

with raw fruit as above. Put the glass covers on loosely. Fill up with hot syrup. Place jars on a wooden rack in boiler, and put in enough warm water to come up 4 inches. Place cotton, etc., between jars to prevent breaking. Cover the boiler, and let boil ten minutes after boiling point is reached (longer for large fruits). Finally remove tops, fill to overflowing with hot syrup and seal.

PRESERVING.

The fruits best adapted for preserving are strawberries, cherries, sour plums and quinces. Such rich preparations should be put up in small jars or tumblers.

Strawberries:—Use equal weights of sugar and berries. Put in a kettle in layers, sprinkling sugar over each layer, until about 4 inches deep. Heat slowly to boiling point and boil 10 minutes. Pour into large platters and leave (covered with mosquito netting) in a sunny window in an unused room for three or four days. Then fill, cold, into tumblers and cover with melted paraffine. Currants, cherries, etc., may be done this way.

Cherries and Currants:—12 qts. cherries, 3 qts. currants, 2 qts. sugar. Put the currants in a kettle over the fire. Let them boil up, then crush the juice through cheesecloth. Put in the stoned cherries with their juice, and the sugar. Heat to boiling point and boil for 20 minutes; put in tumblers. If a richer preserve is desired, double the amount of sugar.

[Note.—Small fruits, such as berries or shredded pineapple, may be crushed with sugar, pound for pound, and sealed raw in sterilized jars. Many consider that this process gives the best flavor.—Ed.]

(To be continued.)

The Beaver Circle.

[All children in second part and second books, will write for the Junior Beavers' Department. Those in third and fourth books, also those who have left school, or are in High School, between the ages of 11 and 15, inclusive, will write for Senior Beavers'. Kindly state book at school, or age, if you have left school, in each letter sent to the Beaver Circle.]

Dear Beavers,—Thinking that you might like to hear about the very successful School Fair, held by rural school, S. S. No. 18, North Dumfries, near Galt, Ont., I wrote some time ago to the teacher of the school, Miss Ford, asking her if she could persuade some of her pupils to write us all about it. She very kindly consented to try, and as a result sent three sketches on the subject, the first of which appears to-day. I am sure you will all be obliged to these pupils for the trouble they have taken, and I hope that you may all be inspired to start similar Fairs in your own sections.

Our School Fair.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have read many very interesting letters in this Circle, and I hope the one I am writing will interest the other Beavers too. It is about a Rural School Fall Fair, which was held at the Riverside School, North Dumfries.

Mr. Hart, who lives in Galt, is a gentleman sent out by the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, to teach agriculture in high schools and public schools. He visited our school, and two other schools, and explained to us what a rural school fall fair was for. He said he would get us good seeds in the spring, and these we planted. They turned out very well, and we intend to save these and plant them again, and soon we will have enough of the seed for a large field.

Some of the crops we had to grow were rape, turnips, sugar beets, potatoes, tomatoes, sweet corn, oats, barley, water-melons, pansies, nasturtiums, and a few other common plants, and these we planted in the spring of nineteen hundred and nine, as we had all winter to decide which three we wanted of the list given.

We planted them in plots of different sizes, except the flowers, which we planted in any convenient place. Besides being able to grow our crops, we could press and mount wild flowers and weeds; gather weed seeds and insects; and work of insects and plant diseases.

About the end of the summer Mr. Hart

and his assistant, Mr. Duncan, visited our homes to see our plots.

In the autumn we decided to have our fair on the 1st of October in the Riverside School, as it was most central of the three.

Everyone looked forward to this day as being a wonderful event, and so it was. The pupils, parents and some other visitors came to the school in the forenoon, and a lunch was served at noon, which everyone enjoyed.

After dinner our exhibits were judged by a gentleman from Guelph, by the name of Professor Hutt. When everything was judged, we all gathered in the schoolroom, where we were given our prizes in money. A dollar prize for the best composition on any one of the crops was given, and a sweepstakes prize of five dollars was given, which one of the other schools won, but we did not get discouraged, as there is nothing like trying again.

After the prizes were distributed there were races and games played, and by that time the sun was setting and we were thinking about home. When we reached home that night we all thought we had spent a splendid day at our first Rural School Fall Fair.

We intend to continue this, and I hope some who read this letter, if it is good enough to put in print, will try and start one up in their school. I think it is a splendid idea, because it encourages the farmers' children. There is no place like the farm, the good old fresh-air farm, and I do not wonder at the city children when they come out into the country, for they seem to enjoy themselves very much.

King Edward was called the Farmer King, so we should love the farm also, for he was a good man, and a good man's life is a good guide to follow, especially for a young person. Well, I think I will close, hoping some of the Beavers will start a Rural School Fall Fair in their school. I remain, a constant reader of this valuable paper.

MARY DEANS (Book IV.).

West River Road, Galt, Ont.

Our Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—Good afternoon. What a nice day this is! Well, I was just thinking it was about time I was calling on you again, Puck.

