

"And there the bright Nymphaea loves to lave,
And spreads her golden orbs along the dimpling wave."

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Before I close I wish to thank you, Puck, for my prize in the last competition. I have not read it all yet, as I only received it yesterday, but I am well pleased with what I have read. I wish to thank you also for my other two prizes I received for other compositions. With best wishes and many thanks.

WINIFRED COLWELL.
Brookville, St. John Co., N. B.

NIGHT-FLOWERING CATCHFLY. (Part of Helen Scott's letter.)

The night-flowering catchfly is an unattractive flower. It closes up its petals in the daytime, but at night, if you happen to see it, you say, "Oh! what a pretty flower!" It grows to the height of two or three feet. The color is white, and it has five small petals. The stem is branched, and the leaves are opposite each other. The calyx is large and the teeth short. The plant is covered with sticky hairs. It usually grows at the edge of a swampy piece of ground. It belongs to the pink family. They flower in July. I found the one I drew under a willow tree.

BUTTER-AND-EGGS.

(Part of Alhretta Calvert's letter.)

Butter and eggs is a flower that blooms from July until October. It is found along fences, by the road, and on waste land.

The top lip of the flower is pale yellow, while the bottom one is also yellow, with some orange on it. The orange part is covered with a soft, yellow plush.

Inside the flower's mouth is a pale yellow pistil, surrounded by four pale yellow stamens (two tall ones and two short ones), which have a little brown knob on the top.

At the bottom end of the corolla is a short yellow tail, shaped something like a horn.

Under the corolla is a calyx of five small, pale green, pointed sepals, which are all fastened together onto a small, tender stem. This small stem is fastened onto the main stem at the top of the flower.

The main stem is small, and of a brown color. It is very smooth and tough. It grows from six inches to two and one-half feet high.

The leaves are long and narrow, with a strong vein up the center. They are very much like blades of grass. They fasten on to the stem about one-quarter of an inch apart until they get within about six inches of the ground, and there they cease.

The root is white, and very hard to break. It grows from two to six inches long, and is thickly covered with little fibres.

OUR JUNIOR BEAVERS.

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

The Middle Child.

By Ethel M. Kelly.

Whenever there is company
And mother sends for us,
It's always 'bout the baby that
They make the biggest fuss.
They say, "She's sweet as she can be!"
"Her hair, just see it curl!"
They never say such things to me,
'Cause I'm the middle girl.

And then they say to sister, "Why,
Is this the oldest child?
She'll be a woman by and bye!"
And after they have smiled
And held her hand, they look at me.
Mamma says, "She's begun
To lose her teeth," and then they laugh—
'Cause I'm the middle one!

Then baby speaks her little piece,
And sister's asked to sing;
But no one ever seems to guess
That I do anything.
Although my name is Marguerite,—
And Marguerite means "pearl,"
Nobody thinks that I'm sweet,
'Cause I'm the middle girl.

When I grow up, and when I have
A family of my own,
I'll send up for the middle girl
To come down-stairs alone;
And I shall let her speak and sing
And have a lot of fun,
I'll not deny her anything
'Cause she's the middle one!

Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Beavers,—I have read so many of your letters in "The Farmer's Advocate" that I thought I would write, too. We have a 200-acre farm, and have a lot of cows and sheep, and six horses. We call our farm The Maples. My little brother Cecil and I were riding on a load of hay with father and the load upset and buried us all. We all got out ourselves but Cecil. Father and Billy soon got him out. I tell you, he was scared, and so was I.

TOM McFADDIN (age 9, Jr. II.).
Millbank, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I live on a farm one mile from Millbank. I go to school with my brothers, Tom and Cecil. We have the very nicest teacher scholars could have; her name is Miss McKee. We have a garden at the school, and also some pretty plants in the windows.

MARGARET McFADDIN
(Age 9, Jr. II. Class).
Millbank, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—Another little Beaver has come to join your interesting Circle. I live in Preston, but I spent my holidays at my uncle's near Rockwood. My father has been taking "The Farmer's Advocate" for nearly a year. I like reading the letters in it. I would like to join your Circle. I will close, hoping my letter will escape the w.-p. b. I wish the Circle every success.

LILLIAN HOLTZHAUER
Preston, Ont. (Age 10, Jr. III.).

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I have been intending to write to your Circle for a long time, but have felt a little shy, but at last picked up courage and shall write you a few lines. I always enjoy reading the Beaver Circle letters, and make it a weekly pleasure, as my papa has taken the paper as long as I can remember. I have one sister and three brothers younger than myself. We live on a farm about a mile west of Warwick village. I have a dog and two kittens for pets. I call the kittens Jack and Jill, and the dog Tiny. The dog goes after the cows night and morning, and is always faithful to his work. The kittens know many tricks, too numerous to mention. Well, I think I will close, as my letter is becoming rather lengthy. Wishing the Circle every success, I remain your young friend,

MINA WILKINSON (age 10, Jr. III.).
Warwick, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. My daddy takes "The Farmer's Advocate." I am only a little girl eight years of age. I go to school every day. I have one sister and two brothers. Now I must close and say good-bye.

S. GATES.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I thought I would send you just a few lines. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years. I enjoy reading the letters when there are any in. I have one brother. I go to school every day. I have a mile and a quarter to go. My teacher's name is Miss N. Corman. I am afraid my letter will be too long, so I guess I will say good-bye.

CHRISTIAN PACK
London, Ont. (Age 8, Sr. II.).

Dear Puck,—Daddy has taken your paper longer than I can remember, about sixteen years, and likes it fine. I started to school the last week of last September, and went nearly every day last winter. My teacher promoted me to the Second Book before school closed, and mamma got me a big doll because I had my lessons well learned at school. My doll is a beauty, with real eye-lashes and long, curly hair, and is 25 inches tall. I call her Leona. I have one little brother and a little sister. I'll tell you about them next time I write, as I am



An Autumn Sunset.