

doing well and quite happy, and that is what counts.

And with the very best feelings towards Mrs. Greybird, who "started the ball rolling," I will ask her to look on both sides of the topic.

ANOTHER FARMER'S WIFE.
Middlesex Co., Ont.

AGREES WITH "GREYBIRD."

Dear Editor,—I think Greybird is somewhere about right. The greater number of the teachers forget, and I think need reminding, that they are the public's servants, and that people expect obedience and humility and courtesy from them as well as from the hired man or hired girl, and more, so, for they are paid higher for their services, and the more pay the more expected. The teacher, in the majority of cases, picks out a few of the wealthy and stylish parents to the exclusion of others, whether thoughtlessly or not I cannot say, and it is time they awakened to the fact that they are servants to poor and rich alike.

Pansy, tell Mr. Man and his people that if they don't like your gate then they needn't swing on it, that is after a reasonable amount of time has elapsed in which you have tried to be agreeable. When they see you are independent they will sit up and take notice.

Yours truly,

INDEPENDENCE.

Hastings Co., Ont.

Yes, the teachers are, or should be, servants for the public's weal. So should we all for that matter, for the noblest thing in life is to "serve" for the good of the world, and the only people who are absolutely despicable are the parasites who, in one way or another, try to live selfishly without any thought of "service." What a pity that an odium has become attached to that word "servant"! It was not always so, nor should it be so now.

The Beaver Circle

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

The Playmate.

Verses by Burgess Johnson.

I barked beneath his window, "Come and play!"
I scratched so lightly at his nursery door:
I whined softly in the passageway;
He never failed to answer me before.

I've saved the willow whip his fingers peeled;
The stick he used to throw is by the pool;
The butterflies are waiting in the field
Beside the grassy path that leads to school.

It is so long since last we romped and ran;
Yet I was proud to guard his side of late.
I've called to him in every way I can;
There's nothing left to do but wait—and wait.

Have You a Dog?

Dear Beavers,—Do you love dogs? I do, so we have that in common, haven't we? And have you a dog of your own? If so, you must have some fine rambles with him. How he loves to go for a walk! How he jumps around, eyes shining, open mouth smiling, as you start off! How he dashes about, in and out among the trees and grasses, sniffing everything, exploring everywhere, and finding out, no doubt, many things that you and I know nothing of at all. Wouldn't it be odd to have as strong a sense of smell as he has?—And as strong a sense of direction? Isn't it perfectly wonderful how he can trace you out and find you, even an hour after you have gone somewhere?

I hope you talk to your dog often, for if you do he will soon learn to understand a great deal of what you say, and everything more that he understands makes him more intelligent. And I hope, too, that you keep remembering

to keep clean, cool water where he can get at it whenever he likes these hot summer days. I often feel so sorry for the poor things on the glaring city streets. There are so few places where they can get a drink, and so often they look so tired, and hot, and almost frantic with the heat. Really I think every city should have many fountains where, not only people, but also dogs, horses and birds, could drink whenever they choose.—Yes, and every country road also. Whoever digs a wayside well, does a good work.—Don't you think so?

If you are kind to your dog, you will find that you will have no friend so loving and so faithful as he. Human friends may forget you and leave you, but your dog will want to be with you always.

And now I want you to read a story about a very wise dog, written by Gabrielle Elliot, in "Our Dumb Animals." Here it is:

Out on the great American desert—a hideous expanse of waste land and sun-scorched sands—a big, friendly dog, half Newfoundland, half St. Bernard, bravely goes his way through the blinding sand and parched vegetation with his master, Mr. Lou Wescott Beck, of Pasadena, California. Rufus is the dog's name, and he is a splendid animal, a worthy descendant of his life-saving ancestors of the Alps. Mr. Beck does a great work, but without his loyal and intelligent dog he would be almost powerless. Together they go into the desolate, dangerous regions every year, where no man could be found to assist them in their perilous enterprise.

Rufus carries two three-quart water canteens, and remedies for snake bites. The "side-winder," a vicious little rattlesnake, is one of the greatest terrors of "The Country God Forgot." The sand is as sharp as glass and the wind often blows at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, so Rufus must wear high laced shoes to protect his feet. The country is full of dangers which no one who has never seen the region can imagine, but the poisonous snakes, fierce wind-storms, scarcity of water and trackless wastes do not daunt the brave pair. Mr. Beck carries sign-boards and cans of paint, water and food for weeks, and canvas to lay down on the quagmire sands when the smooth roads that are sometimes found, suddenly break off and the wheels of the little "one-lung" machine begin to sink.

The uneven buttes and hills are full of gold, and every year ignorant men start out without provisions or compasses into the merciless strenches of the American Sahara, so that every sign means a life saved from death in ghastly form. More than once, Rufus, investigating side tracks as his master raises his boards or paints in vivid red upon a huge rock "WATER 1 MILE," has come upon the trail of some prospector and

started to follow it. By the time their help reached the lost man the vultures were already circling ominously around his head. Rufus has effected many rescues by himself, and his full canteens are as saving to life as the brandy carried by his ancestors in the snowy mountains.

In order to raise funds for his work, Mr. Beck gives occasional stereopticon lectures, and while he talks, Rufus sits eagerly beside the machine, whining with excitement when his own picture appears upon the screen. He is a familiar sight in Pasadena, riding in the little motor car beside his master. Mr. Beck's work is loyally supported by the Boy Scouts of America, and the Scouts need no such law as "a Scout is kind to animals" to make them fond of this splendid dog. Rufus has amply repaid, indeed, the kindness of the boys of the country to their pets, and against their score of bandaged paws and meaty bones he can place lives of men rescued from death in forms too horrible to conjure.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DOG.

