of poppies and mignonette. The poppy is a flower that lasts a very short time, but when it is in bloom it is quite pretty. Mine were of a dark red color. When the petals blow off you can see a tiny green case which grows until it is about one inch in diameter, then turns black, which shows that the seeds inside are now ripe.

My sweet peas I planted in a row, placing each seed about 2 of an inch apart. I made a trellis for them to run upon.

The pansies soon started to bloom. Sometimes I would cut them all off and the next day you would hardly know I had touched them, for there would be so many in bloom again. The pansies and candytuft went well together in a bouquet, as the pansies were dark and the candytuft white.

I did not tell you that I had a bed of lettuce and some tomatoes.

I was very sorry when the frost came in the fall, but I hope to have another garden next summer.

I would like you to have a gardening competition, for I think it is lovely work.

From your little gardener,
DOROTHY NEWTON

(Age 10, Book 3).

Clover Dale Farm, Plaisance, Que.

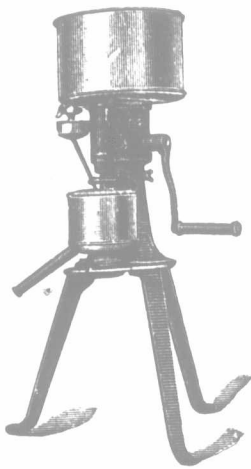
This is a very good letter, Dorothy. We are going to have a gardening competition again this year, and will tell you all about it soon.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—One day when I was riding my pony I got shaken up to the neck, and was forced to slide off.

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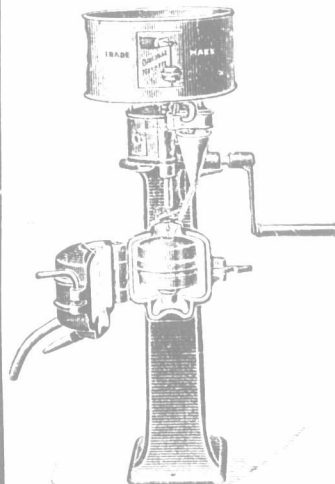
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