I wish to thank you for the three prizes which I have won from you. I think they are very nice books indeed. I am drawing the wild flowers from the little notebook on botany into my drawing-book, and painting them with water colors.

Now, I am going to ask you a few questions about Beaver Circle competitions. Could one get a prize if they painted their drawings to make them show better?

Are dandelions, red clover, thistles, burdocks and wild strawberries counted as wild flowers?

I always thought that dandelions, catnip, burdocks and thistles were weeds, but botany books tell us they are wild flowers.

For pets I have two grown-up cats and two kittens, which I call Mouser and Smut Nose. We had nine kittens at first and three old ones, but we had to kill one of the mammy cats, and the other mammy cat adopted her two children. Another of our pets is a baby groundhog. It will let us pet it, and it does not bite at all.

Would some of the Beavers kindly correspond with me?

LUELLA KILLOUGH (Book IV.).

Auburn, Ont.

You may paint your drawings if you like, but pen or pencil drawings stand just as good a chance of winning a prize.

Any "weed" or plant is counted as a wild flower. They all, with the exception of ferns, horsetails, toadstools, etc., have true flowers and fruit (seed with its covering), you know. Your botany book is, of course, right.

Dear Puck,—As I have not written to the Beaver Circle for a long time, I will now.

Has anyone ever seen a chickadee's nest? I found one this spring not far from my home. It was made in an old dead birch stump. There was a little round hole to go in, and the nest was

lined with feathers. One day I saw a young chickadee sitting on a little branch outside of its nest.

There are a pair of birds around here which I would like to know the name of. I will describe one of them. It has a blue back barred with yellow. Its head has blue and yellow stripes on it. On its throat there is a dark-blue spot, with a yellow spot on each side of it. It is about the size of a chickadee.

I think we Beavers ought to have a badge. What do other Beavers think about it? Best wishes to Puck and the Beavers.

CATHERINE A. MACDONALD
(Book IV.).

Upper Welsford, Queen's Co., New Brunswick.

Your description is not quite exact enough. The bird may have been a blue yellow-backed warbler, but without a more exact description we cannot be sure.

Beaver Circle Notes.

Hazel Duke reports that there is a library of 55 books, and Maymie Munroe, a library of 50 books in their respective schools. Perhaps these girls will be so kind as to let us know how these books were procured. Doing so might help some other school. Maymie Munroe (age 10, Book III.) would like some correspondents of her own age.

Several letters are still held over.

Current Events.

The rush to the new British Columbia gold fields, near Stewart, is being compared to the rush to the Klondike, thirteen years ago.

The wreck of the Zeppelin airship, Deutschland, has temporarily discouraged the sending of air-vessels regularly between Dusseldorf and Friedrichshafen. The Deutschland is being reconstructed under the supervision of Count Zeppelin.

The bill amending the Sovereign's accession declaration, so as to leave out certain passages obnoxious to Roman Catholic subjects of the King, passed its first reading last week, in the British House of Commons, the vote standing 383 to 42. The amended declaration simply provides that a British Sovereign must be a Protestant, and a member of the "Protestant Reformed Church, as by law established in England."

A number of aviators have entertained the watching crowds at Montreal during the past week, among them Count de Lesseps, Walter Brookings, Fanning, Prince, McCurdy, Johnson, Lachapelle, and Dixon, the sixteen-year-old boy-aviator, in his own dirigible. Following the aviation meet in Toronto, beginning on July 9th, there will be an international meet, lasting for two weeks, at Garden City, in October; also an international balloon race, to start from St. Louis on October 17th.

Kaiser and Black Cook.

During the visit of the American squadron to German waters, the Admiral—Evans, or "Fighting Bob," as he is nicknamed—entertained the Kaiser on board his flagship, and a certain dish was so much to the guest's liking that he desired to congratulate the cook, who was accordingly summoned to appear. "It appeared," says Cassell's Saturday Journal, that this dish had been cooked by the Admiral's manservant, a freed slave, and when he appeared the Kaiser extended his hand. Unfortunately, the ex-slave knew nothing about court etiquette, according to which he should have dropped on one knee and kissed the Imperial fingers, and there was no time to coach him. He stepped briskly forward, wearing a smile that extended from ear to ear, grabbed the Kaiser's hand, and shook it with extreme cordiality. "Emperor, glad to meet you, sar," he exclaimed heartily. "Hope de family's all well, and yew, too, sar."

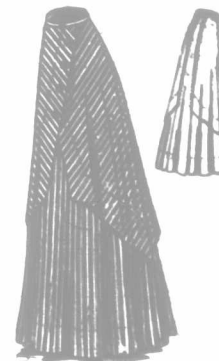
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One of the budding young city gallants called on a maiden a few nights ago and valiantly offered to brave the darkness of the back yard to bring a bucket of water. He reached the yard, set the bucket down, and turned the crank vigorously for several minutes. His efforts met with failure, and he returned to the house with the statement that the pump was out of fix. On inspection, it was found that he had set the bucket down by a wash tub and had been busy turning a clothes wringer.