My first peep into this world was to see a lot of hay, and, lying beside me, brothers and sisters and a mother.

For many days I lay and slept; later, when I grew stronger, I jumped around in the barn. Later I discovered not far from the barn a building called a house. There was a little girl who patted me and fed me bread and milk. One day a man came along and saw me, and my master told me. I did not like leaving my mother. I was taken from the country into a village. I was named Jack.

My new home was very comfortable. There was a nice kennel to sleep in, and under a big maple tree in the yard was my plate to eat off. It was kept clean, and always set by the tree. My master owns a bank. I go with him in the afternoons, and lie on the step, and wait for the school girls and boys. Then they coax me to sing and dance. I am rewarded with a candy. I went on a visit to the school one day. The teacher seemed quite tickled to see me. All the children patted me. I went back and lay in the sun and I stretched out straight, and they all laughed.

My master has a grown-up daughter, and is a good musician. I like to lie on the velvet rug and listen to the music. I go up town with her and get the mail, and carry it home in my mouth. One day my master and I and some more men went out in an automobile, and went to the woods shooting. I put in a busy day, catching squirrels and rabbits, but when night came I was glad to get home again.

Hoping my letter is not too long.

Yours truly,

Thedford, Ont. FERN LAUGHLIN.
R. R. No. 2. (Age 13 years.)

Senior Beavers' Letter Box

Dear Puck,—I must write and thank you for the handsome volume I received. I did not expect anything, and was very much surprised as well as pleased on receiving it. I have looked up some flowers in "Who's Who," and will be a lot wiser in botany soon. I expected I would not see my name in the paper at all, but did, for my name is very rarely seen in public, although I hope to make it some day. I have a garden this year, and in it I grow cucumbers, potatoes and flowers. I planted a parsnip, and it is just covered with blossom, and some of the seed is formed. I passed the entrance, and had lots of fun while trying. I suppose the editor will throw this piece of trash into the waste paper basket, so I will close.

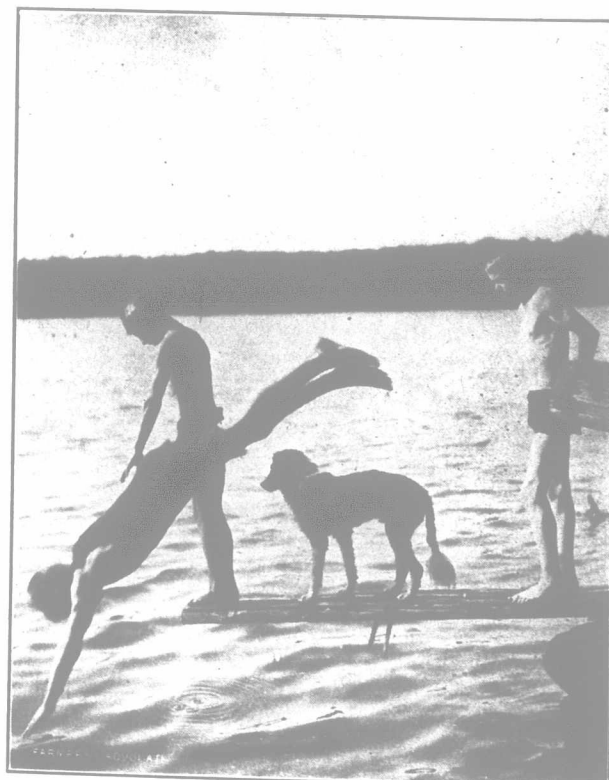
DOUGLAS CLEGHORN.
R. R. N. 7, Guelph. (Age 14.)

Dear Puck and Beavers,—The last letter I wrote was published, and I was very pleased. Many girls and boys when they write express how they like "The Farmer's Advocate," until, now it has become an old story, and, I suppose, Puck, when he reads the letter merely notices it, and I think if I did say how I liked "The Farmer's Advocate" you would just think an old story, and there is no more about it. Well, we certainly do like "The Farmer's Advocate" from the smallest to the largest. When "The Farmer's Advocate" does not come on Thursday, we all are sadly disappointed. Well, I don't want to take your precious time in talking about "The Farmer's Advocate," as I think you know now that it is an excellent paper; so I will stop.

What I am really writing for is to tell you about my cat, and how I attend to her. She is a very light yellow, and I call her Blossom. She is just a kitten, and so very playful. She plays hide-and-go-seek with me, and many other little games. Now I am going to tell you how I care for her. First of all she gets her meals almost always regularly. In the morning I feed her scalded milk and then fill her little dish with fresh water, and set it always in the same place where she can get it. At noon I feed her with potatoes and gravy, meat and squash if we have it for dinner. She likes squash very well, and, as I think it good for a cat, I always give it to her. Then at supper time I give her milk. She gets these meals every day whether she catches one mouse or twenty. Some folk say, "Don't feed your cat so well, and she will catch mice." Well, maybe this will make her hunt her own living, but, perhaps there are no mice to catch, then, what is the result? In the summer she sleeps in a basket filled with soft material. She does not care to stay down stairs all alone, so sometimes I bring her up in my room and



Going!



Gone!

The dog enjoys the fun as well as anyone.