

gether and stitch up in the shape of a cornucopia, a little rounded at the end. Stitch twice for greater security. The top may be bound with tape and two or four heavy tape loops sewed on, by which it may be hung. To support the bag during the dripping, a pole may be laid across the backs of two chairs, the seats of the chairs weighted and the pole (an old broom-handle may be used) slipped through the loops of the bag. Or a handy man could make a small supporting frame.

Before using the bag, wash and boil in clear water, or, if clean and dry, dip it into boiling water just before using. For the best jelly, use no pressure to force the juice through. When the dripping seems about done, the bowl may be removed, another one placed in position and pressure applied to the bag. This will give a cloudy jelly, but one very nice for jelly-cake, sandwiches and many other purposes.

Do not allow jelly to boil very hard. No crystals should form on the sides of the kettle.

A test by which one may know when jelly is done is to put a small portion of the syrup on a cold plate or saucer. If it soon stiffens or wrinkles a little when pressed sidewise, the syrup may be taken off.

In filling glasses, it is a good plan to use a dipper or ladle to pour the syrup into the jelly-glasses. Or the syrup may be first transferred to a pitcher, from which it is an easy matter to fill the glasses.

## The Beaver Circle

### The Story of a Robin.

BY EVELYN GIBBONS (AGE 10).

The first thing I remember is when I was a little bird, very small, with not very many feathers on me. Then gradually a large number of feathers grew on me. My mother kept me very warm, which was nice on the cold days. She brought me worms and nice things to eat.

When I grew larger my mother taught me to fly. The first place I went was around the tree, and my mother came after me anxiously. Then next day I went out to fly, and when getting out of the nest I hurt my head and fell to the ground. My mother came crying out to me, then a little girl came along and set me gently into the nest. How glad I was and how glad my mother was too! I stayed in the nest for two or three days until I was better, then when I was better my mother took me out again. This time I got along all right. When I was able to fly, hunt worms and do everything as well as my mother could, I went away to make a home for myself.

When I had a nice nest made I laid an egg which was blue. I thought how pretty it looked. One day my mother came to see it. Then I laid an egg every day until I had four eggs laid. When I had four laid I started to hatch my eggs.

One day a boy came and looked into my nest while I was away and broke every egg. When I came back and saw my sad plight I sat up on a limb of the tree and started to cry. The bad boy ran away to get his gun. He came back to shoot me, and I fell to the ground wounded. A little girl came along and picked me up and took me home and put me in a cage. This is where I am telling my story.

Wingham, Ont.



Knitting Socks for Soldiers.

Busy girls and boys in Sections 3 and 10, London Tp., Ont., R. R. 2, Denfield.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—It has been ever so long since I wrote to our Circle, and I don't know if this will be printed or not. I have been going to school all spring until last week, when I stopped. I have two brothers and they are both in England now. One is in the 69th Battery Draft, and the other in the 240th Battalion, so now you see I have stopped school to help dad. I don't believe any of you Beavers could guess what I am doing, so I will tell you. I am drawing milk to the cheese factory. How many of you Beavers would like my job? I was intending to try my entrance exams this summer. I tried them last year but failed by eleven marks. This year I am getting my certificate and am working on the farm as many other Canadian boys and girls are doing.

Isn't this war terrible? I wonder if it will ever end. I hope it will soon, so my brothers can get back home again. We are having very wet weather for the last few days. I have got rather wet sitting up on the milk wagon, but I don't mind that as I am not sugar and won't melt.

I think I will enjoy this summer very much, as we have a car and I am very fond of riding in it. I cannot drive it myself yet, but I intend to learn. I wish some of the Beavers of my own age would write to me. It doesn't matter whether they are boys or girls. I would answer all letters. Wishing the Circle every success.

EVA BOYLE,

Watson's Corners, Ont. (Age 15.)

## Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

### Knitting Socks For Soldiers.

The following letter, sent us by the teacher of S. S. No. 3 and 10, London Tp., Ont., speaks for itself. The girls and boys here have surely done splendid work, and we should be pleased to hear similar reports from other sections.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—When making New Year Resolutions at our school, we resolved that we would try to do "Our Bit" for the brave soldiers.

Different ways were suggested but the one which has been followed along continually was "Learning to Knit". Practically all the girls have learnt, and a few of the boys can knit very well on the plain, while three knit whole socks with help over the difficult parts.

The work has been of a very fine quality and some of them have knit such a number. It has not put them behind in their school work either, for you know, if a person is enthusiastic and ambitious, he will conquer his studies and then attempt to show his loyalty to whatever extent he is able. I have found in nearly every case that those who would not take the trouble to learn to knit were the ones who are behind in the classes.

They have already finished and sent away thirty-eight pairs of socks. It seems to me that this will put a great many older people to shame. I think each school might have some such organization and help along the sock supply.

I am enclosing a picture which I shall be pleased to have you publish in your magazine. In it you will notice that some of my knitters are quite small. My youngest one is nine and she has knit two pairs of socks.

Hoping that others may take up the work.

Teacher, S. S. No. 3 and 10, London Tp.

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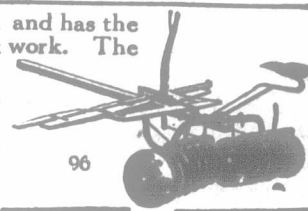
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