

monster w.-p. b. Will you kindly tell me what my number will be, and when the Beavers' plant their seeds?

RALPH BARNETT
(Age 12, Sr. III.).

Curries, Ont.

Your number is 37. I think probably your mother told you when to plant the seeds. You see we could not publish your letter sooner.

Dear Puck,—This is the first time I have ventured to write a letter to your cozy little Circle, but I could not resist the temptation of writing any longer. I shall venture to describe some birds, as I am very fond of nature study.

The bluebird of America is one of the prettiest and loveliest of all the feathered tribe, and is a great favorite among lovers of nature study. This bird appears in Canada early in the spring, as soon as the snow begins to melt, but sometimes a sharp frost or heavy snow will drive it back to its hiding-place.

The bluebird builds its nest in the hollows of decaying trees, and such places. The bluebird's reason for building its nest in these places is that the young birds may be sheltered from the cold and rain, for the bluebird knows that it must guard against the weather. There are generally from four to six eggs, and their color is a pale blue. Two broods are usually reared, and sometimes a third, in a single season. This bird feeds on insects, spiders, small worms, etc., and in the autumn feeds on soft fruits and seeds.

The bluebird has very interesting habits; one of these is the great care which it takes of its young. It sits near them singing its sweetest songs, and flies off now and then for a caterpillar to feed them with. Many people make little nest-boxes for the bluebird, with a little hole in the side for entrance. The little creature is always grateful, and accepts the home thus offered it, thanking the giver with its cheerful songs.

The blackbird is another interesting bird. Its color is jet black, and it derives its popular name from the black plumage and orange-colored bill.

It possesses a great love for fruit, and in the autumn ravages fruit-gardens in a most destructive manner, picking off the best and choicest fruit for itself and throwing the rest away. It destroys other birds' nests and eats the eggs. It generally sings in the daytime, but sometimes sings at night, as the nightingale does.

I think I will close now, hoping that this letter will escape the waste-paper basket.

MYRTLE W. MOORE
(Age 12, Sr. IV. Class).

Lakeland, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is the first time I have written to the Beaver Circle. My father and mother rented their farm and moved to the town of Stayner. I am staying with my grandparents, on a farm of 150 acres. I go to the same school as I went to before. The school is only a little piece from grandma's. I can go to school in about five minutes.

I am trying for the Junior IV. Book at summer holidays.

Grandpa has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for years. I enjoy reading the good letters that are printed so much that I thought I must make an attempt, anyhow; whether it will be good or not I do not know. I will stop now, as my letter is getting long, and give someone else a change. Hoping this letter will escape the w.-p. b. Good-bye.

VIOLA M. DOAN (Sr. III. Book).

Stayner P. O., Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have been a reader of your Circle ever since I could read. I like reading the letters which the Beavers write. My teacher's name is Miss Boufford, and I like her very much. She is not qualified, but that doesn't make any difference to the scholars. My best subjects are grammar and composition. I have good times at school with all my friends. I did not go to school nearly all winter. I have nearly two miles to walk to school. I like to go to school. Our school is large, and it is very cool in summer. We have some shade trees all around the fence. I have one little sister and one little brother going to school. My sister's name is Nora, and my brother's

name is Francis. They did not go to school all winter on account of the weather being so cold.

Well, I will close my letter, wishing the Beavers every success.

RITA COYLE (age 11, Class IV.).
Auld, Ont., R. R. No. 4.

RIDDLES.

What crow is most useful to man?
Ans.—Crow-bar.

Little Miss Minifore,
In a white pinafore;
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.

Ans.—A candle. Sent by Effie Sandiland, Badjeros, Ont.

Riddle, iddley, iddoly oh! As I went up the street I met little Tommy Yoe; he has a red coat and a staff in his hand, and a stone in his throat. Ans.—A cherry. Sent by Jennie Pocock, Fordwich, Ont.

The Windrow.

The editorship of the "Review of Reviews" has been taken over by Mr. Alfred Stead, son of Mr. W. T. Stead, former editor, who perished when the Titanic went down.

Robert Hamerling, an Austrian who writes in Germany, is the greatest living epic poet; Thomas Hardy (English) is usually regarded as the greatest living novelist; Selma Lagerlof (Sweden), as the greatest living woman writer.

The tallest "sky-scraper" in the world, the Woolworth Building in New York, will be, when completed, 55 stories tall, the top reaching a height of 750 feet above the sidewalk. It will be lightning-proof.

"The joy of work is only understood by the few in modern times; in ancient times, and through the ages, it was universal. The necessity for labor being recognized, it did not pall upon the laborer, but was carried out in fullest sympathy with its need, with the result that everywhere the irksomeness of work was subordinated to its delights. We of this age go about our work in a very different spirit, without the divine interest for it, and therefore without its joy. Our process is to store up the economic results of work, and then out of this store to purchase the pleasures of life. It is a deadening process. It comes too late, and the pleasures are far to seek; and if we turn to the lessons of history we shall find that the old joy of work has left the civilized world, and made it so much the poorer in mental and physical balance."—Sir Laurence Gomme, in Cornhill Magazine.

Of Wilbur Wright, the famous aviator and inventor of the aeroplane, who died recently of appendicitis at Dayton, Ohio, New York Independent says: "Wilbur Wright was content to do things, but, the shyest of men, he kept himself silent and hidden, whether perfecting his invention in the wilds of North Carolina, or in Paris or Rome, avoiding the applause of kings. There are great men who love the limelight and can pour forth torrents of words which delight the listening crowds, men who can also do things and are quick to tell that they did them, and how much more they can and will do. They are the popular idols who draw behind them a trail of welcome glory; men who, like Caesar, make sure to publish their own annals. Wilbur Wright was none of these. His was the greatest of modern victories, but not in America and not in Europe did he make one curve of flight for sensational effect. He was never interviewed. His confidants were his brother Orville and his sister Kate. The glare of publicity and praise he could not endure, for he was a simple, great man, so simple that he refused even in France and Italy to give exhibitions of flight on the Sabbath day, so retiring that even the townspeople of Dayton hardly knew him and what he was doing; and yet this plain, humble bicycle-maker will hold the world's memory and fame when statesmen are for-

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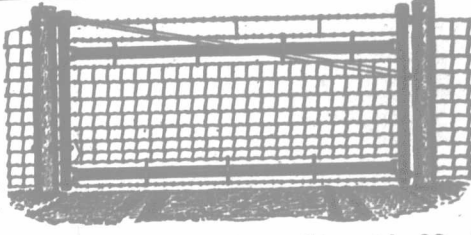
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